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No. 10

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A Chat With Our Readers

The matter of placing a real Christmas Number before the readers of The Western Home Monthly, has had, for months back, the best consideration of its editors and publishers. Plans, now matured, assure a number of surpassing merit, and one that no Westerner, we are sure, would like to miss. The whole issue will be in gala Christmas garb, every department permeated with the spirit of the festive season.

There are many special contributors who will be cordially welcomed by all. Dr. J. L. Gordon, some years ago the popular and eloquent pastor of Central Congregational Church, Winnipeg, now of San Francisco, supplies a page of Christmas cheer, with all the vigor and brightness which many readers of the magazine will recall and cherish. During his years of residence in Winnipeg, Dr. Gordon was a regular contributor to The Western Home Monthly, but since taking up his work in the United States, we have only had the pleasure of presenting his views on rare occasions. There are few writers or speakers who enjoy Dr. Gordon's popularity.

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Another favorite writer will be Mr. Mortimer Batten, who though now living in England, spent so many years in Canada, studying its conditions, that we now regard him as one of ourselves. A story from his facile pen will be one of the very fine features of the issue.

These are but a few taken at random from a long list of high class writers. The Christmas Issue is one which you will enjoy from cover to cover, and it will quickly occur to you that such a representative number will be one which you will be very anxious indeed to mail to your friends in Eastern Canada and the Old Country.

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The Dwellers of the Plains

By
N. E. Nimmons

Contd. from page 18

splendid specimens now repose in our own museums. Mr. Charles H. Sternberg and his three sons have worked there under the direction of the Geological Survey of Canada, and have found many specimens, a large collection being sent to the Victoria Memorial Museum, and the most perfect skeleton of a Carnivore being sent to Ottawa. Mr. Sternberg described Dead Lodge as the richest cretaceous fossil field in the world. Beside trails over which for years the cowboys have been riding, the practised eye of the veteran fossil hunter discovered many hitherto unseen treasures.

It is difficult to imagine this picturesque canyon at one time composed of huge, low, swampy flats, through which swam these gigantic reptiles. Mr. Charles H. Sternberg, in his book, "Hunting Dinosaurs in Alberta," gives us a quaint pen picture of this former land which we now inhabit:

"A low country," he says, "but little above sea level, great flats near the sea covered with high swamp grass, rushes, and moss, through which meander sluggish streams, lagoons, and bayous, often widening out into lakes of considerable size, all receiving the high and low tides of the nearby ocean. On the rising land the giant redwoods cast their shadows across the silent streams. They grow in fairy circles with the parent tree in the centre often, or in case she has dropped out, a hollow circle is formed. Palms, sycamores, figs, magnolias, and many other trees that now adorn our forests thrived along the Cretaceous everglades. Such an environment was the home of the ancient dinosaurs."

Great celebrations take place at Steveston annually, in this spot, which once quivered to the dainty gambolings of "Leaping Lizzie," whose place is now taken by the less cumbersome but more troublesome mosquito. Beneath the hot sun of July 1st crowds gather from any radius within forty miles to witness the sports and top off the day at a crowded dance in "Steve's Hall." Amid excessive heat the band perspires and works, and the merry couples perspire and collide with one another in the ill-ventilated hall, making merry till old Sol once more makes his appearance.

Easterners have just a little patronizing sympathy for the poor dwellers of the plains, but it is a wasted pity. It's a hard life, but it's a merry one. And it's free and glorious. Its greatness is the biggest thing God ever made and its bigness creeps into body and soul alike.

"These are the gardens of the desert, these the unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful, for which the speech of England has no name—The Prairies."

The Fortunes of Charity

By H. Mortimer
Batten

Contd. from page 8

Then he drew out a handful of dry sand and gravel and held it in his palms for Perry's inspection, and Perry saw in the gravel thousands and thousands of yellow grains, and not only yellow grains, but little pips and nuggets of gold, similar to those which the Indian had handed over to him in the cabin. The whole blessed creek was paved with gold. Enough gold to build a city, and somewhere away back in the mountains there was the Mother lode from which it all came.

Hicks threw his hat into the air with a great shout, for he knew now that this find was thoroughly worth working. In a few months he and his Indian partner would be millionaires, and now he got to work and erected the corner posts of his claims, piling up pyramids of stones along the banks of the creek. The old Indian did not lend a hand in this. He said that he was tired, and certainly he looked it. He went to a sheltered place among the trees, lit a tiny fire, and propped himself up. Starlight, the dog, sat at his feet, and looked into his face, while Berry, forgetful of everything but his success, piled up his location marks.

After an hour of steady toil, Berry, perspiring and happy, went back to the old Indian. He held out his hand to shake, but Tomahawk did not move. The old man was evidently sleeping and as it was near nighfall, Berry threw a blanket over him, made himself comfortable and went to sleep.

He awoke with the first glimmer of morning. The fire was out and his dog had cuddled close against him for warmth. On the other side of the fire old Tomahawk still sat bolt upright, his rifle in his hands, his head bowed forward, and somehow Berry knew what had happened.

The Indian was a very old man, you see, old and tired, and he had done his work in the world. Now he was sleeping the Long Sleep, from which no man, red or white, ever awakens.

It was six months later. Two men were walking down the main avenue of Aura City, when a young man passed on the other side of the road, to whom every one seemed to be doffing their hats, and taking no end of notice.

"Don't you know who he is?" said one of the two. "Why, it's Perry Hicks, owner of the great Tomahawk Mines, away up Malamute River. Made his fortune through what I considered an act of foolish charity. I tell you, I missed the fortune myself by a hair's breadth. I was bar-tender at the hotel then, and an old Indian came in and tried to interest me in a gold field he said he had found. I thought he was a fraud, and threw the coffee in his face, and I never saw him again. That was the Indian who showed Perry Hicks where the gold lay. Yes, hang it, I lost a fortune!"

Editorial

Contd. from page 3

quarter, but he does mind living in a country infested with thieves. Common theft is trifling compared with dishonest practice of this kind.

Canada appointed a Board of Commerce to regulate trade. It is incompetent or it has purposely "laid down on the job." The only thing to do to save Canada from ruin is for tricksters and thieves of all kinds to be punished to the limit. It is true for nations as for individuals that "Honesty is the best policy."

There are two men whose pictures should appear in the gallery of patriotic Canadian citizens—the non-English workman who put in his bill for three dollars and that shopkeeper who said "the price is one dollar and a quarter." One wonders what percentage of profit they made. He also wonders what gallery should hold the pictures of the other two.

There is one consolation in all this. The sin of greed is practised by the few rather than the many. Business men in Canada are as a class honorable. Were it otherwise we might despair. It is to protect the many that we demand stern measures with the few. Let us build for eternity. "God give us men."

REAL SPORT

The great interest taken in the games for the world's championship in baseball is an indication that the people all over the republic are given to the game. It is good to find people participating in healthy sport. There are, however, some things about professional sport that are demeaning. First of all, it will be regretted that some of the players in last year's contest yielded to the temptation placed before them by the gamblers. They sold the game. There is no guessing how far the practice of buying and selling games has been carried on. Let us hope that the recent revelations will put a stop to much of it. Should ever British or Canadian sport descend to such practice let us hope that it will fail to receive encouragement from the people. The game of cricket would be killed should any member of the team in a great final game be found guilty of selling out. It is good that such is the case. As for Canada we trust that sport will be kept as clean as it is in the Motherland. If professionalism tends to degrade then let us cast it aside and encourage amateur sport alone. There is something about amateur sport which makes it particularly worthy of en-

couragement. It ensures that the people will be interested in it as performers as well as spectators. It is free from the great evil of gambling. It is participated in by one's own friends rather than by strangers. Even a spectator lives in the game because of his personal relation to the players.

It is pleasing to note the growing popularity in Western Canada of games such as tennis, golf, hockey and football. It will be well if we can get all the people associated in good healthy play.

Probably the marked revival of play in Canada accounts for the fact that this year in spite of newspaper headlines and slang-filled columns describing the games, our people have ceased to show any marked interest in the big contest at Cleveland. It is a good sign.

LOOKING AHEAD

The man who succeeds is he who has formed the habit of looking ahead. Some time ago there was an "overall craze." As a result of it one or two firms went into the business of manufacture to the limit. Now they are left with a stock on hand sufficient for years to come. They misjudged the constancy of the American public. This is only a trifling incident, but it is typical of what is going on all the time, in business and in national affairs.

A few years ago the Winnipeg Street Railway entered into a contract with the city. It was at that time a one-sided contract all in favor of the company. Yet time has turned the tables, not in favor of the city, but against the company. Had any one predicted the automobile there would never have been a contract of the kind made. The company never reckoned on this. It has no doubt more reckoning still to do. There are hundreds of other companies in like predicament because of change in living conditions, and it is difficult indeed to see the solution of many problems.

One of the greatest problems of all is that which now faces manufacturing concerns and those who work in them. The price of raw commodities and the price of labor have so increased that manufactured goods are selling at two, three and four times the pre-war prices. As a result factories in Japan are opening to enter into competition with those here. In a year or two some of the factories of the United States will have to close down, and then what will the workmen do? Is it not time that people looked a little distance ahead? What is true of America will be true of Canada. Are workmen here ready to see the factories close down? A man is stupid in the extreme who closes his ears so that he may not hear the mutterings of the coming storm. It is surely clear that the problem of production and consumption is more than a local and national problem. We have to adjust our local differences so as to compete with the world. Is it not time for us to come together and arrive at a mode of peaceful living?

A short time ago three men came to Moose Jaw to work on a farm. They came to educate the farm workers, they said. Their doctrine was simple in the extreme. "Go to a man and engage at eight dollars. As soon as you are settled demand nine, and then ten dollars, and never stop demanding. If you do not get what you ask for lie down on the job. Do half work. Your policy is to make it impossible for a man on a farm to engage hired labor." Now, follow this through to a logical conclusion in farming and in everything else. Are we not justified in looking a little ahead?

The finest country in the whole world is Western Canada, but its prospects can be ruined by restless unreasonable men, who have no patriotism and no love for honest work. What we require is such an understanding among men as will encourage new enterprises to be undertaken, and such labor conditions as will make men sing at their work. The solution is not in this never-ending squabbling. It gets us nowhere.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?

For the lonely pioneer one has all sympathy and respect. He sacrifices friends, denies himself social privileges, endures privations and faces the rugged dangers of the wilderness, in order to lay the foundations of fortune for his family,

and make possible the extension of Empire. Among the great worries of the pioneer stands this first of all, that he finds it impossible to provide for his children the education they should receive. Few parents have the time or the ability to train their own children, and least of all have the pioneer and his wife any leisure hours to devote systematically to this important work. Yet the country can provide notable illustrations of those who, despite their limitations, have succeeded wonderfully in developing the minds and characters of their children. Some of the loveliest characters in the whole of Western Canada are to be found in the shacks and primitive dwellings of the plains.

On the other hand there are cases in which the pioneers have settled down to the neglect of their children. They have given all thought to the securing of property and the improvement of buildings. They have forgotten that they are human, and they have accepted the doctrine that the life of man consists in the abundance of things that he hath.

In one district there are found four families. They have no dealings one with another, they have no concerted action for the good of the children, there is no religious service, no means of communicating with the outside world, none of that broader culture which comes about only through association with people. The children are growing up physically into strong men and women but they are dwarfed mentally and starved socially. They yield no allegiance to the God who created them and into whose likeness they should be developing day by day. Without knowledge, without feeling, without ideals and standards, without social culture, they are despite the wealth which may be bequeathed to them, the poorest of the poor.

This is not an isolated case. There are hundreds of such districts in Canada. The problem for the parents is to know what to do under the circumstances. The solution is not so very difficult for those who are willing to act.

To begin with there must be a recognition that in all things affecting life the verb to be is infinitely more important than the verb to have. Parents who value earthly possessions above the souls of their children are hopelessly wrong. There is nothing so valuable for any child as the development of his personality. Those who think otherwise commit the unpardonable sin.

Parents who are in earnest will out of their earnings always put aside something to provide the means of culture for their children. They will buy first of all books—the poor man's university. Then they will get tools for work, musical instruments for playing, and will seek to set up in the home such forms of entertainment as will arouse initiative, develop spontaneity, and keep alive the feeling of brotherhood. Above all, they will share their time with their children. It is not necessary to keep seven milk cows, if caring for them deprives the children of all association with the parents. It is not necessary to buy another quarter section if it means the starvation of the intellects and finer sensibilities of the growing boys and girls. Those who will not place the education of their children above every other consideration do not deserve to have them. Carelessness in this respect is criminal. What shall it profit children if they are bequeathed untold riches and yet lose their very souls?

A Neat Reply

In "My Varied Life," Mr. F. C. Philips tells an amusing story of the English judge, the late Sir George Honyman, who wrote a wretched hand. On one occasion Sir George sent a note to a friend among the lawyers seated at the barristers' table.

Not being able to make head or tail of it, the friend scribbled something absolutely undecipherable upon a half sheet of note paper and passed it up to the judge. Sir George looked somewhat annoyed when he glanced at it, and when the court rose he spoke to his friend, and said, "What do you mean by this? I asked you to come and dine with me to-night."

"Yes," said the barrister, "and I replied that I should be extremely glad to do so."



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IN the elegant and exquisite vanities of European courts, as in the simple wardrobe of the goose-girl on the hill—cotton has had its honored place for centuries. Its freshness and coolness heighten feminine charm. Its moderate cost places it in the reach of everyone. The best cottons, price for price, and the cheapest cottons—quality for quality—are "Prue Cottons." *Ask your retailer for them*

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Western Canada's
Home Magazine



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"Household Effects \$500⁰⁰"

A True Story
By R. L. Wood



RECENTLY a farmer died, leaving an estate valued at \$25,000. Of that sum, \$500 represented "household effects."

Before his death he frequently deplored the fact that his grown-up children had left home and gone to the city. His disappointment was not that he had lost money by their desertion, which had compelled him to leave part of his farm unworked for want of help. He was an affectionate father, who liked to have his children near him. He could not understand why they should want to drift away one by one.



Good-Bye Dad

Strangers may have wondered also until they read that item in the inventory of the estate—"Household effects, \$500."

Waiting for Better Days

For a generation that family had lived in a house with an irreducible minimum of furniture. When as a young fellow the farmer had taken his blushing bride home, he did not have a great deal of money to put into furniture. Both were content to wait for better days. But when better days came, and there was a modest sum available, it was spent on better accommodations and furnishings for the live stock. That was fine. That was humane. It was also good business.

One of the Best in Several Counties



In time the farm came to be one of the best equipped in several counties. The machinery was of the very latest and best description. The

live stock were glad and content to stay on the farm. But the young folks were not content to stay.

There were four sons and two daughters. A piece of furniture had been added to the house from time to time, generally the second-hand furniture store supplied the need. For years the family managed with just as little and as cheap furniture as could be made serve their turn. The stable and barn were comfortable, but inside the old farmstead there was neither comfort nor beauty.

\$6,000 at 6 Per Cent

An item in the inventory showed \$6,000 invested in securities paying 6 per cent. Part of that money invested in comfortable, artistic furniture would have transformed the farm-house into a real home and would have paid the farmer infinitely better, both in cash and moral dividends.



The house furnished with suitable and moderately priced furniture, instead of its scattering of cheap odds and ends, would have attracted the children. Children naturally love the beautiful, and their natures crave for its presence. Some of the boys might have been inclined to remain on the farm and the mother might not have been left alone to carry on the dairying and other duties.

A Hard Chest Against the Wall



Bare walls and scantily covered floors, a hard chest against the wall in lieu of a couch, offer feeble counter-attractions to the lure of the luxurious city.

The children who deserted the farm probably did not blame the lack of home comforts for their desertion. They were not jealous of the cows and horses because of their more comfortable quarters. They carried away with them many happy memories of the old homestead.

But they went, and can you wonder when you read that illuminating item? —"Household effects, \$500."

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Beautiful furniture transforms an ordinary, uninteresting house into a real home, in which it is a pleasure to live.

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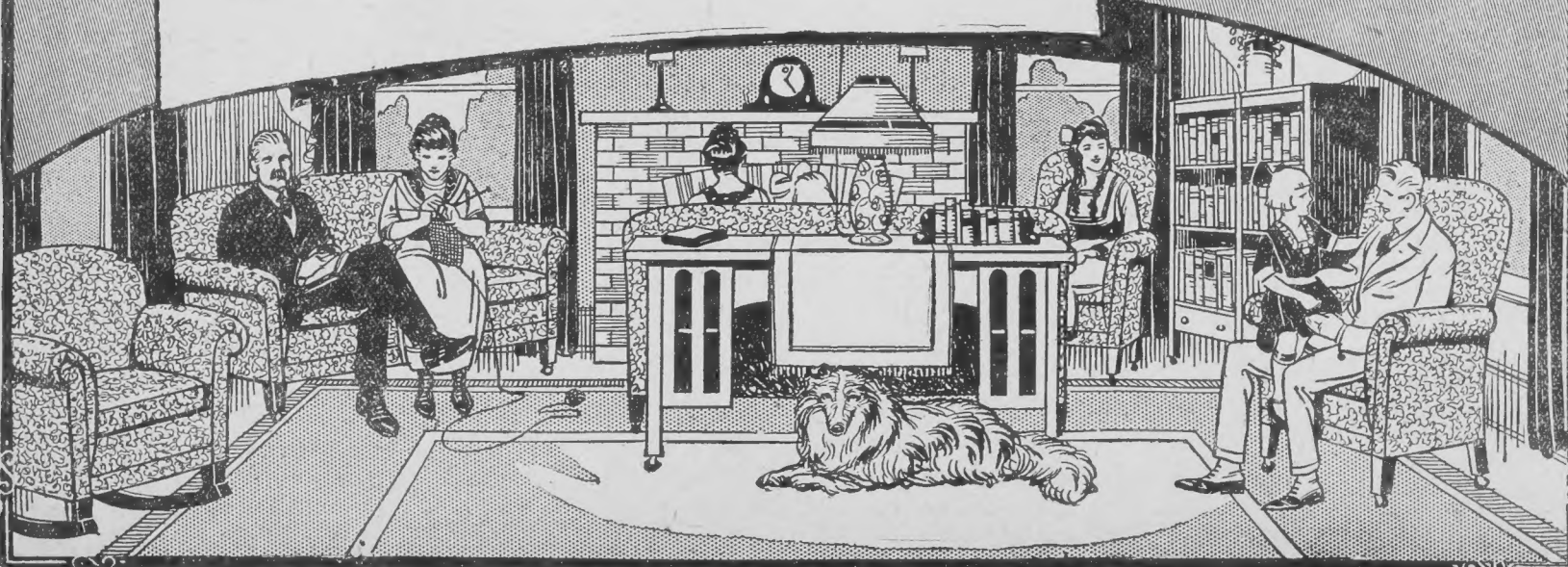
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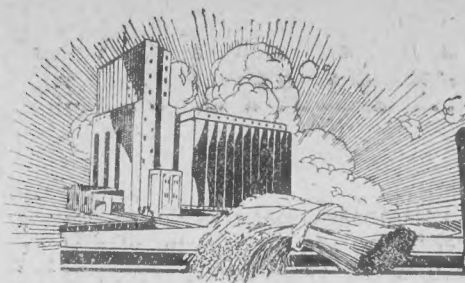
And beautiful, well-made, Canadian furniture is obtainable in moderately-priced sets and individual pieces, as well as in the more elaborate and expensive suites.

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Note—The Home Furnishing Bureau does not sell furniture or goods of any kind. Its object is to promote a greater interest in the furnishing of Canadian homes. Your local dealer will be pleased to give you any information you desire about suitable furniture for your home.





EDITORIAL



CHOOSING A CALLING

WHAT shall I do when I grow up? This is the question that thousands of boys and girls ask themselves each year. Generally speaking no one helps them to arrive at their decisions, and they drift into various callings following the line of least resistance or grasping at those opportunities which promise the greatest immediate reward. Now, the choosing of a life work is a most serious business. As a person travels the road but once, it is surely important that he make the most of his adventure. Some people appear to make no mistake. They run along surely and swiftly to the goal of their desires without hindrance and without disappointment. Others enter blind alleys and are forced to retrace their steps, so that when they attain manhood or womanhood they have not advanced sensibly beyond the stage of childhood.

Even with all the counsel that parents and others may give, it is not easy for young people to decide. On merely financial grounds it is not easy. Farming in many districts no longer pays, because land values have increased and cost of machinery is so great. Manufacturing does not offer much hope because it is only the man or firm with great capital that can make things go, and anyway the attitude of labor has practically prevented men from opening new factories. The workman's lot is not what it once was because in these days the laborer is no longer free. He is so bound by rules of his own making that he has no power of initiative, and no opportunity to add to his wealth by working overtime. The professions are overcrowded, and to succeed one is almost compelled to become a vampire. If a man is ill he trusts to patent medicine rather than pay a physician, and should he have a quarrel with a rich neighbor he settles it at a disadvantage rather than seek the services of a lawyer. There is always, of course, the possibility of taking up the work of a salesman in a junk shop, for here one can add to selling prices without limitation, and become rich through plausible misrepresentation. This, of course, is merely how people talk when they are pessimistically inclined. The real truth is that any man can make a comfortable living in any field of work if he is only willing to pay the price in industry and goodwill. No doubt it is easier to make money in some callings than in others, and it is always safe and better to follow a legitimate business than a venture in which success depends upon luck or sharp practice.

There is, however, more than financial possibility to be considered in making a choice of occupation. The real question is not what money a man will make but what the man will make of himself. If he is worth anything at all, he is worth infinitely more than his income. That business is best which calls forth all the powers of the soul, which permits aspirations and ambitions to be realized in full hearted action. One reason, and the principal reason, why many young fellows do not wish to follow the calling of their fathers is that it does not satisfy their longings. For instance, there is nothing more attractive in many ways than life on the farm, yet some young people with strong social longings, or desire for competition in a big way, cannot endure what they call the tedium of farm routine. Similarly some sons of merchant princes yearn for the professions, and some sons of lawyers and doctors seek avenues that call for physical endurance or monetary risk. It is well that there should be departures of this kind. As a rule a young man should follow the line of his own choice.

Some time ago a young man came to his teacher and talked long and seriously over this problem. The teacher was a wise man and recommended the young fellow to visit a dozen different establishments just to see what was going on. At the end of the visit the young man returned and without hesitating a second pronounced in favor of one of the callings. He had found his work. Needless to say he has been in every way successful. He is already a leader, and promises to be in the very forefront in his own business.

There is nothing to be gained by permitting young people to drift into business, nor by demanding that they enter the same business as their parents. The greatest success follows the line of

inclination, and the duty of parents is to find out the real desires of their children so as to minister to them wisely. Sometimes, of course, it is impossible to let a young man follow the wish of his heart, sometimes, too, he will be unable to make a decision because he lacks experience and knowledge. Distant fields may look green to him, a clean collar may seem to be more honorable than a greasy jacket, work in an office may be preferred to labor in the fields. Here there is a fine field for education and no better thing can parents and teachers do than to talk to young people about occupations and life prospects. There are no talks so much appreciated by young folk as these, and they have often been productive of great good. A man has no more justification for choosing his son's business than the mother has for choosing her son's wife. Individual and national prosperity depend upon the best use of all talent available. As far as possible it is wise to have each man in the position nature and education have fitted him to fill. It strikes one at times that there are many misfits which are traceable to ignorance or imperfect guidance.

A boy in choosing a calling should look beyond the immediate present. To a lad of fifteen with no home responsibilities fifteen dollars a week seems pretty good pay. Yet it will be small pay for a grown man, and a boy does well to educate himself as fully as possible before entering upon his work so that he can enter a calling

which promises advancement with years of service. A boy of fifteen may cork bottles as well as a man who has been at the business for twenty years, and in such a business a boy can earn the maximum salary. It will never be a high salary, however, for it calls for neither initiative nor intelligence. Far better would it be to begin with less in an occupation that leads somewhere. It is a tragedy for a boy to condemn himself to a low grade of industry because he was tempted to enter it too early in life and rendered himself incapable of rising to anything better.

GOD GIVE US MEN

The following words were used recently by one of our public speakers:

"A well-known preacher in Winnipeg happens to be the owner of a much-used Ford car. This car has been his comfort and his aid for many seasons. One day this spring something went wrong with it. As he was not a mechanic he could not locate the trouble, but he knew the thing was not running smoothly, so he called in at one of the leading repair shops and asked the master-workman 'to give it a look over.' A brief investigation was enough to satisfy this chief mechanic that it would cost fifty dollars or perhaps sixty dollars to set it right, but that it would be impossible to 'take the work on' for over a fortnight. Now as the preacher could not have the repairs made at once and as he had not fifty dollars on hand after paying his grocery bills, he decided to get along with the disabled car or at least to take it back home.

"On the way he was passing a little obscure shop on one of the side streets. It struck him that he might possibly get something done at once in this little place. The owner in his broken English said, after looking at the car, 'Can you wait a few minutes, say half an hour? I think I can fix him quick. Not very bad break; yes, me fix him.' And so the preacher waited while the repair was made, and he wondered as he paid the three dollars charged, what percentage of profit was being made by the high class repair shop on all work done in it."

A month ago a citizen had to get a new cord for a vacuum sweeper. He ordered one from a prosperous store in the centre of the city. The price charged was four dollars. The cord was perfectly satisfactory. This morning walking down town same citizen saw some vacuum sweepers in a window and out of curiosity asked the dealer the price of a connecting cord. The answer was, "About one dollar and a quarter."

When the matter was brought to the attention of the first company, the manager said there must be some mistake. To this every one will agree. The mistake is in allowing firms of a certain type to do business in the country.

One does not so much mind paying fifty dollars instead of three dollars, or four dollars instead of one dollar and a [Contd. on page 72]

State Supervision

When the referendum declares in favor of non-importation of liquor from other provinces, there arises this question. What liquor can be manufactured and sold in Manitoba, and under what conditions will the sale be carried on? The only sensible course seems to be to put the manufacture and distribution directly under control of the government. The same is true of forms of entertainment that are run to excess. Those who operate moving picture theatres, dance-halls, bowling-alleys and the like, are in the business for profit, and are inclined to overlook the moral aspect of things. All education should be administered by the State. The moral welfare of the citizens generally is of much more importance than the commercial success of a few business firms. It were far better that a few self-seeking concerns should close their doors than that the moral standing of the community should be lowered.

THE FORTUNES OF CHARITY

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN

IT was one of those hard times for Berry Hicks, which every prospector runs up against now and then. Last autumn he had made money out in the woods; he had invested in city lots and lost it all. Now, at the tail-end of winter, he was "properly up against it," as prospectors say. No money, no dogs, and only just enough grub to see him through. Anyway, spring would be here before very long, and Berry Hicks, always cheerful, looked forward to once again making a little pile which would enable him to enjoy life's minor comforts.

That morning it was dismal and bitterly cold, and Hicks had wandered over to the Smithson House Hotel on the old fruitless quest of finding something to do. At this time of the year the mining camps of Aura City were practically shut down, and most of the boys were living on their savings. There were no new jobs going, and it was deadly dull for those who had insufficient money to participate in the few gaieties the city afforded.

Hicks had whiled away an hour or so chatting with his friends, when, passing out through the bar room, he noticed an Indian standing at the Baltimore counter drinking a cup of coffee. A heated argument was taking place between the Indian and the counter jumper, a heavy-eyed, brutal-faced man, who was notoriously disagreeable. As Hicks passed, the attendant snatched up the Indian's cup and threw its dregs into the red man's face. The Indian turned away, proudly wiped his bony countenance, and stalked out through the swing doors.

"Well," said Hicks, staring savagely at the bar-tender, "that's a nice trick for any white man, I must say!"

The bar-tender scowled at him. "You mind your own business," he advised, "and don't come butting around after mine!"

Hicks approached with clenched fists. He was not feeling in the best of moods, and, anyway, he hated to see a white man ill-use an Indian. "You are the 'type that cause all the trouble in the country,'" he said. "It's owing to such men as you that the Indians are always causing trouble. They come here to see our city, believing the wonderful stories they have heard of it, and they are insulted and ill-treated by such creatures as you! No wonder they go back into the woods and murder the first white man that goes their way!"

"Oh, shucks!" responded the bar-tender.

"Get out of it before I put you out! I am at liberty to do what I like in my own saloon, and I reckon I know as much about the Indians as you do. They come here with their lies about having found gold and expect us to feed them gratis. I tell you it won't trouble me much if they cease to visit this 'ere counter."

Hicks saw the utter futility of arguing with such a man, so he went out through the swing doors by which the Indian had passed a few minutes previously.

Hicks had his dog with him—a big, mongrel creature, which was faithful to its master, and an extraordinary judge of human character. He strolled over to the store and bought some more grub on credit, noticing the difference in the reception he got. The Jew behind the counter was offhand—in fact, rude. He mentioned the fact that there was over \$100 outstanding on Berry's credit, and that he would have to pay down on instalment very soon or the credit would cease.

"I'll let you have the lot as soon as ever I can," said Hicks. "You know I have experienced bad luck, and that I don't incur debt for the fun of the thing."

"Well, there you are," replied the store man. "There's a whole heap of you butting around without money to pay, and you seem to think we can feed you all for an indefinite period. It can't be done, old son. You've got a nice cabin across the river there which I reckon would fetch a decent sum. Either, you'll have to let us have some money or else sell it. Savee?"

Berry Hicks left the place with a heavy heart. It seemed that he was getting to about the end of his tether. Never before in his life had he suffered the indignity of being hauled over the coals for his debts, and if they sold out his cabin, what then would become of him? He would have to hit the trail for somewhere, without grub and without money.

Then over and above all thoughts of self were his thoughts of those at home. He knew that they regarded him as the ne'er-do-well of the family, and true it was that up till now he had not been particularly successful. The wild life of the woods had appealed to him, and he had wandered from camp to camp, never settling anywhere for very long, and always in a more or less stony-broke condition. "Some day I shall make my pile," he had always told himself, and so he had helped his friends with a liberal hand, lent them money, which some had not repaid, or grub-staked them, because he knew they were dead up against

it. Yes, everyone had known that if Hicks had money he would share it. Yet, to-day, when he himself required money, where were all his friends? He had never asked any one for money in his life, and they had not offered it to him. Some of them, indeed, seemed not to know him now that he was stony-broke.

Round the next corner Hicks ran into the man who owned the clothier's store. "Hello, young man!" said the latter. "I reckon you must have forgotten that you owe me for those winter clothes you are wearing. When do you reckon you are going to pay me for them?"

"O, come off the roof!" implored Hicks. "You know well enough that I have lost everything I had through that slump in city lots. You know, too, or at any rate you ought to know, that I'm not the man to forget my debts. I'll pay you as soon as ever I can, Bill, and you shall have your interest."

"That won't do," answered the other. "I am clearing out for Minook and want my money this week. Also I can tell you I am wanting dogs, and that dog of yours is just the type for me. I reckon he is just about worth what you owe me, so if you can't let me have the money this week, just bring that dog along, and we'll call the deal square."

Hicks shook his head. "No, sir," he answered. "You can have your clothes back again, and I'll go about naked sooner than give you my dog. Do you realize what you're asking? Seems to me that dog's about the only pal I've got, and I wouldn't part with him for ten thousand dollars."

The other turned abruptly on his heel. "Well, we'll see," he answered and sauntered on.

There is nothing like financial embarrassment to kill a man's pride, and Hicks felt like a worm as he sauntered on between the ramshackle wooden buildings of which Aura City consisted. This threat to take his dog from him was the last straw. He could stand anything rather than that. He would even look up his former pals and try to borrow money from them, but part with old Starlight he couldn't!

So very soon the main avenue was left behind, and the road broke up into several little trails, that wandered off into the partly clear bush. Hicks took the trail to the left, which led to his cabin, and he had not gone very far through the white desolation when he missed his dog. Looking back he saw old Starlight standing in the centre of the trail, gazing first towards him then back into the wood. The dog whined as though to attract Berry's attention, then looking after him trotted back again among the trees. "Now, what on earth does that mean?" muttered Hicks. He went back to investigate, and found Starlight looking up into the

face of an old Indian, who sat on a rampike amidst the snow, a dying fire at his feet. The head of the Indian was bowed forward in an attitude of sleep. His rifle was in his hand. He gave one the impression of absolute weariness and dejection. "Wonder if he's up against it same as I am?" pondered Hicks, then he added to himself, "Anyway, it is no affair of mine."

He was about to saunter on when he recalled the Indian at the Baltimore counter. Was this by any chance the same man? If so, Berry was aware of a sense of sympathy for him. Probably he had come here to see the wonders of the white man's city about which he had heard so much. He had come expecting to find free food at the Baltimore counter, and everything that an Indian could require. He had been ruthlessly enlightened by having coffee dregs flung into his face, and now, indeed, he was pondering over it, wondering where he could obtain his next meal in this uncharitable land. "Well," muttered Hicks, "I reckon I've got enough for two," and he sauntered on to where the Indian sat.

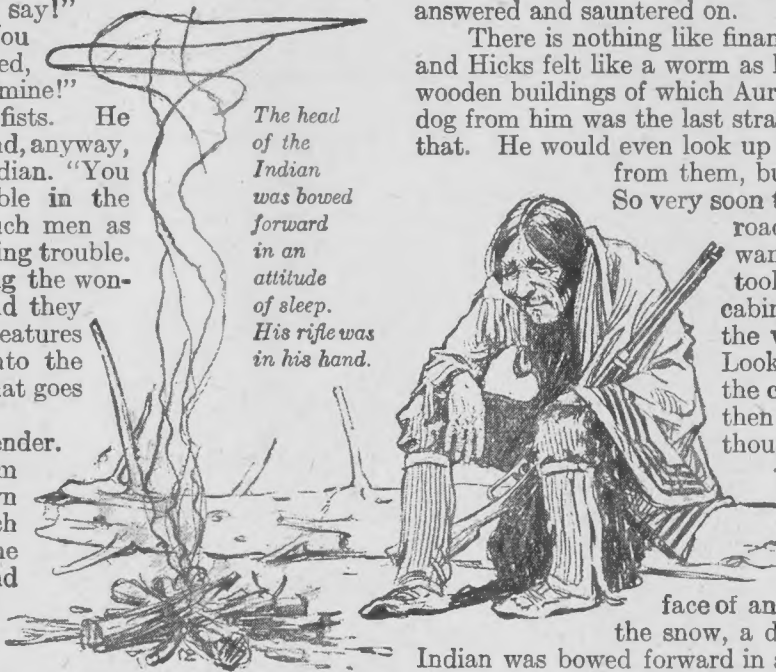
One glance at the Indian's face convinced him. It was the same man, and Hicks saw now that he was old and hungry looking, an old and broken man, indeed, who had probably not very much longer on earth. Hicks nodded a greeting, then stooped down and warmed his hands at the tiny fire. An Indian hates to be inundated by questions, and those who wish to make his acquaintance must be prepared to do so by gentle stages. So after three minutes or so, Hicks remarked casually, "Come far?"

The red man nodded, and waved his hand towards the north. "Malamute River," he answered quietly.

Gee whizz," thought Hicks. Malamute River was over 200 miles away, through some of the worst country in all this region, a long journey even for an Indian when he had neither grub nor dogs.

There was another long pause, then Hicks said, "Hungry?" Again the Indian nodded, and took hold of his clothing in his bony hands in order to indicate how slack it was.

Hicks rose. "Come along," he said. "I've got some grub." They sauntered off together, and as they went Hicks wondered a little at his dog, who was obviously delighted by the turn of events. Why had the animal dallied in his wake, leading back to the [Continued on page 8]



The head of the Indian was bowed forward in an attitude of sleep. His rifle was in his hand.

THE SECRET OF SADDLE GAP

A WESTERN TALE

BY EDITH G. BAYNE

IN a shoulder of rock lying athwart the Rampart Range and overlooking a deep and swift stretch of the Chinook River a man lay face downward, his head and shoulders just over the edge of the sheer drop. He held a long cord at the end of which a small stone was attached and he appeared to be probing either the depth of the water at the bank's edge or the distance from his own position to the pebbles below, where a thin line of foam curled along the sand. Out in mid-stream the water rushed at a headlong, dizzying speed toward a series of clamorous rapids fifty yards away.

Presently the man drew his cord up hand-over-hand and drawing a small red note book from a pocket of his rough grey shirt made a quick brief calculation with a short bit of pencil and entered an estimate of some kind in the little book. It was the last of half a dozen similar entries. The man gave a sigh of satisfaction, began to whistle softly and getting to his feet looked speculatively across the river at Saddle Gap. His whistling died away and a frown took the place of his smile of satisfaction.

"Saddle Gap, eh? Almost forgot about that," he muttered, with a wry grin. "It's the only blooming obstacle in the whole plan, hang it?"

He glanced quickly up and down and began to roll up the cord, still frowning. There was nothing stealthy about his look or action yet an observer might have gathered an impression of secrecy in his manner. It was almost as though his main desire was to escape observation. Nearly all afternoon he had been taking measurements and on both sides of the river, using an old, leaky punt and crossing three times at peril of his life each trip. Now he called to a long lean calico pinto that was cropping nearby and when the animal trotted up he mounted it and set off up the precarious trail. He, too, was long and lean. He had a keen, close-lipped look, a pair of dark, quick-moving eyes and the air of one who commands. His hands lightly but firmly grasping the reins were long and thin and whiter than those of the average hillsman, but they, like the eyes, looked as though quick motions was their outstanding characteristic. As a matter of fact alertness was the keynote of the man's whole being and he carried a revolver in a handy but inconspicuous place. Once he turned and looked back at Saddle Gap, not fearfully but in a thoughtful way. He was unaware that he had been under close observation, not having seen a human form since leaving Crowder's Crossing at noon.

Saddle Gap was a commanding point on the east side of the river. It was a high, narrow gorge crowned with a rounded rock-formation like a giant saddle—a sort of natural bridge. The gap itself ran inland and lost itself somewhere in the fastnesses of the dense forest but it was known to be honeycombed with caves, either Nature's own or those resulting from the work of prospectors when the country had had a gold rush.

The rider was seeking a cabin that he knew must be along the trail, having noticed it at intervals all afternoon, but because he was a stranger to these mountains he lost the trail twice and was nearly an hour going two miles. The cayuse he had hired in the village ten miles away seemed to be equally strange to the locality. Thus it was that the watcher from a certain hilltop who belonged to the cabin that the man sought was there to greet him when at length he arrived, though having twice the distance to cover and afoot.

The rider pulled up at the top of a little rise and looked in amazement at the neat, cultivated appearance of the lone dwelling and its yard. Flowers rioted everywhere and a little lane led between rows of hollyhocks to the door on either side of which was a window with muslin curtains. This in the heart of the wilds! But even as he laughed, six children rose as though out of the very earth itself and strung themselves across his path in a bare-foot, staring line. They ranged in age from five to thirteen or thereabouts. The stranger was about to hail them when the cabin door opened and a young woman appeared. At sight of whom the gaping youngsters scattered.

"Is this Mark Menary's?" inquired the rider, politely.

"Yes," said the young woman, looking at him with the same frank curiosity of the children.

The rider dismounted and started up the path. A closer view of a very pretty girl, too ridiculously young to be the mother of all those children, almost deprived him of breath for a moment.

"I'd like to see Mr. Menary," he said, managing to find his voice, at length.

"He's not at home," the girl replied. He went up on the Buffalo Fork for fish on Tuesday. Maybe he'll be back to-night—maybe not till to-morrow night. Depends on his catch."

"I see. He fishes mostly, then?"

"In summer, yes. In winter he traps. He's a guide too, sometimes. Were—were you wanting him to guide a party?"

"No, I—the fact is—never mind, I'll wait round till he comes back.

I've made camp not far away"—and the man laughed in an offhand manner as though his business were of little urgency. "In the meantime perhaps you'd stake me to a hand-out?"

"Come in. Never mind those bees. They aren't in stinging humor,"—as he avoided a small swarm.

She ushered him into a very homelike big room, brown-raftered, deep-windowed and cool. In a kind of delightful daze he took a chair and watched her as she flitted about setting a meal on the table for him.

"Think of a girl like this being buried in the heart of a forest!" he said to himself. "Some men don't know their luck!"

She was slender and yet muscular in a dainty creamy-brown-skinned way. Her simple print dress was clean and her brown hair bright and well cared for. She had very clear and soft blue eyes and a slow smile that was very winning. Her voice matched her appearance.

"Cold chicken—biscuits—honey—tea—and red raspberries!" exclaimed the stranger when she had invited him to sit in. "My soul! Do I dream?"

"The berries I just picked, Mr.—"

"Bestwood," supplied the stranger as she paused significantly.

"I got them up on the Wapiti. That's where I was when I first saw you, Mr. Bestwood."

He turned and sent a sharp, though smiling, glance up at her.

"Oh, so you saw me before I rode up here!"

She nodded and placed a jug of cream nearer to him.

"And—er—what did you think?" he pursued idly.

"I didn't think. I knew"—and she flashed him a long side glance.

"Don't think I'm trying to horn in but you see others have been up here and—done just the things you did and—"

"And failed."

"Yes," she said. "It's an old story."

"You—razor-faced hyena!" snarled the old man suddenly, whipping out his side-arm and waving it almost under the engineer's nose. "Smell that. Now if you don't pack up an' make tracks you'll get it where it'll do the most good."

"It's becoming a bore, eh? But suppose I tell you, confidentially, that I don't intend to fail?"

She smiled slowly and half shook her head.

"You don't know Old Comox," she said, whisking a lone fly away with a tissue napkin.

"I don't know a lot of things,"

Bestwood admitted. "I don't know how the Sam Hill you keep this place looking—like a cross-section of a little paradise—no flies, no dust, no litter, and all those kids!"

"They do make work but I love every one of them," she said glowingly. "They're quite a help, too. Don and Dave milk the cows and Katie's my right hand."

"You must get lonesome, though, for congenial friends? I suppose your husband's away frequently," and the visitor drained his second cup.

She had turned to bring another plate of biscuits, but she stopped short and looking up he saw a faint smile of amusement on her lips.

"You laugh at the idea of lonesomeness with such a large brood round!" he remarked, thinking he had read her aright.

She sat down suddenly and regarded him gravely.

"You, too!" she observed, cryptically, and when he looked his perplexity, went on: "I wonder why every stranger that hits these diggings takes me for dad's wife!"

"Oh! Now it's all clear. Those kids are—"

"My little step-brothers and sisters, Mr. Bestwood."

"I might have guessed!"

At this point the eldest boy put his head in at the door and announced that his father was coming down the upper rapids.

"Good," said Bestwood, as he rose. "And now, Miss Menary, since you've guessed that I'm another of those pesky engineers who keep coming up here, I may as well tell you that I want to see your father, or you, about board. I'll be sticking round for some time. Which of you has the say and would it be too much bother?"

"It's as easy to cook for nine as for eight."

"Thanks. I'll pay you liberally. I live in a tent two miles below and rustle my own breakfast, so I'll only want two meals here, say at noon and at six."

"Very well. Only—"

"Only?"

"I don't think you'll stick round long after Old Comox begins shooting."

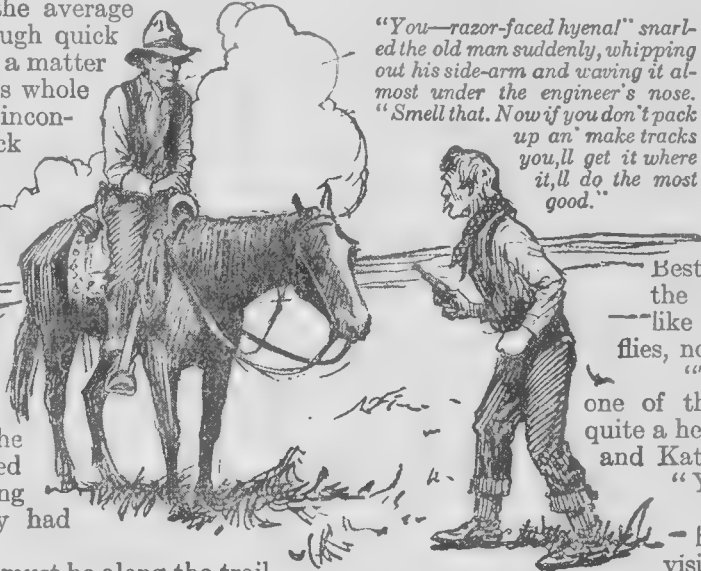
"That old fellow's a kind of nacheral-born terror I gather."

"Oh, he isn't so bad when you know him. He and dad are old pals. It's only on the one subject that he acts—ornery."

"Is he quite all there otherwise?" asked Bestwood, dubiously

"Absolutely."

"And it's only when the subject of the [Continued on page 8



Lost Treasures of Canada



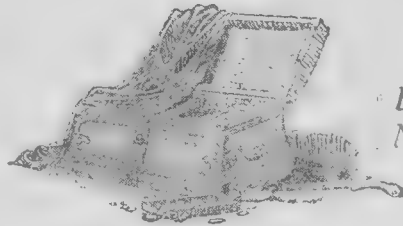
HERE are few of us but are willing to find a goodly pile of buried gold and jewels. The old familiar stories of Captain Kidd's buried treasures and other pirate caches, the lost hoards of the Incas of Peru and of the Aztecs in Mexico, the millions of Cocos Island, the long hidden valuables of the last of the great emperors of the Mongols, and many a tale of richly freighted Spanish galleons, have become classics. Canada, though comparatively young among the nations, has her genuine stories of buried treasures, that stir the imagination and draw heightened interest. Of them all, those concerned with the "Primrose," privateer, with the Rock of Percé, and Montcalm's treasury, are matters of historic fact.

Few Frenchmen during the reign of Louis XVI made a greater use of privateering to get wealth than Dupleix, the governor of Pondicherry. Availing himself of his authority, he issued papers to a large number of ships to prey on British commerce. In a few years they returned him so great an amount of treasure that he feared to send more of it direct to France lest Louis laid hands upon it in his anger, for the Governor's privateers had captured and looted vessels other than those of the enemy. He bethought himself, therefore, of Canada. Here he had a younger brother in an official position in Quebec, who could hold the ill-gotten gains till the Governor of Pondicherry had resigned, and, returning to France a poor but "honest" man, could emigrate to Canada to find his fortune, as Frenchmen did in those days. It was a country believed in France to be a place where any man not a fool might become rich speedily. Dupleix realized that if he spent six months there no suspicions would be aroused by his riches on his return to France.

He carefully fitted out one of his largest privateers, the "Primrose," said to have been captured from the British merchants, and sent her with a cargo of merchandise, in which was concealed a great part of his treasure, to the far distant port of Quebec. She made the Gulf of St. Lawrence safely in 1759; and her captain was told by the fishermen of the fall of Quebec one month previously, and of the neighborhood of British men-of-war. He was short of stores and water, so, having taken on board a fisherman-pilot, he stood away for the Bay of Islands at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where he trusted to get the necessaries from the French settlers.

During the evening a heavy gale came down, and drove the ship on the reefs inside the bay. Here she sank in comparatively shallow soundings, and three survivors managed to reach the shore. To-day, two old wrecks are known to be there, and are marked on the charts. One of them is the "Primrose," with her great store of Dupleix's gold and silver, precious stones, and other valuables. The fishermen of the Bay of Islands have their traditions about the "Primrose." With modern

Written specially
for "The Western
Home Monthly"



By
N. Tournier

diving methods, there can be but little trouble in salving this wreck of 150 years ago or so.

The Quebecois needs not go to the coast to look for hidden treasures. Many million dollars' worth is buried at hand by the plains of Abraham in old Quebec. Regarding it, there is no doubt whatever. It is a matter of historic fact.

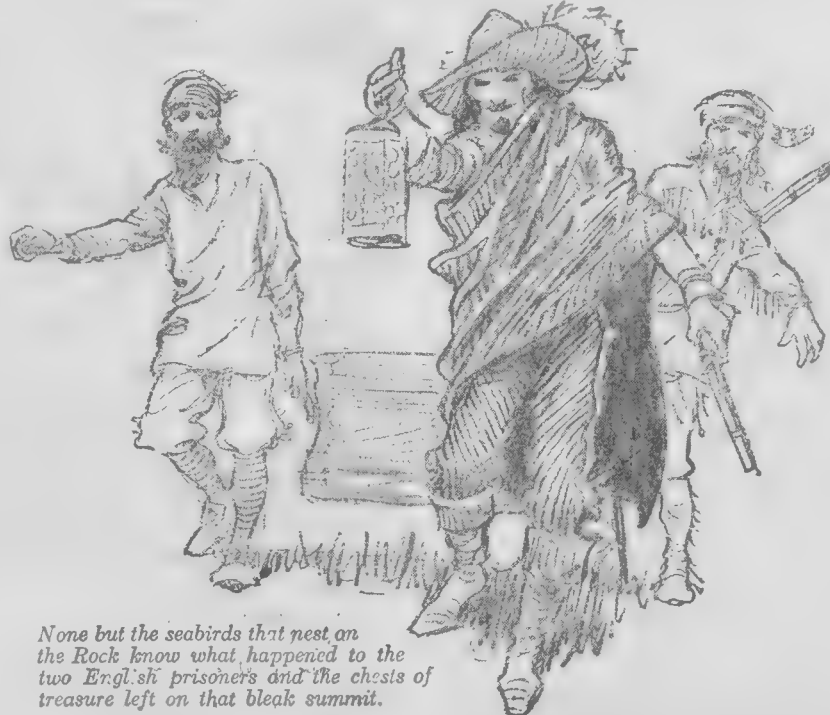
Before the attack on Quebec in 1759 the seigneurs sent up to the citadel, which was supposed to be impregnable, their family jewels, heirlooms and other valuables, together with great sums of money in louis-d'ors, gold doubloons, and other coins; and these were put in the strong-rooms of the military treasury with, as well, a large sum newly arrived from France. When an attack on the citadel became certain, Montcalm directed the treasures to be bound up in skins, placed in barrels and boxes, and taken in boats up the St. Charles river near by, and buried until the danger was past. That this was done is proved by the fact the strong-rooms of the citadel were empty when Quebec was captured. Much cogitation ensued over this; but all traces of the removal were lost.

Now, in the spring of 1908 the proprietor of an eighteenth century chateau not far from Quebec took it into his head to rebuild an old-fashioned fireplace in the house. Behind the back of the fireplace a small cavity was discovered, and in it a little silver-bound box of eighteenth century make. On it having been opened, a small parchment,

tradition of the removal of Montcalm's treasury, took counsel of his priest. Next day the two went to work, as the parchment directed, at the "little bay on River Saint Charles." After much trouble in agreeing on the likely spot, "ten feet up the east bank," and in the measurements, "five feet deep in the earth," they commenced to dig. Some feet from the surface, they came upon the items enumerated in the parchment, "plaster, burnt wood," and found there the "plate and ingot of silver, and the skull of a sheep." "Beneath is the secret of a great treasure," ended the parchment's information, and there, beneath, lay a little, rusty, iron-bound box. They burst it open.

The box contained a very rough chart—the ink of it much faded—and information also written in French of the time of Montcalm. It read: "Across River Saint Charles to the wood near the small bay and peninsula. Twenty feet N.N.W. by N. toward the group of firs. Fifty feet as the sun sets. Five feet deep and set in plaster the great treasure of the Citadel. God save us all."

The two treasure-seekers pondered over the chart and directions for some days, then went to work. As, however, the land in question now belongs to the Catholic Church, they had to do it secretly, and in the dark. After much searching around and much calculation they began to dig. They dug in vain. For, though the documents are to be relied upon, that little peninsula of the Saint Charles has not remained the same throughout the one hundred and fifty odd years since the treasure was buried. There have been many a heavy flood and many a severe winter and many a gale. The group of firs is gone, and the setting of the sun in that



None but the seabirds that nest on the Rock know what happened to the two English prisoners and the chests of treasure left on that bleak summit.

age-stained and brittle with the heat of the fires, was found, on which, written in the unmistakable French script of Louis Sixteenth's time, were certain directions.

The habitant, who was aware of the

month so ominous to French sway in North America does not coincide with the setting of the sun in the present years. Nature, as in the case of the famous millions of Cocos Island, has meantime sealed up the exact spot of

the long concealed treasures of old Quebec. Yet—they are there.

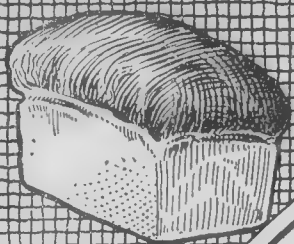
As regards the great treasure-chests on the Rock of Percé, Nature is more likely to have laid them open to view, for exposure to the weather has most probably rotted them, and whitened the scattered bones of the skeletons of the two unfortunate prisoners. Full of wild romance is the tale of "Devil Duval's" board on the summit of the Rock of Percé; and full of wild daring are the tales told of those who attempted afterward to climb up and recover his treasure. So many lives were lost that, close on the first of last century, an Act was passed in the Quebec legislature forbidding anyone to make the attempt without authorization from the Governor of the Province. To this day, the superstitious Percé fishermen, unchanged in a hundred and forty odd years, declare the fierce spirit of the seaman protects his own.

The Rock of Percé, named from the fishing hamlet at hand on the coast of the Gaspé Peninsula, is one of the natural wonders of the North American Continent. Some terrific convulsion tore this rock from the near-by mountain many thousands of years ago, and left it standing some 500 feet high, with a flattish top, and beetling, unscalable sides. Once it was pierced by two caverns at its sea-foot, through either of which a boat could sail, but one of them has collapsed leaving only the greater, through which the sea thunders and boils in stormy weather.

Captain Duval was a French privateer, who after the Peace of Paris, February, 1763, became a most daring pirate, on whose head the British authorities put a tall price. He, however, through his protection of and generosity to the French fishermen and settlers on the Atlantic seaboard, was kept well aware of the movements of the British against him. At last he was hard pressed, and likely to be captured; and having in his service a Micmac Indian, who was devoted to him and aware of a secret trail to the summit of the supposed inaccessible Rock of Percé, Duval collected all his caches of treasure, and set sail for Percé. The Micmac is said to have wormed his way to the top of the Rock by means of an opening from the greater of the caverns. On arriving at the summit, one side of which falls sloping, he threw down a thin line which he had carried, and with it hauled up a block and fall. Two prisoners were pulled up by him, and then came the captain himself. Boats containing the treasure in chests stood by below.

Tradition runs on that they were a day and a moonlight night getting it all up. Then the Indian came down, and Duval himself was lowered away. His sword was all blood. With muskets he himself and his few trusted seamen shot at the tackle till it was cut through too high up the rock for anyone to reach. Then Captain Duval pulled for the ship, and sailed away. He never returned, nor any of his trusted men. Either the hurricane that burst down that same night sent his vessel to the bottom, or she was sunk by the British men-of-war looking for her.

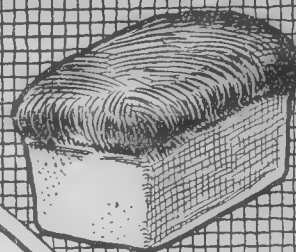
For a couple of generations the winds battered and the rains rotted the stout hemp ropes on the side of the Rock till at last they disappeared. Though there are fishermen in Percé whose grandfathers could recollect seeing these evidences of Duval's visit. None but the seabirds that nest on the Rock know what happened to the two English prisoners and the chests of treasure left on the bleak summit. But—some daring airman will some day find his fortune lying waiting for him there.



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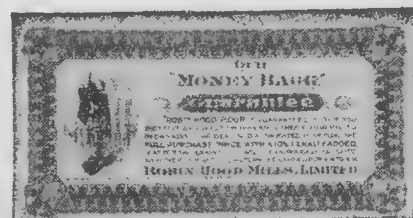
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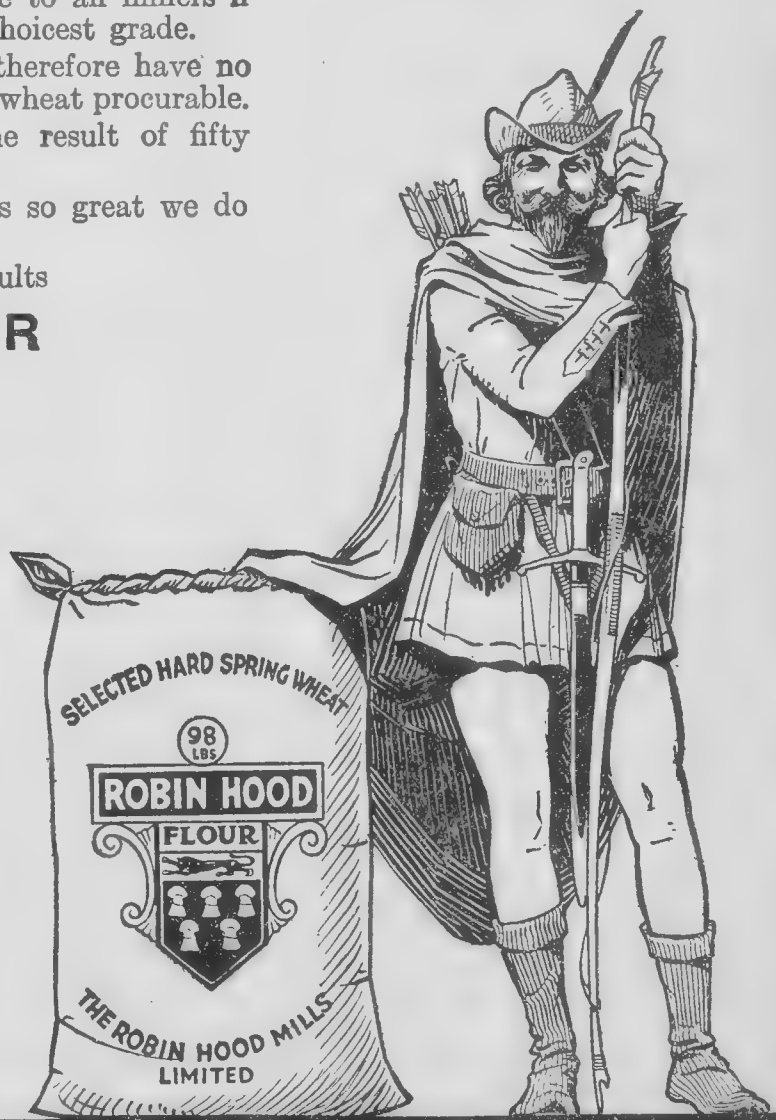
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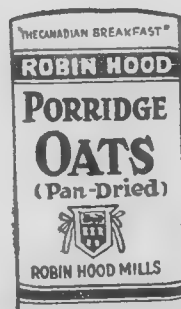
2



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The Fortunes of Charity

By H. Mortimer Batten

Contd. from page 4

waits. Soon the fire burns low and the cold creeps in. The Indian sleeps, and when the sun again rises, he does not waken. It is a very easy way for an old man out of his sorrows, and Hicks realized that his dog had known that the old Indian was seated there to die, for, as we have said, the dog was a marvellous judge of human character. Starlight knew good men from bad men, and the fact that he had so befriended this old fellow seemed to indicate that there must be something good about the Indian.

So they went back to Berry's cabin, and ate what there was to eat, beans without bacon, and some very hard crusts that Berry had made. The Indian ate hungrily then squatted himself behind the stove and went to sleep. Not a word passed between them.

The next day was passed in much the same way. The Indian ate liberally of Berry's slender supply of food, said nothing, and slept a good deal. On the third day he seemed to buck up a little. Uninvited he got to work, repaired Berry's snowshoes, renovated a pair of moccasins, and finally turned his attention to the canoe.

"Glad he's going to do something to earn his keep," thought Berry. "I'm hanged if he can live on here indefinitely. There isn't enough grub to keep myself and the dog, say nothing of a hungry visitor."

That night over their pipes, Berry drew the Indian into conversation. He told how he had lost all his money in city lots, and how he was almighty hard up. "No dust left," said he, "and no dollars. I'll have to hit the trail again before long."

The Indian did not seem to understand until Berry spoke of the dust. Then suddenly his face brightened. He thrust his hand under his parki. From it he drew a small buckskin bag, tied up like a sausage. His long, bony fingers unfastened the end of the bag, and on to the rough floor he emptied a little heap of yellow dust. In addition to the dust there were pips and nuggets of pure gold, indicating clearly that the metal had come from an uncommonly rich seam.

"Plenty dust," said the Indian, and scooping it up with both hands, he transferred it to Berry's palms. Berry saw at a glance that there was more than enough here to pay all his debts, but his sense of justice somehow rebelled at his taking it. "Look here, old son," he said, "you don't owe me all this. I could do with it, goodness knows, but it isn't fair. I asked you to be my visitor, and don't want any pay."

The Indian waved him aside. "Ta-in-na-Haw is old," he said. "Him no want dust. Ta-in-na-Haw go back into the woods to-morrow maybe. Plenty dust along Malamute River."

"Good night" muttered Hicks to himself. "What on earth does this mean?" Anyway, if the Indian did not want the dust, he assuredly did. He placed it in his wallet without thanks, for an Indian hates to be thanked. Up till that moment he had not known the Indian's name, Ta-in-na-Haw. Now he held out his hand and they shook to clench the deal. "I shall call you, Tomahawk," said Berry, "because it is easier to say, and, look here, you can stay with me as long as you like, and have all the grub you can eat."

Then Berry went over to the store and paid his bill. He also paid the tailor what he owed, with befitting comments to both of them. Truly his luck was looking up a little, and assuredly this was a case of charity rewarded. On his way back to the cabin he met a friend who asked him whether he had found a gold mine yet. Hicks shook his head and the other continued, "No, my lad, and you never will. There isn't enough gold in this country to warrant the existence of a city. I tell you I've got cold feet, and I'm clearing out."

Hicks shrugged his shoulders and went on. "Not enough gold in the country to warrant the existence of a city, eh?" He wondered whether it was true. He knew that away back in the woods there was gold somewhere, for these Indians were continually drifting in with veritable fortunes in the way of yellow dust, which they handed over to the white population

Indian? Hicks thought he knew. The man was old and helpless, and when an old Indian sees no future in store for him, he makes a little fire in the woods, sits down beside it, and waits.

in return for shoddy and worthless goods, but the Indians, Berry knew, closely guarded their secrets. They hated the coming of white settlement, and they knew well that to betray where the gold was meant the spoiling of their hunting ranges.

Hicks went to bed that night feeling happier than he had felt for many weeks, but very early in the morning he was awakened by the old Indian moving about the cabin, and when daylight came Berry found that the man had packed his own stampede pack with food, and got everything ready for the long trail. There were Berry's snowshoes properly repaired by the door, and there, too, his rifle and belt, clean and polished. For a moment he thought that the old Indian was clearing out, and taking all these articles with him, in which case, thought Hicks, "I shall not have got so much change out of his visit after all."

"Are you going, Tomahawk?" he asked, sitting up.

The Indian nodded. "You, too," he said.

That brought Hicks to his feet with a start. "But where?" he asked. "Where are we going?"

The Indian waved towards the north. "Malamute River," he said.

Hicks quietly dressed himself. It was all very well old Tomahawk arranging everything for him, but before Hicks set out on that tremendous journey through the woods in such weather as this, he naturally wanted to know the why and wherefore of it. So judiciously he set to work questioning Tomahawk, but the Indian merely responded by a stony stare. He would not say anything at all, till finally Hicks lost his patience. "Look here, Tomahawk," he said, "it may be all right for you going off into the woods and trusting to luck whether you starve or not. You are used to it, but we white men are not. It is a long journey to Malamute River, and if I am coming with you I want to know what for."

Again the Indian stared at him, then he answered, "Plenty gold at Malamute River."

Hicks thought things over. After all there was no particular object in remaining here, and it might be worth while accompanying the old man. At the worst he would get back in the late spring, and be able to obtain a job, so that the trip would not necessitate a big waste of time. So, utterly in the dark, Hicks followed out at the red man's heels. He had no doubt whatever that there was gold in Malamute River, but the country was so far distant that it might not prove worth working even though there was a fair quantity of it. Therefore, this trip into the woods was all a speculation.

So for days Berry and Tomahawk wandered northwards, and Berry at last realized that for a skilled woodsman it was easy to travel in comfort through these regions. At night time the Indian would seek out a flat rock, light a huge fire on it, and when the rock was thoroughly dry and warm they would lie down upon it in their sleeping bags and sleep with comparative comfort. As for grub, they were never short of it, for at sundown and dusk the old Indian would wander off with his rusty rifle and always he came back with game of some sort, sometimes a couple of snowshoe rabbits, sometimes partridges, and on one occasion a deer. Then again the Indian knew the best ways through the woods, and instead of fighting through impenetrable bush and struggling for every mile, Hicks found himself, for the most part, on comparatively easy going, so that the journey was quite without the usual hardships and discomforts which accompany travelling in bush country.

One evening, long before Hicks expected it, they found themselves looking across a great, open treeless space in the snow. Hicks thought at first it was a lake, frozen over and covered with snow, as all the lakes were at this season, but the Indian said, "Malamute River."

"What, here already?" exclaimed Hicks, scarcely able to believe it, and the Indian nodded.

They crossed the river, and made their way into the mountains opposite. Here at length they came to a small creek, flowing so rapidly among the boulders that it had not frozen over. This they followed for a whole day, till they came to a huge basin among the rocks, in the centre of which the creek disappeared underground. The Indian went to the centre of the basin and removed some of the huge stones which covered the earth.

(Continued on page 12)

The Secret of Saddle Gap

By Edith G. Bayne

Contd. from page 5

ing the back of his chair, thoughtfully.

The girl's clear eyes clouded a moment. "I—I think dad could make a guess only he won't come right out and say. He seems to understand Old Comox better than anyone. They were mining partners in the old days. But I guess you know all this."

"I've come primed with certain facts, yes," admitted Bestwood. "I got the lay of the land and managed to strike here on a day when the old codger was off somewhere. Otherwise I suppose he'd have taken a pot shot at me. I nosed all round the Gap and saw his shack and took soundings off the cliff. I even used an old punt of his and incidentally nearly came a cropper in the rapids."

"Why not throw your bridge across at some other point?" asked the girl curiously. Bestwood smiled.

"Miss Menary, if you were an engineer you wouldn't propound that question."

"All the other engineers seemed stuck on that Gap, too!" said the girl, wonderingly.

"Naturally."

"But why?"

"Chiefly I think because Providence designed the spot for just this purpose. It's the only point on the Chinook River where we won't need an extra span and two extra baintments. We'll save thousands of dollars on blasting alone. The Saddle makes a splendid high-level and we're just nicely above the rapids. These are the leading points but there are others of a more technical nature. Oh, we must have the Gap!"

"You'll have to wait till Old Comox says you can. He's owned all that land over there for years and years."

"He'll come across."

"You have a lot of confidence! I suppose that's why they sent you."

"Maybe. I'm rather used to difficulties, Miss Menary. They lend zest to life. What duller existence can one imagine than a state of being where the plums fall into one's lap without effort? Here, I think, comes your dad."

Mark Menary was a spare man of middle height, a trifle stooped and very grey for one still in the fifties. He had a shrewd grey eye and a curious way of masking his thoughts or feelings by assuming an impassive expression. It was as though he had learned the Indian habit and practised it on occasion. Bestwood learned within five minutes that Menary was not a man one could get close to very readily. On Menary's side he seemed to regard the engineer with dislike and distrust, though he was civil enough outwardly.

"I s'pose you know that Dan refused a cool fifty thousand from that last company?" he insinuated as the pair went outside to talk.

"I know all about that," smiled Bestwood.

"What better luck d'you s'pose you'll have? Goin' to put up a bigger chunk than that?"

"Not on your life!" said Bestwood, sternly. "He'll accept a legitimate sum or go without and we'll have what we want, too."

"If 'twas me now I'd be mighty tickled to take anything at all," said Menary candidly. "I got a big family to do for an' not much chance t' get 'em edicated. I'm a poor man, Mr. Bestwood. When I was first married I was kinda well fixed an' my oldest girl, Gail, she got a fair decent bit o' schoolin'. We was livin' at Fort George then. But I got into the minin' game an' lost all I had."

"I understand you and Dan Comox were partners."

Menary sent a sidelong look at the engineer.

"I—I had various partners," he said. "But we didn't ever strike the pay dirt."

"Well, I'll make a deal with you. Get round Old Comox for us and your share, your rake-off, will be—"

But Menary was shaking his head emphatically.

"Nope. Can't be done. I tried it. The old man he—Lord, how he screamed at me! I tried it a second time an' he—shot at me. Me—his old pal, mind you! Shot me in the arm."

"Why didn't you give him in charge?" demanded Bestwood in stern amazement. "He could have been sent up for—"

right-of-way through Saddle Gap comes up that he wants to slay!"

The girl nodded.

"Now I—wonder—just—why," mused Bestwood aloud, tapping the back of his chair, thoughtfully.

The girl's clear eyes clouded a moment. "I—I think dad could make a guess only he won't come right out and say. He seems to understand Old Comox better than anyone. They were mining partners in the old days. But I guess you know all this."

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"Give Dan in charge!" and Menary looked as though the idea were new to him. Immediately then that strange, impassive look spread over his face, and his eye was doubly cautious. He wet his lips with his tongue.

"Why, of course! Why should one man be permitted to terrify a district, lock himself up fortress-like and defy the very law itself? My frank opinion is that Dan Comox is crazy."

Menary's eye lightened. A look almost as of relief came into his face.

"I—I've sometimes thought the same," he said, without glancing at the other.

"Even if he isn't, or is only partly daffy, a none too scrupulous lawyer, a ditto alienist and some gentle bribery and wire-pulling could turn the trick for us in short order if we cared to employ such means," said Bestwood lightly. "However, we don't. My company is on the level. No matter how long and hard the fight, we're going to play square. I'm to understand, then, that we can't look on you as a mediator?"

"I ain't lookin' for another charge o' buckshot," said Menary, almost sullenly.

"All right," said Bestwood, cheerfully. "It's getting on for dark now and I must trot back on my plebeian pony and crawl into my blankets. I'll be up bright and early for my first interview with the old man. Tell Miss Gail I'll be along for dinner—if alive."

But Menary didn't join in the engineer's laugh.

Scarcely had the sun risen next morning when Old Comox emerged from his shack and walked down the river edge with an old pail. He was a tall, bent, bearded man, and his gait was slow and rheumatic. From the single pipe in his little cabin a thin wisp of smoke rose. Less than ten minutes elapsed before he returned carrying the now dripping bucket and yet as he kicked open his door it was to find a stranger within, a man who must have fallen from the sky or risen from the earth for Old Comox had seen no sign of a human being anywhere in the landscape when he had set forth. An oath broke from him and he almost dropped his pail.

The stranger was coolly frying bacon. He turned.

"Ah!" he remarked, casually. "I knew you couldn't be far away, pardner."

"What the—" spluttered Old Comox.

"Thought we might as well pal up for breakfast. No sense in two fires and two cookings when we're camped so close. Friendly land this, I understand. Here, let me fill the kettle."

The stranger was stepping briskly round as he spoke. Old Comox gaped at him, too astonished to speak. But soon he began to rumble ominously and just in time to check an outburst of blasphemy the intruder pulled from his pockets a small can of coffee and a jar of marmalade.

"Coffee!" boomed Old Comox in a grotesque kind of excitement. "I ain't tasted coffee since—"

"Tut, tut! I suppose you'll say you haven't had a slice of bacon either since Adam was a colt, eh?"

"It's the Gawd's truth! Bacon! My good gosh!" and Old Comox sniffed the air in rapturous, asthmatic breaths.

He sank on to a bench and gazed at his visitor in mingled helplessness, resentment and curiosity. From a pocket he pulled a dirty tobacco sack and began to roll the weed in the palms of his hands, glaring up ever and anon at the tall, efficient chef, as if wondering at himself for not ordering him off. The like of this had never happened to him before and possibly it was the very novelty of the thing that halted his wrath. Five minutes later the pair were breakfasting companionably enough across the narrow wooden table from each other. Under his beetling brows Old Comox's eyes had lost their ferocity and a wolf-like hunger had taken its place. He was too busy to talk for a while. But soon his natural sagacity returned and he eyed the stranger craftily, between gulps of the ambrosial brew.

"This used to be a great gold country, eh?" the stranger remarked, conversationally.

"Nope. Not round here," shaking his grizzled head.

"No?"

"A full forty mile further north."

"Oh?"

"You prospectin'?"

"Me? No, I'm fishing, etcetera. And by the way I borrowed a boat—I suppose it was a boat though it looked and acted

(Continued on page 10)



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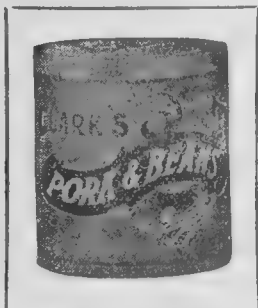
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The Secret of Saddle Gap

By Edith G. Bayne

Contd. from page 8

Old Comox was silent but his eyes had narrowed. The stranger smiled winningly, pushed his chair back and drew cigars from his pocket, offering the case to the old man who clutched eagerly at it and extracted three.

"You come to a poor place for fish. This water's fished out," said Old Comox, gruffly.

"I didn't catch a half-portion minnow, even. Where must I go?"

They talked fish for half an hour. At the end of that period the stranger rose.

"I'm boarding over at Mark Menary's," he remarked. "Queer fish, Menary."

Old Comox was non-committal. He merely grunted.

"Seems to have secrets. Or shall I say a secret?"

Old Comox cocked a wary eye up.

"Might as well try to skin an eel with a wooden spoon," the newcomer went on, "as endeavor to get anything out of Menary that he doesn't feel like telling."

"What," asked the old man bluntly, "was you tryin' to find out?"

The other assumed a wise expression.

His eye met the keen watchful orb of Old Comox a moment in a calm, steady glance. Then puffing smoke upward he said reservedly:

"Various things."

Old Comox stirred restlessly. He ran his gnarled hand over his beard and shot curious, penetrating glances at the cool stranger of which the latter seemed blissfully unaware.

"Seems to me," he croaked at last, "that you're a queer sort o' fisherman."

The other smiled obliquely down at the old man and threw his cigar butt away.

"There are fishermen and fishermen," he said and bade him good-bye for the present.

Old Comox had said he was going up beyond the Fork to be gone two days, so after a hurried mid-day meal at Menary's, Bestwood scorning the unwieldy punt searched for and finally discovered a point on the river where shallows made wading possible and taking advantage of the owner's absence he made a fairly thorough investigation of Saddle Gap and its vicinity. He explored the caves and the many narrow clefts between boulders and looked for the barest hint anywhere of mining operations on a small scale. Having little knowledge of metallurgy or the kindred sciences he was at a loss sometimes in following veins in the rocks but he knew that he would recognize gold quartz if he came upon it. At length, after the sun had dropped below the Ramparts, he sat down on a flat rock overlooking the rapids and pulled out, not the silver cigar case of the morning, but a trusty, battered old pipe. He smoked and ruminated until the twelve Rainbow Peaks stood shadowy against the pale rose light in the western sky.

"Well, I'll be—jiggered!" he said at last, and got up and took his slow, puzzled way back to the other side where his faithful pinto waited.

Miss Menary was alone. The family had eaten supper and gone down to the flats for berries. They were probably heading homeward she said, and her father hadn't returned from Eagle Lake yet but she expected him at any moment.

"Do you know I sort of expected your dad to hang round and be interested in—my negotiations," Bestwood observed as he partook of fried pickerel, scalloped potatoes and cherry pie.

The girl sat down and fanned her heated face with the end of her crisp apron. It was a warm evening.

"Why should he get excited over something that he's seen a dozen times already?" she asked with a slow whimsical smile. "You may be interesting personally, but—"

"Thanks for the few kind words," he interjected with much the same sort of smile.

"You didn't get a chance at noon with the children round, to tell me anything about this morning. Did you see Old Comox and was he terribly mad?"

"Now, what makes you assume that I was going to tell you anything, Miss Gail? Yes, more spuds, if you please."

"Well, you might, I'm aching with curiosity."

"Oh, so I have one interested friend here!"

like a tub—that I think belongs to you, perhaps. Nobody was round and I was in a hurry."

Old Comox was silent but his eyes had

narrowed. The stranger smiled winningly, pushed his chair back and drew cigars from his pocket, offering the case to the old man who clutched eagerly at it and extracted three.

"You come to a poor place for fish. This water's fished out," said Old Comox, gruffly.

"I didn't catch a half-portion minnow, even. Where must I go?"

They talked fish for half an hour. At the end of that period the stranger rose.

"I'm boarding over at Mark Menary's," he remarked. "Queer fish, Menary."

Old Comox was non-committal. He merely grunted.

"Seems to have secrets. Or shall I say a secret?"

Old Comox cocked a wary eye up.

"Might as well try to skin an eel with a wooden spoon," the newcomer went on, "as endeavor to get anything out of Menary that he doesn't feel like telling."

"What," asked the old man bluntly, "was you tryin' to find out?"

The other assumed a wise expression.

His eye met the keen watchful orb of Old Comox a moment in a calm, steady glance. Then puffing smoke upward he said reservedly:

"Various things."

Old Comox stirred restlessly. He ran his gnarled hand over his beard and shot curious, penetrating glances at the cool stranger of which the latter seemed blissfully unaware.

"Seems to me," he croaked at last, "that you're a queer sort o' fisherman."

The other smiled obliquely down at the old man and threw his cigar butt away.

"There are fishermen and fishermen," he said and bade him good-bye for the present.

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"Now, what makes you assume that I was going to tell you anything, Miss Gail? Yes, more spuds, if you please."

"Well, you might, I'm aching with curiosity."

"Oh, so I have one interested friend here!"

"Rather."

Whereupon he told her a little of what had transpired in the morning.

"I thought if I could just discover the old fellow's weak spot I could play on it, as it were. I thought I'd hit it with tobacco but—I don't know. I ascertained one thing."

"What was that?"

"He's very miserly."

"I could have told you that. He's got money in the bank at Fort George and he denies himself the very necessities of life up here. I've heard dad say that some men take to miserliness in old age just as others take to drink."

"I watched for an oatmeal accent but there aren't any 'burrs' about him whatever. So we can't lay it to the Scotch."

Gail shook her head decidedly.

"No," he hailed originally from the States. Both he and Charlie Frear were Yankees."

"Charlie Frear?"

"The other partner," said Gail, pouring more tea.

Bestwood leaned back. He laid his fork down.

"So it was a triple alliance!"

"Yes. But Charlie's dead."

"Oh! Now it's a wonder your father didn't speak of—"

"He thought a lot of Charlie Frear. It makes him feel badly even to mention his name," she explained.

"I see."

"Dad's late. I've a notion to wash up the dishes and leave his supper in the oven."

"Do. And I'm going to help you wash up, if I may."

"I couldn't think of such a thing!"

"Don't. No necessity for thinking at all. Where do you keep the dish towels?" he demanded. "And give me an apron to tie round my neck, please."

Very much later when Bestwood, having waited about on the chance of seeing Menary who didn't return at all, was picketing his cayuse and about to turn in for the night he caught the sound of a boat grounding on the stones below his camp and going down to investigate he found Old Comox climbing the path. There was a splendid full moon and he recognized the old chap while he was still many yards away. A little smile played round Bestwood's close-lipped mouth.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "You like my brand of cigars, Mr. Comox, don't you? Now, don't," he went on in a playful tone, "pretend it's my pleasant company that brings you over the river at this hour!"

"Young feller, I come over to have a leetle talk," said the old man. "I ain't carin' 'bout the 'baccy, but if you happen to have a leetle mite handy, why—?"

Bestwood disappeared into his tent for a moment. When he came out he had a box of cigars and a sack of choice tobacco. They sat down together on a log. For five minutes no words were spoken. Bestwood waited for the old man to open up.

"This camp o' yours is almost acrost from mine," said Old Comox finally.

"Yes. I chose the spot because I like the view across the Gap."

"I'm."

"Listen!" said Bestwood suddenly.

"That was the bugle of a big bull elk, stranger."

"Last night I heard a wolf. A spine-chilling sound! I could never become used to a wolf howl. To a man with an evil past, with some sordid secret weighing on his soul I can well imagine that the wolf howl would—sound very unpleasant," he added lamely.

The evening stillness was broken by the occasional tremolo of a coyote, too. Up above the timber line where snow clung in great patches, big-horn rams, black-tail does, and fawns, Rocky Mountain goats and others of the antlered tribes were pausing in their grazing on the lush mountain meadows nosing the wind for the dread wolf scent. Old Comox returned no immediate remark to Bestwood's observation. Then, puffing at a second cigar, the while he stuffed his old pipe full of the tobacco in preparation for his row back, he said:

"I've got you sized up for a detective."

"I rather guessed you had," said Bestwood, comfortably.

"At first," went on the old man, "I took you for one o' these here railroad fellers."

"You flatter me."

"But I see now I was wrong. I guess you're a purty smart feller, eh?"

(Continued on page 22)

The Mother and the High Cost of Living

Written specially for The Western Home Monthly by Sarah Cantwell Smith, B.A.M.A.

IN his speech before the Chicago Association of Commerce, Secretary of Agriculture, Meredith says: "If I were to refer at all to the high cost of living. I would say it is a mutual problem for all of us. It is the farmer's problem; it is the laborer's problem; and it is the business man's problem; and we must all work together mutually—in meeting this situation."

With even greater truth he might have said that even more than anyone else, it is the problem of the women in the home, the mother's problem. She is the one that is hit even harder than her husband, and it is upon her there is laid the burden of making one dollar do—not the work of two as our grandmothers used to do—but far more than the work of five. In the matter of clothes, of help or of vacation, she is the one who bears the brunt, and she bears it too, when her unmarried sister in the workaday world is earning more than ever before. We have all smiled at the story of the bank manager, who with his wife, went out to dine, and after dinner the servant of the house passed through the hall—dressed in her furs and silk—as he could not afford to dress his wife. Humorous as the situation appears, there it is, and it must be faced by the great majority of the mothers of the land; faced too, resolutely and with good cheer, so that as the years go by there will be found in her face the gentle strength and patience of those whose lives have been spent in home making, without the hardness which is too often found in the faces of those whose love is not great enough to soften their toil.

If one goes into the situation blindly she is far too apt to find that nothing whatever is left for herself and her personal needs either of money or strength, so that the budget of yearly expenses, allowing so much for rent, for clothes, for food, and all the other items of family expense is by far the sanest and wisest plan.

But that part settled, even then if we are to adequately cope with the situation, we must have the courage of our convictions and not pay the highest prices just because others are paying them, or because some supercilious clerk is predisposed to look at one in seeming amazement or disdain if she queries the value of the thing at the price asked. For surely to-day prices are no criterion of the value of the thing in itself, scarcely any two stores ask the same price for the same article, so why pay in one store ten dollars for a pair of shoes which can be bought two doors further down for eight? Or ninety-five cents for a certain drug, which can be purchased at the chain stores for sixty-six? Wanting not long since a certain electric fixture for a bedroom I priced it in three different stores in various parts of the city. One asked eighteen dollars and fifty cents, and the clerk assured me that prices were going up that very week. The second on the same street, not more than a block away, demanded fifteen. But the third, not on one of the chief business streets asked ten dollars and a half, so I had the fixture I desired and saved eight dollars by a little looking about.

Even the large department stores do not have the same prices for identical articles. This is true both in manufactured goods and groceries. I found the other day at one or two large department stores a difference of twenty cents a pound on a certain brand of coffee, (we are fond of it in our home), two cents a tin on milk, ten cents a pair on children's garters and so on. Not inferior grades but the identical articles in each case. That saving is worth more to us as financial managers of our homes than the added price is to the other store that is selling them, so these things are not petty but worthy of our best attention.

Another way to be able to take advantage of differences in price is not to be persuaded to run bills at either

butcher or grocer and you benefit here too, in that you pay only for what you get, not that they mean to be dishonest but the best of us are not infallible and twice within the last six months bills have been sent me for things I never purchased, and just last week a bill of several dollars that I paid for at the door and only an invariable rule of paying for everything as it is received saved me from paying these bills. If it is only our memory against what they have down in black and white then they win, even if only once we have found it more convenient to charge a bill. Moreover, if one runs accounts there is far less likelihood of watching varying prices. And why buy lettuce for twenty-five cents per head when further up it is only eighteen, while more than likely the first store has carrots two bunches for fifteen while the second is at least ten straight. Petty as these things seem they are true and if we are to give our families the very best and at the same time keep within bounds in the food allowance we will have to give them our best attention. One is serving just as great a delicacy to set upon their table spring lamb at forty-eight cents a pound as to serve it at sixty, and those were the two prices I noted in the paper to-day.

The problem of clothes is a great one for to be fittingly and becomingly dressed is an anchor of the soul to any woman and one of the best safeguards of her charm which charm is the greatest asset in her family life, both to her husband and to her children. I have no doubt that even Eve chose the brightest and most beautiful leaves for her adornment and that within a couple of hours of her creation she had Adam searching round for a pool where she could see to do her hair. Did Adam like her the less for her vanities? Not he, and all men follow Adam in that respect.

Here one must remember more than anywhere else that cheapness doesn't pay, but by cheapness I mean that of the article itself and not of the price asked and that good taste and distinction in dress is not primarily a matter of expense. If one has used foresight in purchasing, scarcely any article of one's wardrobe needs to be purchased on the spur of the moment and by planning the wise mother can see that she gets full face value for her money both for herself and her children.

A friend of mine needed badly last fall a coat, and coats as you know were very high so that it only pays to get one that would give several seasons of service. After much searching she found just what she desired, a plain dignified coat full satin lined, but the price was exorbitant and if she took it she must use in addition the money she wanted for a frock, so reluctantly she passed it by and decided to wait a bit longer. But that very evening she read in the paper that the shop, a very exclusive one, was selling every coat up to ninety-five dollars for fifty-seven-fifty, so she returned the next day, took home the very coat she had chosen and was twenty-five dollars to the good with no one the wiser but herself, her friends and the clerk who had fitted her. Whether you are paying ten or a hundred dollars the principle is the same and see that you get the very best value for your money. Remember too that it is not a matter of expense but of good taste and see that hat, gloves and hose match as nearly as possible and that the rest of one's costume does not clash.

If you make the children's clothes yourself the problem is much simplified if all are made on one model. For example, the middie style suits practically every boy from three to eight, and if made with sleeves which have a plain cuff to turn back, so as to lengthen or shorten it as desired they will serve for two or three summers, or for boys of different ages and if made in white will look well until the final wearing. Colors are seldom satisfactory in either



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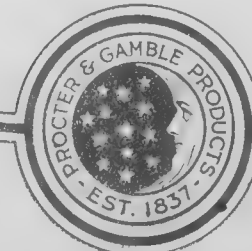
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The Mother and the H.C. of L.

By Sarah Cantwell Smith, B.A.M.A.

Contd. from page 11

looks or economy in these days of non-guaranteed dyes. If a touch of color is desired make the middie without collar, then one or two sailor collars will do for the lot and much of the work of the making is saved, also such a middie can be made in less than two hours, and eight or ten of these will provide even two or three boys with a summer outfit for any occasion and he always looks his best. And a good share of the mother's tiredness leaves her when she sees her kiddies looking sweet and clean. Why so many think that little girls must be kept dainty but that the small boy does not need to be dressed for afternoons at all is most surprising.

This same middie style will do for the winter's best suit—jerseys are most satisfactory here for every day—and by buying the shield-collar and whistle-cord can be made even from the best serge. With the little trousers for considerably less than a third what such a suit would cost in the stores, a plain coat style may suit some mothers better, but whatever it is, one pattern and style simplifies things a hundred-fold and the making soon becomes so much a matter of experience that no pattern at all is needed.

In children's clothes again good taste can be displayed in seeing that the summer hat, tie and socks will match. That will give the look of distinctiveness that every mother wants even for her small boys. A little Spanish boy from South America was a guest of mine with his mother a few summers ago. He was dressed always in black socks and oxfords, white suits with black belt, tie and collar (made separate), and he wore a little black silk hat, and I never remember having the child out on the street that he did not attract the regard of every one and hundreds said to me: "What a distinguished looking child!" He was the child of a cultured home, of course, but a good part of his charm came from the simplicity and good taste of his dress. Such is not, as I said before, a matter of money. In fact, it is a saving to one's purse in addition to being a pleasure to one's eye.

To the mother of children food in the home is a problem and a serious one. I noted the other day that over 600,000 children under twelve years in the States were mal-nourished and the reports of our school-boards give very much the same percentage. Here, as elsewhere, it isn't so much, how long, or how hard the mother works that counts but the results of her labor. She may be spending endless hours over her stove and oven but if her children do not weigh enough for their height, something is at fault. I think the average family in Canada are too fond of desserts as against the plainer foods and vegetables. Then I've seen on the table of friends, when they have supper as against dinner in the evening, at least two kinds of fancy breads, usually warm, and three desserts, cake, pie and the like, and that is practically all, where a little fish and creamed potato with plain white bread and a bit of fruit would represent far less labor on the mother's part and be infinitely better for the children and the husband also, not only so, but at the end of a month her bill for food will not be so high.

The child who does not want to eat is one of the mother's greatest problems, but that needs an article by itself and one need only mention here that every growing child needs and must have three good meals a day and every day if he is to be at his physical best. To keep his body nourished is of even greater importance than to keep his mind disciplined, yet it is a matter that is far too often overlooked. A guest, the daughter of a physician too, came to dinner in my home one evening and had with her, her little two-year old at dinner. Being anxious to go on with his play he ate only three tiny fingers of toast and she permitted him to get down, saying that his stomach was the best arbiter of what he needed, though she admitted he had had nothing since lunch; but then she added: "He's a very light eater." They went home at ten-thirty with the child already asleep,

having gone even then over ten hours with practically no food. Not eating is to a great extent a habit and should not be permitted for any excuse whatever, except illness.

One wonders what would happen in these days when the world is topsyturvy over the labor question, when nurses, servants, miners, clerks and all the rest are clamoring for an eight-hour day, a six-hour day or what not, if all the mothers of the world would strike for even a twelve hour day. If having arisen at six o'clock and having been servant, cook, mistress, wife and mother until six in the evening, if then the little faces could be washed, the little prayers listened to, the little bodies tucked into bed, the dinner served and the dishes cleared away by someone else, and the evening could be free every day of every week of every year, oh "That were Paradise e'now." But strangely enough no one has even suggested her striking. It's only God and a mother that's on their job twenty-four hours of every day. And it is this being eternally on the job that is the greatest problem of all, and that makes for such physical weariness that sometimes it beclouds her vision as to the worth-whileness of her work. As one of them said to me one day, a woman of rare education too: "If I were only doing things that counted; but any underling can do the things I am doing as well as myself. I'd love to take care of my children's souls and minds if only I had some help in caring for their bodies." And she felt that she could have met the emergencies of life bravely and beautifully, and she could. It was the common-place tasks of every day that seemed to her so petty and so trifling. But in general she was brave and she found, as every mother of children must, the secret of how to get up and go on when seemingly the point of absolute weariness has come. And not only must one go on, they must go on cheerfully, for bearing one's self like a martyr neither helps one along nor does it make for peace and sooner or later every woman learns what it is up to her to learn, how to live happily with other personalities, even those of her own family and that as a mother she can not avail herself even of the privilege of being tired and cross, but if she must be tired, must at the same time be goodnatured for our lives are the only Bible our children will read for the first few years of their lives, so we must needs be their religion as well as their mother.

But our children's little faults and their thoughtless noise and din would not vex us so nor seem so great in our eyes if we only stopped more often to realize how quickly that noise might go out of our lives altogether. Yet no day passes that the noise of some little life isn't stopped and where yesterday was din and chatter, to-day there is only the remembrance of the angel's wings.

What if we do miss the things that others seem to be finding all their pleasure in! What if for these few years our play, our relaxation and our social life must be had from our own home and children! We will learn more from their caresses and the gladness of their hearts than from all the social teas we might otherwise be going to.

Do you send forth your youngsters to school in the mornings with the belief in your own souls so strong that you instil it into theirs that they will be the great men of the future?

If we thought of these things more often we would never for one moment have anything but pity for those other wives—childless through their own selfishness, who spend their time in dress and bridge, and say off-times of their neighbor: "Oh yes, a sweet woman, but she's so burdened down with children." More often than not these acquaintances of ours who have put their own ease as the highest thing to be considered, have done no brain work, they read no books, they have no special culture. One wonders if after twenty years, when they look their soul in the face, they would dare choose to go through it again, the emptiness and the loneliness of willfully keeping the children out of their lives, the restless girl and the still more restless boy? Years of ease just now, perhaps, but years of poverty both now and in the future.

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The Simple Faith of Ole

By G. G. Bostwick

OLE was having a bad time of it. The cutting winds that presaged an early Alaska winter took no pity on the shorn lamb who had been fleeced the night before by a trio of latter-day gamblers and an apparently harmless bout with cards. Since that time the bewildered Ole had suffered. He was wet and chilled and hungry. Hungry because he did not know that there was plenty to be had for the asking, for no man goes hungry in the North except through ignorance or accident. But Ole was backward and unaccustomed to asking favors.

He was a simple-minded boy in spite of his twenty-odd years, was Ole. So simple-minded that the newspaper report of the new strike in the interior of the Klondyke regions which he had spelled out laboriously, had read to him like a bit of magic in which he might share—if he would.

So Ole had drawn his three hundred out of the savings bank, along with the few dollars of accumulated interest—and with a quickening of his ordinarily steady heart, took the train for Seattle. From there, with a regiment of fears and doubts besetting his inexperience, he had boarded the boat for the treasure land with a loud bunch of gold-seekers whose one dream of happiness in a difficult world was that of easy money.

He had been the butt of the jokers. The mark for numerous schemers whose ambitions were not above trifling additions to their financial exchequer—and the laughing-stock of the entire boat-load of adventurous and careless people.

But Ole, with his simple faith in mankind that had survived the hard lines in which his life had been cast, was impervious to annoyance. Their jokes failed to penetrate his hide which was tough from the necessities of his existence. The loss of an occasional dollar meant little to him for his three hundred amounted almost to riches, riches which he could afford to share. And the fact that laughter came readily at his appearance, troubled him not at all. Indeed, in a dull sort of way which was incomprehensible, he liked it. But the loss of his entire fortune went hard. It came, too, at a bad time. He had crossed the rapids—a dangerous whirlpool of almost incredibly swift water, the peril of which was augmented by floating chunks of solid ice which had broken from the mother glacier—alone and without advice. That he had made it at all was a miracle. During the past twenty-four hours, four men had been lost in those rapids. And guides were busy on every hand with their canoes, demanding preposterous prices which they were paid without protest.

Soaking wet from the icy waters, Ole had emerged, shaken himself, and struck out to get warm. He had been stopped by one of the three who had been loud in praises for his bravery, inviting him inside the tent to rest up. The three had welcomed him, flattered him, baited him to a fare-ye-well, and sent him forth stripped—stripped clean to the hide.

Ole had not whined. He had taken his medicine like a major. And he had started again on the long trail, damp and disheartened. He had not a penny in his pocket, not a crumb of grub to his name. He had no blankets—nothing. And the winds whined up the valley like the wild beasts he had read about in that region of the world—savage, blood-thirsty, cruel!

But Ole was not downed. He could still walk. Along toward morning, he stopped to rest and the minutes he sat down on the frosty ground, his legs began to stiffen. He got up almost immediately and went on, shivering but determined in a vague sort of way that was largely from force of habit.

"Hey, you!"

He turned abruptly, to see a face peering at him from the nearby brush.

"What you in such a hurry for? Reckon you're going to beat us all to

it?" The stranger laughed at his own joke.

Ole stopped uncertainly.

"Had your grub?"

The boy shook his head.

"Come in and have a snack. I'll have a fire in jig-time!"

Ole stared at the old sourdough in wonder. He was a man of indeterminate age, grizzled and keen-eyed with wrinkles of kindness upon his weather-stamped face.

"You don't say!" he remarked, to Ole's tale of the loss of his money. "Have to look a bit out in this neck of the woods. The North ain't what it used to be. There's gambling and gambling. In the old days, now, a thief would be strung up or shot, and them fellows are the worst kind of thieves. We can't even leave our cabins unlocked any more. These blamed roustabouts play the devil!"

Ole stared at him stupidly.

"Come on with me," suggested the man kindly. "You can help with the work and we'll bunk together. Warmer that way. A bunk mate's a necessity in this country."

"All right." Ole was devouring the bacon, deliciously fat and satisfying, and the bannock fresh from the coals.

"You were pretty nigh starved, wasn't you?" The stranger was eyeing him keenly.

"I was purty hungry," the lad admitted.

"How long since you had eaten?"

"Yesterday morning."

The stranger grinned at the predicament of the boy whose guilelessness was plainly apparent, as he handed him a cup of scalding tea.

"Now, mark what I tell you," he said soberly. "Things seemed pretty bad for you, didn't they?"

"Yah," assented Ole doubtfully.

"And now they're all right again—hey?"

The boy smiled with a sudden lightening of his face that was appealing in its youthfulness.

"Well, you just take it from me, kid," said his friend, "it's always that way. There ain't a thing to this down-and-out proposition! It's all in the piker's bean. If you've got the stuff, you're it! I mean something will show up if you're game—get me?"

"I—I guess."

"Aw, drink your tea! I'm an old preacher. Can't keep from chinning when I get the chance. But you remember what I say. Will you?" he looked earnestly at the tow-headed lad who nodded obediently.

"Then that's all right. Let's be getting out of this. An early start means an early halt!"

There was a long, hard mush till the noon-day rest when Ole himself prepared the beans and bacon that had been cooked in the coals the night before. His companion was glad to rest and he watched the boy as he built the fire, put on the tea and fished out the cold food, with a speculative eye.

"I say," the old man was frowning beneath his bushy brows, "where did you sleep last night?"

Ole shook his head.

"You mushed all night?" The old fellow's tone was shocked. "Then here's where we make camp right now. Why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't ask me," replied Ole simply.

That was the beginning of a real friendship. A brief friendship ending at the great river which was the hydra-headed monster of the trail, with its hidden currents and treacherous holes beneath its madly swirling surface.

Ole might have been apprehensive if he had known what confronted him. But his earlier experience with the rapids prepared him somewhat for the ordeal and his stolidity protected him from that panic of fear which is of itself defeat. Ole was possessed of a head of no particular weight, but he had one overwhelming quality—he kept that head against all odds.



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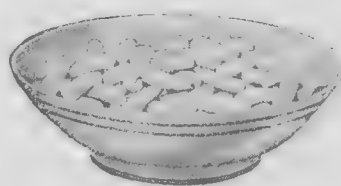
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Puffed Rice

Whole Grains

Steam Exploded

Puffed to 8 times normal size



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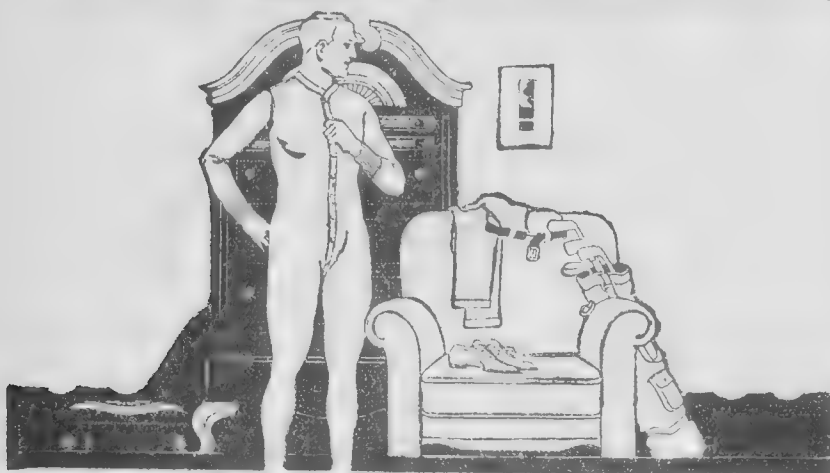
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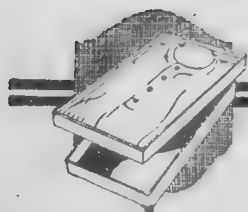
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The Simple Faith of Ole

By G. G. Bostwick

Contd. from page 13

of the stream with deep water on either side, the riffles led into a deep hole.

Ole stepped off into space. He had been wading in water to his chin. It had taken all his strength to keep his head level and above the tearing waves that threatened him at every step. His pack was heavy—he had taken part of his companion's load—soaked with water as it now was, and he could in no way loosen it or cast it from him.

He struck out, trying to swim. The waves caught and whirled him over and over as though he had been a match flung into the stream. They seemed to play with him, to delight in his weakness and inability to right himself. Ole did nothing for a moment, but let himself go. He was not frightened. The water was very cold and he shuddered involuntarily. Then he made a superhuman effort. He threw himself with the current, made a powerful stroke or two—and his feet struck bottom.

He drew himself up, panting and breathless.

He remembered his friend's words on the morning of their first meeting and a faint grin curved his lips. That reminded him of the safety of his companion. He peered back over the water.

There was nothing to be seen. Not a soul within sight. The waves dashed with their usual madness, a huge chunk of ice hurtled past him as he gazed. Gazed at first with anxiety, then with a feverish horror.

The old man was drowned. There was no doubt about that. He had probably plunged into the same hole that had caught Ole and gone down without a word, thought the lad. Though he could have heard no call, however loud, for the roar of the waters was as the roar of an angry sea.

Ole plunged on, sick at heart. He knew what he had lost. He sensed vaguely the bigness of the soul that had taken him in without question because he had been cold and hungry and friendless.

And now he was alone again. He threw his pack from his shoulders. It was soaked, but he saw what he had not noticed before—that it contained blankets and a chunk of bacon. Here was food and covering. Small enough, but something to help him on his way. As he stood up in his wet clothing, the sun came out and shone warmly upon him. The wind had gone down. As he thought how his companion would have welcomed the change and how pleasant it would have been, musing on together, Ole smothered a sob.

He knew but little of death. Parents he had never known. He had been one of those strange waifs of a country which welcomes to its shores those who come in search of treasure and freedom. His folks had come for wealth and had died penniless. That was the story told him when he arrived at an age of realization, for he had been farmed out to an old couple who had raised him with scant care and still more scant affection. He had slaved for them till they in turn had surrendered to time and change. Then he had taken what appeared—farm work of the most menial kind, performing his duties faithfully if stolidly as he did everything—as, indeed, do most humans who have been denied the natural affections and their outlet.

This was his supreme adventure. Away back in the boy's mind, dwelt upon in a vague, uncertain way, had been for years a magic dream—a dream of some miraculous chance that would bring him all that he had lacked. It was not especially luxuries that he craved. Hardship had meant little to him. It had been his bedfellow for so many years that a little more or less did not seem to matter. But there were other things—things he had been barred from all his life; wonderful, exciting things he could not enumerate.

Together his companion and himself waded upstream till they struck riffles which betokened shallow water. But in the exact centre

Musing upon them, his clothing was warm and dry long before night. The blankets he had laid out in the sun while he ate a couple of raw slices of bacon for lunch, for he had no way to make a fire. He had fallen behind the rest of the party, owing to their late start and their search for a shallow crossing on the great river which had taken them a couple of miles out of the way.

Wrapped in the heavy blankets under the stars, the chill of the night passed unheeded and he dumbly thanked the friend who now lay cold and silent in his lonely grave under the thundering waters.

He was out early and on his way with the morning sun. He passed many of his fellow boatmen during the day, among them two of the three scoundrels who had fleeced him, the remaining member having found an end to his illegal labors in the same stream that had taken his own generous well-wisher. Ole wondered dully if they had drowned him so that they might retain all the winnings and be at less expense.

He forgot them presently in the weariness which attacks the muscles—that deadly cramp which attends extreme exercise and which no amount of rest will entirely alleviate until the strain is past.

It was in this condition, suffering, ill-fed and with sorrow depressing his thought, that Ole faced the goat-trail—a tiny thread of path along the brow of the mountain in which misstep meant almost certain death on the rocks hundreds of feet below—with indifference. It was to be crossed—that trail—and to Ole there was no question about the crossing. Many of the difficult things of life are accomplished with as little real thought as Ole expended upon the dangers before him. Necessity is a teacher of indifference to the pains that attend achievement.

Ole found himself at noon on the highest point of one of those lofty, snow-draped mountains which has made Alaska quite as famed among tourists of intrepid craving for scenic novelty, as the far-famed Alps of the Swiss. He looked about him with interest. It was as though he was at the top of the world. The picture which spread before him was one of a magnificence which even he could not fail to note. Peak after hooded peak stretched away to the hazy distance in a processional grandeur known only in such vast wilderness. The mighty river below wound like a silvery thread and in the valley directly beneath bloomed a carpet of gentians as blue as the sky that stretched above in turquoise loveliness. Millions of jewels blazed from the sun-touched snow about him. His eyes ached with the glare and he rose and turned to the trail ahead.

He stepped to the edge of the mountain and drew back. It was like stepping into nothingness. There was no visible footing beneath the bare four-inch ledge which led to the trail beyond. Ole put out a careful foot and wormed himself over on his belly, dropping till his feet touched solidity. Then he turned cautiously. He found himself on a narrow footing which bore its name, the goat trail, for cause. Icy in spots and painfully steep with the sharp declivity at his right, Ole found that it took every particle of his skill to remain on the perilous way. Once, he slipped on a bit of soft mud and sprawled his length, shooting over the side. Digging his toes in the soft sand that slid dangerously from about his body, he managed bit by bit to pull himself back and was up and on again.

It was nightfall when he reached the willows where he found many campers. Men for the most part, exhausted from the day's work, but who supplied him with matches and invited him to their fires.

It was with them that he entered the diggings two days later. It was a typical gold camp of the North. Tents stretched as far as the turn in the river—inhabited by men of all sorts and conditions, from Seattle capitalists out to grab the most promising ground at all cost, to the seasoned Californian

The Simple Faith of Ole

By G G Bostwick

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who had seen many such a rush during his adventurous life. There were weathered sourdoughs—men long in the country, invariably of extreme gentleness and mild demeanor. There were the toughs and routabouts from the Coast and a sprinkling of just average men made up of clerks and the like.

A bunch of the latter class met Ole upon his arrival.

"Well, see who's here," offered one as he took in the weary form and sun-burnt face of the yellow-haired boy.

"You've come just at the right time, too," he went on. "There's a grand new opening for you, kid! We've all staked up to our limits and then we go and find this ground with gold laying like rocks all over it. That's just our Tom-fool luck!"

"Aw, leave the kid alone," said a watching sourdough that in some vague way reminded the boy of his lost friend.

Ole straightened with eagerness, ignoring his words.

"Where is it?" he asked, his weariness dropping from him like a garment.

His tormenter turned his face innocently to the mountain that towered to the skies ahead of them, waving his hand behind his back for his fellows to keep quiet.

"It's up there—see?" he directed. "Right on the very top of that old lofty. Gold—nuggets—all kinds of the stuff. The guy that stakes that claim will be as rich as Croesus. He won't need to look for a job as long as he lives—except how to blow his kale!"

Ole bit like a famished fish that sees a fat worm under its nose.

He asked no questions except as to the trail, and that discovered, he set out at once, forgetting everything but the treasure ahead.

He heard laughter at his back that grew fainter as he munched away, but that troubled him not at all. He was used to that. He had been the butt for laughter since his first recollection.

* * * * *

Ole drew himself wearily step by painful step. He was worn to the bone. Hungry with that hunger which no food can satisfy—hunger which is elemental, savage. He was on his way back from the terrible trip. The camp was but a scant half mile away. He could see the smoke of many fires rising on the evening air.

He had been a week on the trail. Four days of interminable climbing until it had seemed as though each step would be his last. But with that dogged persistence with which he had met every difficulty of his life, he stuck to his job. He had at last arrived at the summit of the mountain they had pointed out to him. The mountain-top where he was to find the gold!

He laughed crazily as he paused. He would show them!

He staggered with weakness where he stood. It had been a hard trip. The hardest he had ever made. Never once had he faltered, though his bacon had given out and for three days now he had tasted no food other than roots he had pulled from the ground and a ptarmigan egg he had found in the scant growth.

He went on more and more slowly, so nearly exhausted that he fell again and again. His feet felt curiously heavy and his head was light as air.

Now the tents were but a hand's throw away. He made a last desperate spurt and came out into the open about which the rag houses clustered invitingly.

Ole approached the largest tent and a sudden whoop went forth.

"Well, see who's here!" It was the same voice, the same words that had assailed his ears seven days before, on his arrival.

Men gathered miraculously as though they sprang out of the ground. Ole was almost instantly the centre of a loud and hilarious bunch.

"Did you stake your claim, Ole?" asked one and a silence fell on the group.

POWER OF SIMPLE WORDS

(This remarkable poem, it will be observed, consists wholly of words of one syllable.)

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,

Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak;

To whom can this be true who once has heard

The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak

When want or awe, or fear is in the throat?

So that each word gasped out is like a shriek

Pressed from the sore throat, or a strange, wild note

Sung by some fay or fiend! There is a strength

Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,

Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.

Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,

And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase

Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine,

Light but not heat—a flash with out a blaze.

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts;

It serves for more than flight or storm can tell—

The roar of waves that clash on rock bound coasts;

The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell;

The roar of guns, the groans of men that die

On blood stained fields. It has a voice as well

For them that far off on their sick beds lie,

For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;

To joy's quick step, as well as grief's low tread.

The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time.

And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,

With each, with all, these may be made to chime,

In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.

—Dr. Addison Alexander.



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TRADE MARK

The Simple Faith of Ole

By G. G. Bostwick

Contd. from page 15

Ole laughed again as he faced them. Men turned and grinned into each other's faces. This was the moment for which they had waited with that zest which life in the wilderness lends to the least of amusements.

"Yes, I stake him," said Ole. His hand was in his pocket.

Slowly, with infinite weariness, he drew it forth.

There, on his shaking palm, lay nuggets—gold nuggets of varying size, from a pin-point to that of a hickory-nut. Rich yellow gold of that sort which maddens men to delirium.

"Great Scott! Where did you find it?"

Ole smiled, his lids drooping as though sleep were close to his wavering sense.

"I found him," his guileless look sought the man who had sent him on his fool's errand, "on top of mountain, like you said. I fell down." He shook his head, swaying in his tracks. "Hungry, cold—couldn't walk. And when I sit up, I see this—and this." His hand was deep in his other pocket from which he drew another handful of the gleaming nuggets.

There was a moment of silence. And no laughter.

"Sometimes," remarked the wrinkled old sourdough drily to no one in particular, "Providence springs a little joke of its own that ain't so bad!"

He Leadeth Me

The way is dark, my child! but leads to light;
I would not always have thee walk by sight;
My dealings now thou canst not understand;
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand.

And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker to me than day? In me is light!
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child!

The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
My child!

The path is rough, my child! But oh! how sweet
Will be the rest for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest
With me shalt rest
My child!

The throng is great, my child! But at thy side
Thy Father walks; then be not terrified,
For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
My child!

The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was One
Who bore a heavier for thee—my Son,
My well-beloved. For Him bear thine, and stand
With Him at last, and, from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child!

SUNSET IN WINNIPEG

The western sky in a glow of flame
That paler and paler grew,
Till it melted to gold which in turn became
All tinged with a silver hue.
Nearby clouds of a purple grey
With an edging of fleecy white,
Surrounded by skies with the blue of day
Undimmed by approaching night.

The western sky with a crimson hue
That faded to tender rose;
Till it subtly blended with the blue
Of the evening sky's repose.
Fairy clouds of a milky white
Untouched by the faintest glow,
Save for the glory of radiant light,
Reflected from down below.

The western sky dyed an angry red,
That bordered on sullen grey.
While round about and overhead
Dark angry clouds held sway.
Bold lightning gleams the gloom defied,
And lit the earth depressed,
As gradually the color died
From out the vivid west.

May Mason.

THE SILVER LINING

Each cloud has its silver lining,
Though often 'tis hard to find.
Don't waste precious hours repining,
There's good with all ill entwined.
What seems now a cruel sorrow,
A needless trying pain,
May be for your good to-morrow;
Your loss may yet prove but a gain!

Perhaps, some sad trial will teach you
Where the flower of friendship grows,
And its helpful sweetness reach you
Like the fragrance from a rose.
When you're lying ill and stricken
Its soft touch your pangs allay,
The pulses of Life 'twill quicken
And charm all your cares away!

So, when the dark clouds droop o'er you.
Let the Light of Hope break through
For Happiness lies before you,
And a cloudless sky of blue.
Remember the Sun is shining,
Though covered with clouds awhile;
So look for the Silver Lining
And meet troubles with a smile!

LOVE OF CANADA

Oh Canada! We love thee,
More than our tongues can tell,
Not for the skies above thee,
Not for the gold beneath thee,
Not for thy giant glory.
Dear land we love so well.

Oh Canada! We love thee,
We who can share thy pride;
Not for thy splendid future,
Not for thy mighty promise,
Not for thy share of Empire,
For which thy sons have died.

Oh Canada! We love thee,
Though far away we roam;
Not for thy peace and riches,
Not for thy strength and freedom,
Not for these things—but only
Because thou art our home.

EVENING PRAYER

O Lord, most merciful, Father of my soul.
I cry to Thee;
At eventide, secluded and alone,
I bow the knee.

I've greatly sinned and wandered far
Pray give me rest; [afraid,
As night comes on I yearn to lay my head
Upon Thy breast.

Through this dark night on Thee I do re-
And to Thee cling, [pose
As wanderer finds within the gathering
A mother's wing. [gloom

Condone, O Lord, my tardy thought of
I plead for grace; [Thee—
Help me to live by fath, and dying see
Thy blessed face.

Frank Steele.

You cannot "catch up" in life as you
can at school; you are marked on your
daily average.

Two Kinds of things that should not
vex a Man
Are Those he cannot help, and Those he
can.

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The Royal Irish Linen Warehouse,
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Colonial Orders.

The Dwellers of the Plains

By D. E. Nimmons

OH, it was dry, dry, dry. Old Sol poured down his rays on the dry dusty sod that had already begun to crack and shrivel. Even the little yellow and purple flowers, that in their regal combination dot the prairies, were beginning to hang their heads in shame. The air of parched drought betokened that this was one section of what is known as "The Dry Belt" of Alberta.

Governed by the great law of distance, it lies some sixty miles east of Bassano and Brooks, where irrigation reigns supreme and where all summer long our American cousins have been flocking. Once landed in this belt, unknown save to its local inhabitants, and almost the last homestead country in the province, one is forty miles from a depot to the north, twenty-five miles from a station to the south, which boasts a tri-weekly service, and ten miles from the end of a spur track that carries passengers at construction rates via baggage car at irregular intervals weekly. To the newcomer the choice of exit seems small, yet old-timers tell tales of the long weary trek of fifty or sixty miles, many a time in a blinding blizzard, that make the grumbler feel the minuteness of his complaint. Barring the great, the fascinating, Peace River country, here is another unknown that is still little beyond the pioneer stage, save for its scattered school houses. Here the old-time community spirit of give and take still thrives.

In crossing the Red Deer River going north the first point that strikes the entrant is the vast expanse of unfenced prairie. This is partly accounted for by the unexpired leases held by many of the old cattle men. Also many of the farmers have not fenced their crops. Dry years have forced others to leave the country, and their fences have been taken down, leaving a weedy waste that is most desolate. There are many empty shacks too, that bear mute evidence of the occupants seeking a further land of plenty. All these things cause the country to have a generally wild aspect.

But there are many fenced sections, too, and these possess a goodly inheritance of stones that are neatly piled along the fence, or forming some stony butte in the centre. In fact anyone who runs short of an occupation makes use of his spare time "pickin' stanes." Not long since one of the bachelors of this neighborhood, and there are many, stayed home from a dance because, having hired all the schoolboys in the district to pick stones for him on the following day he feared lest he should be incapacitated for the event. Which leads one to the conclusion that either the boys needed energetic urging (like all other boys) or else there were a goodly number of rocks on his chosen section. This part of the country boasts only two good crops in ten years, yet every spring the soil is upturned with new hope.

"No wonder then that the advent of the "Rainmaker" was hailed with much joy. This remarkable personage, arriving from the States, presented to an audience gathered from many miles, some astonishing and heartening facts regarding the amount of rain he could produce. His method of procedure was unique. He would build a tower in a convenient spot on the dry belt, and according to local interpretation, "burst" the clouds, which thereupon would begin to "leak." This leaking process generally followed three days after the operation.

The Rainmaker had accomplished many and wonderful results in his past and was ready to favor the Dry Belt with an exhibition of his skill, guaranteed a sufficiently large sum. Why should not this novel scheme be tried out—we get all else by science, why not H. O.? So argued the inhabitants. But alas, funds were scarce and even

this wizard could not bring down the High Cost of Living, so the weary Dwellers of the Dry Belt had to resort to the old-fashioned method of praying, instead of paying, for rain.

The ancient method was effective, at any rate. One evening the serene old sky frowned mightily; from many doors issued tired figures that turned anxious faces to that welcome frown and announced: "It looks mighty cloudy—it might rain this time."

Blacker and blacker rolled the clouds together, and at last with all the vehemence that marks Alberta weather, be it wind or rain or shine, the deluge came! Down it poured, disdaining the gentle patter of milder skies and causing one big smile to spread all over the prairies, as fast as the newborn rivulets that leapt about. The roofs, that for ten months had not known moisture, leaked like sieves; and the old wire fence gates, that had been loose and inviting, tightened into straining fiends.

One would think such a long awaited event and such good prospects would put on the dwellers of the plains an everlasting smile, but it was not so. "Think of the start them weeds'll have now," was the representative remark of one chronic pessimist.

There is something indescribably appealing about a ride early some summer morn after one of these rains, when all the sky is dyed with pink and you and your horse canter alone, amid colors that no artist could create. The long-grassed sloughs tempt the nature-lover to pause a moment where the grass grows in every shade from dainty emerald to deep-toned olive, with here and there a glint of silver water shining through. Fringing its edges are hosts of little golden daisies huddled together in little Mennonite communities, and reminding one of the daffodils of Wordsworth fame. What would one not give for the tongue of a poet in such moments as these?

From the water rise five or six ducks with much fussing and squaking, among them a perturbed mother who hurries from her frightened brood to decoy away the intruder. The meadow-lark pipes up with his morning salutation: "Get up and get your slicker on," and a pair of long-legged curlews admonish in mournful plaint, "Hurry! Hurry!" from their flow flight above, alighting near by in their curious high-winged fashion. There is a snipe or two, a red-winged blackbird, and a curiously marked Crescent Bird wearing his black mourning necktie in complacent fashion. A rabbit, white breast in full view, eyes the intruder from a distance, then bounds out of sight; while hordes of bright-eyed gophers, like so many little grey stone pillars, sit up straight and watch, each at the mouth of his hole, and ready at the least provocation to give a saucy tweak of the tail and disappear.

Each season brings its seasonable flowers, from the dainty purple anemone of the early spring to the bold yellow golden-rod of the late fall. On seeing these wild gardens for the first time one is struck by the fact that the predominating colors of the flowers are purple and yellow, a truly royal combination. Intermingled with these are the coquettish little Bluebird's Eyes, the Bluebells, the white Mayflowers and Daisies, the pretty sweet-smelling pink Prairie Roses, the peculiar Tomato Plants with their flowers of tomato hue, the cerise Cactus flowers that show up at great distances, and their big golden sisters, resembling yellow roses. Then there are the whimsical Painted Cups, like lovely crimson cups of cream, that are tempting in their never-filled promises to blossom further.

Striking off the prairie to the river bed, where the Red Deer flows in horseshoe course about this plain, one finds the opposite in scenery. The river banks, shaded with trees, lie amid a deep coulee of rock, worn into grotesque figures of all descriptions. Every



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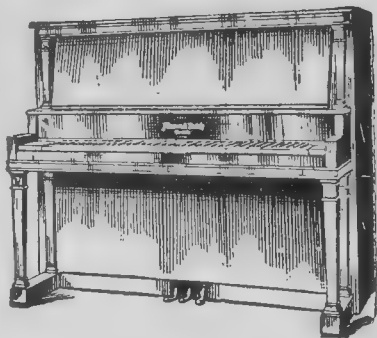
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The Dwellers of the Plains

By D. E. Nimmons

Contd. from page 17

ten miles or so is a landing and a ferry, for a bridge is almost unknown. These ferries are the cause of much heartache for many miles around. In the spring and fall there issues a period when on account of freezing or breaking up the ferry cannot run, yet the river cannot be crossed on ice, and in one of these seasons many an unlucky farmer has taken his turkeys for a twenty mile airing to the river, only to have to turn back again. Sometimes issues the awkward predicament of horses on one side and driver on the other. Again there comes a time when the ferry sinks, or breaks loose, or plays other naughty tricks that only a ferry of poor connections would think of. Following an incident when a ferry strays from its moorings and a horse or two is drowned, to say nothing of a man, the ferries are usually all ordered up on account of high waters. Often concurrently with this, the railroad lines happen to get washed out and a real "tie-up" occurs, which means that as far as connections with the outside world go, one might as well be up at the North Pole.

Nevertheless most of these ferries are located at very beautiful spots. The Idlesleigh Ferry, better known as "Happy Jack's," is one of these ideal places. Here is the home of Mr. Jackson, one of the old cattle men of the country, in whose pasture were dug up the remains of one of the huge dinosaurs for which the Red Deer country is famous. His old log house and stables are picturesquely situated in a clearing by the river, and his big log corral with its many intricate entrances is a glimpse of the past ranching days.

Not far from here, on the plains, is Cravath Corners, where on a corner of the crossroads are the four homes of the Cravath men and women, a curious arrangement on the prairie where homes are usually so far apart. To an on-looker the whole of this district seems to have adopted some of that broad-minded community spirit so necessary to social advancement. This growth has been largely aided by the efforts of a particularly broad-minded and capable teacher, a university graduate, who for the past five years has been educating and expanding both young and old minds in that district. The school is the most completely equipped of any around, and not only boasts a particularly fine library, but such extra equipment as a piano and gramophone, the latter being largely used in the teaching of folk-dancing. One of the prettiest sights at a recent school picnic was the Sir Roger de Coverly and Maypole dance given by the little people of that school.

Away to the north-east are the districts of St. Elroi and Blood Indian, both fairly well settled. Blood Indian Creek, whose name frightens many a teacher from applying for the school of that name, is one of those fickle freaks of nature that in the spring is a dashing demon of water and rolling rocks, and which later metamorphoses into an uninteresting dried bed with deep stagnant pools that gradually die out as summer advances.

Each community boasts its quaint local character. There is the old bachelor, whose proud boast is that he knows the Christian name of every married woman north of the Red Deer. There are the "suitcase homesteaders," who rush in in the spring for six months and in the fall as speedily rush out. Time was when the "Water Witch" was one of the popular characters, and for a stated sum you could get your place "witched." The wizard walked over the farm with his willow, and where it nosed toward the earth, there was the place for water. But the wizard waned in popularity, and, finally, like every other fad, passed away. There is a superabundance in the food of dried prunes, better known as "Alberta strawberries!" Here, too, Eaton's catalog reigns supreme. Even the windmills bear in large letters Timothy's

countersign, while almost every little chap in school displays a tag on the back of his overalls, bearing the magic sesame, "T. Eaton Co., price \$1.50."

Along the banks of the Red Deer lies the village of Steveville. This tiny place, nestled among the trees by the river banks, has already made its landmark in history. Here it is that, for several years past, scientists have been digging for the fossilized bones of pre-historic animals that now repose, thanks to the generosity of the Canadians and the Dominion of Canada, in the American Museum in New York. What a generous lot we are, to be sure! And here is Alberta, who boasts of her progressive legislation, sitting by while the looting takes place, and wailing like a spoiled child that bawls for mother to come and help her out of a tight place, but makes no effort to help herself.

Steveville itself lies some five hundred feet below the surrounding prairie, where into the Red Deer runs the cool green stream of Berry Creek. It is as quaint and attractive a little stream as Echo Creek in Banff, so well known to every tourist. Below it lies the inevitable ferry, and extending down the river bed lie the famous Bad Lands, the field of exploration for fossil hunters.

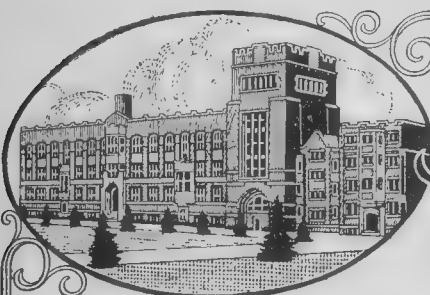
This huge abortion of nature, known as the "Bad Lands" or "Dead Lodge Canyon," reminds one of the Grand Canyon of Colorado. It is an immense acreage of grotesque figures, rough-hewn hills and boulders that, weather worn and fantastically sculptured by nature, extend down the river for many miles. There is constant change in the outlines of these rocks, which vary from smooth beehive to grotesque pinnacles and ridges, with odd escarpments sticking out here and there, or flat shale levelling their summits. The formations are of dull grey sandstone, intermingled with yellow and brown clays. Running in and about them a black streak of coal may be distinctly traced for great distances, sometimes widening into a substantial seam. Aside from its scientific material this spot is remarkable for its scenic beauty, and has been described as one of the most remarkable gorges on the continent. Rumor has it that this picturesque spot is to be made into a national park, and that consideration of the idea is now under way. At present the general public is hardly aware of its existence, though fossil hunters are still gloating over it.

Dead Lodge Canyon is the burial ground of many forms of dinosaurs, crocodiles, turtles, and amphibians, and contains an enormous amount of perfectly preserved impressions of plant life, especially water-lily leaves. The huge skeletons are found embedded in the rocks, sometimes many tons of earth having to be removed before they can be secured. They are of enormous size, the skull of one spiked lizard found there being six feet in length, while the complete skeleton often measures 30 or 40 feet. The one best known locally is that of a dinosaur or leaping lizard, affectionately called "Leaping Lizzie," not without a touch of local humor. The bones of these animals generally crumble when exposed to the air, and accordingly the explorers cement the bones as they unearth them. It is an enormous work to excavate, cement, remove, and reset one of these skeletons, before it is ready for exhibition purposes.

It is stated that six carloads of Dinosaur material from the Red Deer have found their way to the States. Among them, discovered at Steveville, is the most complete skeleton of a crested duck-billed dinosaur ever known. It was found in a swimming pose, which reveals the natural attitude of the animal and settled the vexed question of the animal's habits. Mr. Barnum Brown, who had the good fortune to unearth this, has discovered the most productive field in the vicinity.

Aside from the enormous amount of material sent out of Canada, some

(Continued on page 72)



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The new Russia will retain the old flag, which has three horizontal stripes—white, blue and red. A few years ago the imperial emblem, a black eagle on a yellow field, was placed in the upper left-hand corner of the flag, but the provisional government has ordered that it be removed.

Father (when Willie had returned from his first day at school).—"What did you learn at school to day?"

Willie.—"I learned to say, 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' and 'Yes, ma'am,' and 'No, ma'am.'"

Father.—"You did!"

Willie.—"Yep." — Christian Register.

Adventures Along Atlantic Beaches

Written for "The Western Home Monthly" by Bonnycastle Dale

ALL along the edges of these harbours lie long tideflats. The "red top" marsh hay is cut and carried on long hand poles, "hay poles," and piled up on "straddles." In the winter the patient oxen cart it home on high hay-racks. All, everything, made differently from the way you prairie men make things, these beasts of burden are yoked on the horns, and they seem to actually push their loads along. They can bring a load of wood through deep snow on short bobs, connected by long chains, about as fast as an average man would walk. Taught to follow their owner, few of them are seen driven. They are such calm, kind, slow, patient things that you grow to like them. I noticed that young oxen soon tire on a long day's work, and make false starts to be on their way home, and drop on the floor of their stalls as soon as they get there. Talking about the marsh hay, it is told how the old-timers used to cut the "red top" and then draw "stakes" made of oak or birch strips) to see how they would divide it. Now each man owns a certain lot. Some odd tales are told about these quiet looking oxen. It is the habit of the owners to let the great beasts run at large in the woods during the days of summer, gathering them in again when needed in the autumn. Thus the oxen are loose for months in the woods, where the bear and moose and deer roam. When a bear "whoofs" all the nearby oxen run together, evidently thinking there is protection in numbers.

One great snuff-colored ox when attacked by a big black Nova Scotia bear put up a good fight—it simply gored and butted the bear up against an oak. Every time the ox braced up the bear seemed to fall upon it and the ox promptly gored it again. There is no record of an ox having finally killed a bear, but they have been seen all running towards one, calling loudly "onee." When one of the men was in a "savannah" looking for his ox, he saw the "critter" come rushing out of the woods with a bear on her back cuffing her for all he was worth. On she came with head down and eyes flashing, bellowing for all she was able straight towards the owner. Now he wanted a "critter." But he just didn't actually need a bear. Luckily he had his old "fire place" gun with him, loaded with enough powder to stop any animal that ranged; on top of that a nice, smooth lead bullet for moose. The bear yapped at the man, and he poked that long weapon close up and fired full into the grinning beast's mouth. At him it came, notwithstanding the mouthful of lead. Up went his clubbed gun, but the big bear fell dead before it reached him.

The bears do a thorough job once they do start. One of the men had a calf and two heifers in the woods. These great strips of fir and spruce and some hardwood run for miles without any but a wood's road crossing them. When the owner went in a ghastly sight met his gaze. The three beasts were dead and torn to ribbons and chewed up. It looked as if many bears had made the attack, as some of the bodies had been carried over windfalls, where it seemed almost impossible for a single bear to drag it. Luckily these cattle killers are getting scarcer in these days of repeating guns and rifles.

One night Laddie put his canoe on a nice grassy bank right beside the sea, all ready for an early morning's start. When he went down there next morning, before daybreak, old "ocean" had sneaked off about a quarter of a mile, and the boy had to drag his big canoe and all the load away out there.

Another day he went in for a swim in the tide channel, and put his clothes on a perfectly dry sandbank, and when he returned he had to swim for all he was worth, as said sandbank was rapidly being covered by the tide. One day he took the cameras and myself across

the harbour to get some pictures, and a bird for dinner. He was in a big, strong heavy skiff this time, and he rowed it into full high tide line and tied it there. When we got back at night a long, long stretch of black sticky mud lay between us and the water, and we had to sit there half the night with a big fire to keep us warm, and never a bite to eat until old "ocean" returned.

* * * * *

We were fishing to-day in the tide channel. "I've got one" came the old familiar cry! "One what?" I asked him.

"I don't know; it's a fish anyway," he called. It was a "tommy-cod," a new one to him.

"Name it and you can have it!" he said as he drew an odd looking fish up. It had fins like a bird, a great mouth, widely opened, great goggle bloodshot yellow eyes and cruel sharp spines. A sculpin—uneatable and ugly.

"Next!" cried Laddie, as he threw his line in the tide. Next was a pretty little sand dab—a flat fish. Then we each caught a fish that looked much like a small mouthed black bass. These were sweet eating "gunners."

Laddie lazily let down his line with a dead tommy-cod on it. Off it started to go.

"Say! I killed that 'tommy' as sure as you're born, and it's swimmin' away."

"Wait until I get in the boat—I see something!" and down clambered the boy, net in hand. Yes, he did see something, for he pulled up a big rock crab on "Mr. Tommy-cod," and half a dozen more in quick order, good eating ones too.

"Anything else you would like, sir?" he asked. "Where's that 'butterfish,' or 'golden shiner' we caught in the brook. Better put it in picture too."

Nature has been so prolific here that the rock crab is not taken for market, although it is a delicious shellfish. You see this is the home of the lobster (it is close season, June to March), and the people will not bother to take these lesser chaps.

"I hear my friends asking, 'Did you get any clams?' We did."

(Continued on page 21)

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THROWING MONEY AWAY

Taxation is a matter in which we are all interested. The more direct it is the more direct is our interest in it, but if it is indirect then it oftentimes escapes our notice. This is undoubtedly the reason why the Canadian people pay, as an annual tax, the tremendous sum of approximately \$50,000,000 without realizing the fact. Last year this tax amounted to \$49,880,411, figured on a very conservative basis. Maybe you never knew it before, but this is what the Canadian people paid as a tax to the fire menace.

This huge tax, for it is a real tax on the people, is equal to a direct average tax of \$36 per year upon every family of five persons in the country. This loss of money is bad enough in itself, but more serious still is the loss of human life. 241 lives were lost in Canada last year as a result of fire, and for the past ten years the average has been about the same figure. In view of the fact that it has been proven that from 70 per cent to 80 per cent of our fires are preventable, or due to carelessness, we must plead guilty to lamentable negligence in this all-important matter. We are urged to produce and to save, but if we do produce and save in some directions we more than offset this when we allow the fire menace to cause such unnecessary waste of life and property.

Canadians are Careless

We underestimate the fire menace in this country; we are undoubtedly careless with reference to it. Just look around the lanes and backyards in your district; take a peep at the basements and see how many places there are where a fire might be started by a careless smoker. Just spare a few minutes and read the newspaper reports relating to fires, and you will be surprised to learn how many are caused by careless smokers.

This carelessness is in marked contrast to the attitude of residents in European countries. It is stated on good authority that in the city of Vienna a fire has never been known to get beyond the building in which it commenced. One European city, with a population of 350,000, has an annual fire loss of about \$100,000, and another city of 2,000,000 people, reports an average annual fire loss of \$150,000. Compare this with the losses paid by insurance companies in the Western provinces during 1919. Manitoba, with a population of 554,000, reported losses totalling \$890,000; Saskatchewan, having a population of 648,000, cost the insurance companies \$1,425,859; Alberta, with a population of 496,000, reported losses totalling \$1,105,055, and British Columbia, with a population of 400,000 reported a loss of \$1,314,199. These figures do not include losses not covered by insurance, neither do they include the tremendous losses sustained through destruction of timber by bush fires.

Misplaced Sympathy

When John Brown has a fire his friends anxiously enquire "Is he insured?" And if he is they cautiously ask, "How much has he got?" This illustrates the viewpoint of the public generally. If John Brown is not insured, his friends are sorry for him; if he is insured they frankly declare him to be a good business man. Sympathy on the one hand and commendation on the other. Little thought is given to the fact that somebody's carelessness probably caused John Brown's fire, and, further, that the fire might have spread and endangered the lives and property of others in no way responsible for the outbreak. No intelligent person will criticise another for having plenty of

fire insurance, but carrying insurance does not give the insured the right to burn up the property insured, purposely or accidentally.

It is time that we looked at fire insurance in a different way. Now, we regard a fire as a misfortune, and sympathise with the man who has one, whereas we should regard all preventable fires as criminal and punish those responsible for them. We regard a fire loss if it is covered by insurance as an exchange of property for the money which the insurance companies pay on the loss. But it is a complete loss; property is destroyed, and an absolute loss of human energy and natural resources is the net result of every fire. Insurance money cannot bring back the buildings and material which go up in smoke—they are lost beyond recovery.

The Conflagration Hazard

We westerners hardly realize how close we are to the conflagration hazard in our western settlements. Once in a while a western town is burnt up and we exclaim, "Too bad!" and promptly forget the incident. We only need look over conditions in this country to understand how near the conflagration hazard is. We have high winds, many of our buildings are of lumber, and, above all, there is that great fire carrier, the shingle roof.

Those who scoff at the conflagration hazard should read the story of the great Toronto fire of 1904. It commenced in a four-storey building, 35 feet by 175 feet. An accident to the chief of the fire department, a strong wind and a well-built up area to burn through, supplied the necessary material for a disastrous fire which destroyed 98 brick buildings of ordinary brick construction, with an average height of four stories before it was subsided.

Conflagrations are no respecters of towns or cities. To quote J. B. Laidlaw, the well-known insurance expert:

"The incidents of the conflagrations which have been cited and of many others of which they are typical, show that they have occurred in cities with the very best fire protection as well as in places without any."

"That they have destroyed the best business blocks as well as those of the poorest construction."

"That in some cases a fortunate change of wind or weather has materially assisted in the control of the conflagration, while in other cases the weather conditions have rendered all efforts of no avail."

"It is, however, quite beyond dispute that on the whole good construction and good preventative appliances will result in fewer losses and of smaller amount than if such were not provided, and while no city as now built and now protected can feel that it is absolutely free from the danger, they can adopt measures which will enable them to cope with the fiery element when it has escaped."

What Are You Doing to Prevent Loss?

Every citizen is interested in the fire menace. It is a straight dollars and cents proposition. What are you doing to help prevent loss? Here are a few things you can do:

1. Clean up your own premises and remove all inflammable rubbish from your yards and buildings.
2. Persuade your neighbor to do the same.
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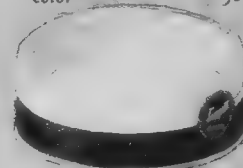
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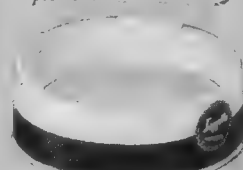
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COMPACTS
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50¢



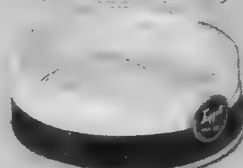
Face Powder Jonteel Compact.
Flesh, for faces having
color 50c.



Face Powder Jonteel Compact.
White, for very fair com-
plexions 50c.



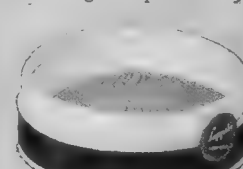
Face Powder Jonteel Compact.
Brunette, for average daily
use 50c.



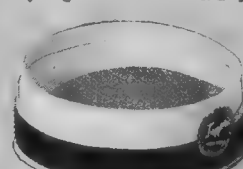
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THE 1920 CROP

The 1920 crop is the second largest in the history of the West, but in value it is the greatest harvest this country has produced to date. Even the bumper crop of 1915 is surpassed by the value of this year's production. A conservative estimate of the 1920 crop in the West is as follows—actual yield for 1919 being given also:

	Wheat	
	1920 bushels	1919 bushels
Manitoba	45,679,000	40,975,300
Saskatchewan	136,680,000	89,994,000
Alberta	66,386,000	34,575,000

Total 248,745,000 165,544,300

	Oats	
	1920 bushels	1919 bushels
Manitoba	62,271,000	57,698,000
Saskatchewan	179,410,000	112,157,000
Alberta	110,428,000	65,725,000

Total 352,109,000 235,580,000

	Barley	
	1920 bushels	1919 bushels
Manitoba	25,950,000	17,149,400
Saskatchewan	12,000,000	8,971,000
Alberta	9,614,000	10,562,000

Total 47,564,000 36,682,400

Atlantic Shore's Adventures

By Bonnycastle Dale

Contd from page 19

I would not think there are more than a million clams living within sound or sight of this machine. We had a fine mess of them, and then Laddie had to put his foot in it—not the clams, the natural history part of it.

"Say! Do you know I took a long worm out of each of those clams when I cleaned them?" he asked. (This, of course, after I had heartily enjoyed my lunch.)

"Did you? You might tell a fellow about the parasites before, not after a meal. And don't go away and think the laugh is on me, for those are not worms. Those long transparent bone-like things in the clam's stomach are called the "style," the "crystalline style." I do not know what they are for, unless it is a curved bone to keep the stomach extended. So the laugh is on you, Laddie."

In fact, we have found everything in the sea good to eat. The shark is marketed all over the States under various names. The fisherman's nuisance—the dogfish—sells all over as the "gray-fish." I admit we have thrown away the wolfish, and the shark too—the mackerel shark—simply because we could not find use for it.

The tide here rises and falls about six feet, completely emptying all these shallow harbours that open to the south, leaving thousands of acres of ell-grass covered flats exposed, and all the great blue herons along the coast pour in and fill up on the rich table spread. Thousands of black ducks feed each low tide on the myriads of sea snails exposed. All is peace inside the harbour. But the mighty Atlantic flows outside, and its great rollers are breaking on the "head" as I write.

We daily watch the fishermen go to sea after the "shorefish." That means cod, haddock, cusk, pollack—all the commercial fish to be found in twenty fathoms and under, for remember that the shallower the water the better the fish and the "drier" it is. They use gasoline boats for this work, and most carry a sail to help, if the engine refuses to "put put." Once outside the harbour the bottom swiftly falls away until you are soon in twenty fathoms fishing water. Laddie and I are interested in the work of two boys. They own an old 20-ft. fishing boat, in which they have set a modern gasoline engine. She lies at anchor in the tideway, fair or shine, when not in use. And all the winds and rains of heaven pour down upon her. Used as we were to a spic-and-span boat, with an engine shining, it is somewhat of a shock for us to look

	Flax	
	1920 bushels	1919 bushels
Manitoba	372,000	520,300
Saskatchewan	6,192,000	4,490,000
Alberta	588,000	222,000
Total	7,152,000	5,232,300
	Rye	
	1920 bushels	1919 bushels
Manitoba		1,173,000
Saskatchewan	8,912,000	2,000,000
Alberta		4,089,400
Total	8,912,000	7,262,400

Although quantities have increased materially as compared with 1919, the really important feature of the 1920 crop is the marked increase in monetary value. Last year's crop realised approximately \$600,000,000, but the 1920 harvest will realize pretty near to \$1,000,000,000. Coming at a time when financial conditions are somewhat shaky all over the world this great harvest is really worth more than its face value. It should tide us over the "tight money" period, it should strengthen our confidence in the present and future possibilities of Western Canada, and it should result in greater agricultural efforts in the years to come.

into this wet hull with its rusty engine, and the water "slop slopping" with every swell. We watched the two boys bail her out, and pump her too with a rude wooden pump.

"She's goin' on twenty year old!" the eldest boy told us.

"However do you warn passing boats in a fog," I asked him.

"Oh! I got a conch shell. It blows loud, too," he answered.

"We go out at 'bout three. Like to get on the grounds before sun-up," he said.

"She's leaking a bit," I told him.

"Oh! soon bail that out," he laughed back.

As we walked home, Laddie said, "they're brave kids all right. That sail is chuck full of holes, looks like a sieve. When she was on the ground to-day the water ran out of her stem like a tap."

It was thick with fog next morning when the little craft "put putted" out. The "mixture" was bad, and she missed one every few explosions. She carried no lights, just trusted in luck. Once clear of "the head" she entered the long dead roll of the Atlantic, but there was a savage windchop on top this morning, and she plunged and splashed a bit. Up went the sail for the favoring breeze, and off she headed due east, right before the wind, and with the tide and swell, making good speed and weather, but looking very tiny in the midst of the seas of that autumn dawn. The engine was shut off now as "gas" was short, the younger chap forgetting a five-gallon can at the wharf. She could get six miles out of tide and sea and sail, and she was on "the grounds" before the red waterly sun slowly arose out of the broken horizon. Out went the hand-lines, two hooks apiece, both baited with two clams. As the drift of the boat was only fair the heavily-loaded line soon reached the bottom, where the cod loves to feed.

Now remember cod is worth some two to five cents a pound, as you sell it, fresh or salted. And cod will average about five pounds apiece. Soon both boys were pulling and hauling at the lines; the younger wore a finger stall, as he had cut his skin badly the day before hauling in the long weary line. Not a sign of delight, not an exclamation of surprise, escaped the boys as they landed their catch. It was a bit cold, and the spray flew a bit. And each fish added to the tale of the day's work. By noontime over two dozen cod and one haddock had been taken. The wind was blowing harder, but the tide was setting in, so they beat back a bit and crowded down their cold lunch.

There were three other sail on the grounds this day, and lack of gasoline

(Continued on page 51)

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The Secret of Saddle Gap

By Edith G. Bayne

Contd. from page 10

"If you're the clever feller you look you ought to be keen on pickin' up—hints."

"Hints? I eat them up!"

"Well, listen here. Gimme an idee 'bout this case you've come up here on an' who knows but maybe I can tip you off a leetle bit," said the old chap, craftily.

"I'm sorry. I can't take anyone into my confidence, Mr. Comox."

"If—if it concerns Menary—"

Bestwood got smoke in his throat and coughed.

"If you're on Mark's trail, why all I can say is I can't help you to string an old pal up. What's past is gone. These here mountains holds their secrets tight, stranger. If its hoss stealin' I might tell a lot. I've know'd a heap o' rustlers, too. But Mark ain't a hoss thief. An' Mark's an old pal. I don't squeal on a pal."

Bestwood wondered if a little fear as well as natural inquisitiveness didn't prompt the old man's queries. He thought he had read fear in those fierce eyes in the morning's interview but couldn't be sure. Now why should Old Comox be afraid, since his mind seemed at rest in regard to the engineer's question? He couldn't be afraid for his precious Gap. What then? Bestwood had imagination of a practical kind. He thought hard for a moment. He decided to take a "flyer."

"Mr. Comox, a man was murdered up here in this country," he said, impressively "and the murderer was never brought to justice."

He looked solemnly, steadily, at—not the face of the old man but at his hands. Somewhere he had read that the hands betray guilt more surely than the facial features. If his shot had gone home—

"A heap o' murders has been did in these hills," Old Comox said casually, in an even tone. His right hand fingers beat a restless tattoo on his knee and his left hand pulled his old hat a little lower on his head. Otherwise he betrayed not the least agitation. Nor did he seek to ascertain what particular murder Bestwood was supposedly investigating. At length he got up, not abruptly, but reluctantly and stretched his arms a little.

"Wait. Don't go yet," said the other hurriedly. "Sit down and tell me something about your mining experiences. You must have had many interesting ones, many thrills and adventures. Tell me," he added, "about you and Menary and Charlie Frear."

Old Comox stopped at half stretch. His arms fell.

"What—what do you know—'bout Charlie Frear?" he asked, haltingly, in a low voice.

"Not a thing in the world," replied Bestwood, mildly.

The old man favored him with a long, unflinching gaze. His lower lip shook ever so little.

"You lie!" he said at last with a harsh, dry laugh.

"Why should I trouble to lie?" asked Bestwood, calmly.

"Charlie croaked nigh on ten year ago. Ain't nobody round here ever spoke his name to me, till you to-night. How come you to know 'bout him?"

"Mark Menary knew him, didn't he?" The old man now grinned fiendishly.

"Ah! But Mark never spoke his name to you, I'll take my oath!" he chuckled hoarsely. "Twasn't Mark."

"Why not?"

"Because," said the old man slowly, clutching the engineer by the shoulder, "because it was Mark that killed him."

In spite of himself Bestwood started. He shook off the vise-like grip and got up abruptly. The old man was cackling in his shaggy beard.

"Mark croaked him—over the head with a—"

He jerked himself short, his old caution to the fore again. He may or may not have intended to tell so much.

"Comox, you're a queer card," said Bestwood. "First you declare you won't give your old pal away—"

"Nobody round here knows 'bout Charlie, didn't I tell you? An' I'm crazy, they mostly all say. What's the word of a crazy man worth, eh?"

"If I could be sure you were!"

"Now you clear right away out o' the country, stranger. I've told you. I've saved a lot o' time an' trouble for you, an'

"Why, just so-so. You don't expect me to throw bouquets at myself! Self-praise is no recommendation."

"If you're the clever feller you look you ought to be keen on pickin' up—hints."

"Hints? I eat them up!"

"Well, listen here. Gimme an idee 'bout this case you've come up here on an' who knows but maybe I can tip you off a leetle bit," said the old chap, craftily.

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"If I could be sure you were!"

"Now you clear right away out o' the country, stranger. I've told you. I've saved a lot o' time an' trouble for you, an'

if you nose round for five year you won't never hear no more. Only Mark an' me know, an' you can't get Mark on sich evidence as mine."

"You ask me to let the whole thing drop?" asked Bestwood in amazement, real or feigned.

"You'd better," and there was menace in the old man's tone.

"I see. In a burst of confidence, or acting on sheer impulse, you've said this to get rid of me. Why?"

"Eh?"

"Why do you wish to get rid of me?"

"Didn't I say Mark was a pal—?" began Old Comox.

Bestwood gave a snort of impatience.

"Comox, that was a heaven-sent hunch of mine a few minutes ago. I didn't know about any murder. I merely made a wild jab at the idea, and you bit like a sucker! I could have said grand larceny or cattle rustling or check-raising, but I decided to hit high. 'Aim high' being a good motto. I've always tried to follow it. Murder is the highest crime in the calendar—or should we say the lowest?—and up here on the edge of civilization it must have flourished, especially during the gold-mad days when this district was a sort of Yukon on a small scale. I've learned something this evening."

"You—razor-faced hyena!" snarled the old man suddenly, whipping out his side-arm and waving it almost under the engineer's nose. "Smell that. Now if you don't pack up an' make tracks you'll get the full of it where it'll do the most good!"

Bestwood smiled serenely.

"I'm going," he said re-assuringly. "Calm yourself."

"Where?" pursued Old Comox, sternly.

"To clear out. Isn't that what you want?"

"That's what! Hustle now, darn you!"

"Watch my smoke!"

"You're goin' right now."

"Righto!" and Bestwood drew his tent stakes as he spoke.

"I'm sittin' here on this log, stranger, with the gun trained on you. One false move an'—"

"How melodramatic!" and Bestwood threw some clothing into his duffel bag.

"The moonlight's gone to our heads, gray-beard. This is a play. I vow it is."

"It is, eh?" sneered Old Comox.

Bestwood was ready and mounted in less than ten minutes.

"Down the old wagon-trail with you! You don't get to Menary's again if I know it!" cried the old man.

"Bye-bye, old fire-eater!" Bestwood called back gaily as he obediently trotted off down the trail.

But the only answer from Dan Comox was a roar of blasphemy. He stood watching the supposititious detective out of sight and then mounting a knoll nearby waited to see him pass Crowder's Coulee two miles below. Not till then did he return across the river.

When he was gone a man stepped out from behind a great boulder near where Bestwood's tent had been pitched, a spare figure, of middle height with a melancholy droop to the shoulders. This man had been a more or less willing eavesdropper and though not hearing all that had been said had gathered enough to make a fairly accurate guess as to the trend of the talk. It was Mark Menary. In moccasins he had been coming down the trail from Eagle Lake, portaging a light canoe when, as he rounded the turn below Bestwood's camp, he heard his own name uttered. He had stepped adroitly out of sight.

Gail Menary was just on the point of retiring when she heard her father's footfall. Sleepily, in a loose Jap kimono, her two thick braids of hair falling forward over her slim shoulders, she opened the door.

"That you, Dad?"

"Yes. Got some grub for me?"

"In the oven. Any luck?"

"Nothing much. Just a small string o' perch, an' two or three bass. Kids all in bed?"

"Hours ago."

When Menary had washed and was partaking of his belated supper, his daughter told him that the young engineer had been rather wanting to see him.

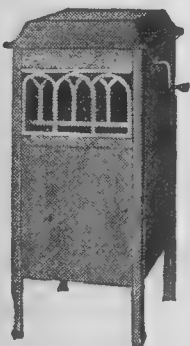
"He staved till past ten. I don't think it was anything special," she added, smothering a yawn. "You'll see him to-morrow."

Menary looked up. A curious light gleamed in the shrewd grey eyes. His face seemed to have lost the look of strain and of caution it had been wearing.

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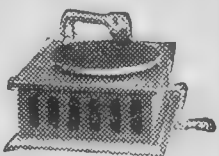
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"I won't see him to-morrow," he said; helping himself to more tea, "because he's gone."

Gail started. Very much awake now, she gazed at her parent open-mouthed.

"Gone!" she exclaimed, blankly.

"Gone. An' gone for good. Cut me another slice o' bread like a good girl."

"Why, how strange!" she mused, as in a daze she cut the bread. "Do you suppose he's given up the idea—like the rest? Oh, he seemed so—so different."

"Well, he's gone," repeated Menary, placidly.

"A man with a jaw like his! A man with—such eyes—eyes that could snap like steel! Oh, I just can't believe it, daddy!"

"Guess you gotta, girl. He's cleared out, sure 'nough. He an' Dan come to loggerheads to-night, an' Dan he put the run on him in the usual way. He wasn't ten minnits pullin' up stakes an' beatin' it. Guess he's got to the Crossin' by now, with moonlight an' his hoss fairly fresh. Dan cussed hot 'nough to blister a stone!" and Menary grinned at the recollection.

He gave her an account, with certain reservations, of what he had overheard. The girl's eyes, usually so soft, flashed.

"Dan Comox is a crazy old hermit," she said, indignantly. "It's time he was taken in hand. He oughtn't to be allowed to run at large. That time he shot you, dad, you remember I wanted you to take action and you wouldn't? I often wonder why you're so easy! Now I'll tell you what I've been thinking. I believe Dan has a secret of some kind."

"Nonsense, girl!" Menary out in harshly. "Your imagination's workin' overtime. D'you know that it's nigh twelve o'clock? Time you were in bed."

"Listen, dad. I've got a stranglehold on the idea and I don't mean to let it go till I find out why Dan's so—so touchy about Saddle Gap."

"Oh, the Gap!" said Menary with a laugh. "I guess every man's gotta be bug over somethin' when they git up in the sixties. Don't you worry yourself, girl. You an' me'll take a trip to the Fort soon an' get you some pretties. You'll have a nice visit an' forget all this business. I guess my gal can stack up with any town gal for looks, eh? Come kiss me good-night now."

Gail obeyed and went to bed but not to sleep for a good many hours. When she did sleep it was to dream of Bestwood and the soft, caressing look in his quick eyes when they had rested on her, of the way the snap and hardness melted from his voice when he spoke to her. But with awakening came realization that he was gone and her little sister surprised her in a sob, a sob quickly smothered in the pillows.

When Dan Comox came out of his shack at sunrise his first glance was across the river to see if by any chance the nosey stranger had sneaked back. But no. He was gone true enough. Dan was a little uneasy nevertheless. The debonair "detective" had gone away too willingly, quite as if he had taken a sudden notion to go, anyway. Could it be that? But what could he find out at this late date and from whom? Every day on rising Dan reconnoitred thus, and five days, a week, ten days, two weeks passed with nothing unusual occurring. The old man's mind became easy. He went away on several more of his long trips and was absent for days at a stretch. He never took his old pal along, evidently preferring solitude on these excursions. And he didn't know that in his absence light-footed Gail Menary, borrowing her father's birch-bark canoe had crossed the Chinook and wandered about over his claim a dozen times, examining the caves as Bestwood had done, but with a more professional eye. A daughter of the hills, she could read certain of Nature's signs and many of man's that perforce escaped the engineer, keen as he was, and on her last visit she had climbed up the sheer under-wall beneath the Saddle clinging precariously with fingers and toes—she had removed shoes and hose—and had found a curious eyrie, dark as a wolf's mouth, under the rock formation which gave to the Gap its name. The opening was small, scarcely admitting of head and shoulders, and puzzling a little over this remarkable find she had returned to earth and begun to clothe her feet again when suddenly she was arrested by an idea. Entering the old man's cabin by one of the windows she borrowed his lantern and a length of rope and filled her pocket with matches. From the cabin, which was at the mouth of the Gap, to the wall she had

climbed was a matter of forty yards, but she covered the distance in less than a minute, almost palpitating with eagerness. The second climb was a slower and more difficult procedure because of the lantern swung over her shoulder, but at length she was up at the eyrie again. Carefully she lighted the lantern and more carefully still began to lower it into the opening. She was directly beneath Saddle Gap at a point which would of necessity have required to be filled in with masonry, probably blasted a little—or clamped to the walls with iron had the engineers succeeded in getting the right-of-way.

Down the smoky lantern went, casting a murky glow on the rough, rocky interior. There was no glint in this rock and Gail began to feel her hopes sinking. She hadn't known just what she expected to find but vaguely, she had thought of a private gold mine or a great cache of silver fox skins, or something in the nature

of booty. She let the lantern drop to the full extent of the rope, which was short, and then securing a firmer foothold, peered over the rim of the jagged hole. For a time she could discern nothing. Gradually however, a nebulous white blur beneath the lantern became evident and slowly it took definite shape, a horrible shape. With a smothered scream the girl drew back, almost losing her grip and dropping the light as well. For the thing her eyes had seen was a human skeleton! It lay at the bottom of the pocket not five feet below her and the bones were of a bleached grey-whiteness that betokened age, the fact that they lay in a very natural though rather huddled posture making the sight additionally revolting.

Gail lost little time in putting considerable distance between herself and this concealed horror, for though an absolutely fearless girl this daughter of the hills had never before witnessed the like, and the

shock was a lingering one. Not till she had paddled out to mid-stream did she pause to draw a long breath. She beached the canoe and hastened up to the cabin. It was a cloudy morning and her father was at home mending fish nets. She had told him that she was going across to Moose Mountain to look for berries. Now, however, she decided to tell the truth and risk his anger, never a very violent anger to be sure.

But almost at the top of the hill she stopped short, her eyes widened in astonishment. Her heart gave a great throb and then began to beat tumultuously for in the same spot where it had first appeared to her sight stood the calico pinto! Bestwood had come back!

As quickly, however, was she doomed to disappointment for advancing a little timidly, though not without a certain glad eagerness, she again halted. A man was pacing up and down the little pathway



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The Secret of Saddle Gap

By Edith G. Bayne

Contd. from page 23

was a man much older and of heavier build, with a reddish beard and wearing regulation riding clothes of a superior cut. In fact he looked like what her father would have called "an English swell."

"Good morning," he said, as wheeling suddenly he beheld her. "Is nobody at home?"

"Why, I left them all here little more than an hour ago," she exclaimed. "They must have gone up to the lake."

"I want to see Mark Menary," he said in a very delightfully direct way and with a smile that she liked in spite of her disappointment.

He was almost as nice as Bestwood she thought.

"Come right in," she said, passing him and opening the door. "Have you waited long?"

"Half an hour or so. You, I suppose, are Mrs. Menary?"

Gail smiled, although she was piqued, too.

"No, I'm not," she said emphatically,

before the cabin, sauntering idly and switching now and then at the shrubs with a riding crop. He seemed to be waiting for somebody. But it was not Bestwood. It was a man much older and of heavier build, with a reddish beard and wearing regulation riding clothes of a superior cut. In fact he looked like what her father would have called "an English swell."

as she indicated a chair. "And I'm really awfully tired of being taken for an old married woman. You see I'm free, white and twenty-one yet. Can show my birth certificate."

"Oh, so sorry. I'd heard that Mark Menary married a second time," apologized the stranger at once.

"The second wife died four years ago. I'm Mark Menary's oldest child. We are seven, as in the poem."

The visitor leaned forward suddenly and bent a very keen glance on her. She heard a rapid, in-drawn breath. Then he put out both hands.

"Is it possible that you are little Gail?" he cried in pleased astonishment. "Bless you, child, I've held you on my knee a score of times. You were, let me see, seven or eight years old then. Why, I'd never have known you."

He was shaking both her hands at once. "Who—are you?" she asked, wonderingly.

"One of your daddy's old friends," he replied. "Perhaps you've heard him mention me. My name is—"

Bang. A gun-shot cut in on the words, bringing both to their feet. It sounded near at hand. They stood a moment, looking questioningly at each other, then went to the door. A second bang occurred.

"Daddy must be shooting ducks," said the girl. "I forgot that the open season began to-day."

"Sounds more like a revolver," said the visitor.

The next moment a strange group rounded the turn in the trail some thirty yards away. Three men came walking, followed by a large cream-colored buckskin pinto which was led by the tallest. The man in the centre was Dan Comox. On one side of him strode an Indian, on the other the engineer Bestwood, the same grave, keen, stern-lipped man whom Comox was supposed to have scared out of the country less than a month before. At sight of him Gail utterly forgot her visitor. At sight of her Bestwood's aquiline features relaxed in a smile, the smile that displayed his excellent teeth, the smile she liked. He gave a brief nod to the red-bearded man, threw his pinto's reins over a post and took both her hands in a quick, eager grasp.

"Where's your father?" he asked, at once.

"Shooting, I think. We just heard—"

"You just heard Dan's gat go off twice! Accidentally on purpose," said Bestwood, grinning. "Take a slant at the old chap. He's as mad as a March hare!"

"Was he—did he shoot at—"

"He had two weapons on him. We took one but he had the other cleverly concealed. He tried to wing me. If I hadn't been quick enough to knock his aim away I'd have—looked like an exhibit from the morgue about now!"

She had had no eyes for any but the speaker so far but now she looked at Old Comox. The Indian was in charge of him, and he was glaring about him and muttering dire things as he tried vainly to wrench the red man's grip off. Suddenly his eye rested a moment on the fashionably attired stranger who had been regarding him quietly from a spot about six feet away. Old Comox's gaze became fixed. He blinked several times. At last he shot out a trembling forefinger.

"Who," he demanded harshly, pointing at the red-bearded man, "who is that?"

He lurched forward but the Indian was on the job.

"That's a friend of Mark Menary's," explained the engineer. "He rode up from Crowder's Crossing with me but came on to see Mark while White Eagle and I crossed the river to pay our respects to you. Take a good look at him, Comox. Perhaps you'll recognize him. At poker once you won a nice tract of land from him. Remember? Yours was the luck eternal, in those days it seems."

The old man passed a shaking hand over his beard. He breathed heavily and stared at the stranger as one stares who thinks he sees a ghost. Bestwood stood by Gail holding one of her hands which was trembling slightly. Both seemed careless of the onlookers. For the girl the whole scene swam in obscurity, was half unreal. She was only partly interested. Far off on the Ramparts a glint of sun breaking through the clouds blazed goldenly on the snowy peaks. Her little hillside world was a place of enchantment. Her own true knight had come back to her. Bestwood appeared to take it for granted that she already knew the stranger. So he went on speaking in a cool, even tone to Comox.

"Do you remember the night of the fifteenth of September just ten years ago? There was a certain saloon at Nugget Bay called 'The Hot Poker'. On this night every man in the place was drunk. A big vein on the Lode Mountain had been struck and you were all celebrating. 'The Hot Poker' was en fete with a vengeance. To it came one Charles Frear who owned the Saddle Gap claim. He, too, was drunk. He was all swelled up like a poisoned pup because his claim was next the Lode Mountain one and gold had been found here and there on it. But Frear wasn't ugly when drunk, as so many of the rest of you were. Frear was one of those men who have a host of friends, make them without half trying. He was honest, generous-souled, witty and good humored. He was given to recklessness though and known to play high stakes. He sat in to a poker game with you, Comox, and some others and you cleaned him up. He staked his claim—and lost. You and he and Mark Menary had been partners but not of Saddle Gap. That was a claim of Frear's that he held on the side. It had never seemed very promising up to this. Well, poor Frear suggested that he try to win back his claim but you all balked. A free fight ensued. It spread like an epidemic and many heads were cracked. Two men, a red-headed Swede and a half-breed, were murdered outright. When the Mounted Police arrived—"

"It wasn't me. I'll take my oath—" began Comox in a high screech, his whole body shaking.

"You're right. They probably killed each other. No one ever knew for certain. Before the police lit, both corpses had been hustled away. Charles Frear was knocked out, too—over the head with a whisky bottle—but only for a short time. You, Comox, had struck the blow, but you blamed poor muddled Menary. All these years he has felt himself Frear's murderer. Let Comox go now, White Eagle. I don't pretend to be his judge. He can settle with Menary and Charles Frear himself who stands yonder, for the piece of hokum that worked so well. Come forward, Frear."

"Then Charlie Frear isn't dead at all," cried Gail, and running across to the stranger, she seized his hands and laughed in sheer delight. "My! Won't dad be tickled?"

"No, I never was dead," admitted Frear. "And I must shoulder part of the blame for this hoax, because when I cleared



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The Secret of Saddle Gap

By Edith G. Bayne

Contd. from page 24

As a participator I was due for term in the pen, you see. White Eagle kept his promise until—"

"Until the day after Comox chased me away," Bestwood supplied. "The Indian and I met by chance, he happened to mention he was an old Nugget Bay miner, the rest I easily got out of him by bribery.

out of Nugget Bay that very night I bribed this Indian here not to tell. He guided me through the Pass, and I cleared for Australia. A case of cold feet with me.

To-day he was ready and waiting to help me and we got Comox just as he returned from one of his trips. Muscular old codger I'll say."

"Dan always was," agreed Frear, and extending his hand to Comox said: "Put it there, old-timer, I never did hold grudges."

"Charlie, Charlie," whimpered the old man. "You was always white, Charlie. An'—an' so 'twas the Swede—"

Frear sat down on a log and invited Comox to do likewise. The others had moved off.

"That engineer lad's a rare cute one," he remarked, his glance following Bestwood

and Gail. "Never opened his head to me about the girl. A radiant little lady, too. I saw how the land lay as soon as they met."

"It—it's up in the Saddle, in a pocket Charlie," whispered Comox. "I can't reach it now, too old, I guess. Might've dynamited it, but—somethin' held me back. So 'twas me was buffaloed. Serves me—"

"Omit the ghastly stuff, Dan. Say, I've a little girl of my own in Australia. Feel lonesome for her. Nearly nine years old now. Looks something like Menary's girl, too. Has red hair though, red curls," he mused aloud.

Bestwood and Gail walked to a bluff overlooking Chinook Valley. She had already told him of the skeleton. Now she swiftly changed the topic.

"Something kept telling me you'd come back, that you weren't the kind to fall down on a job."

"I'm always getting involved in adventure," he said, slowly. "Sometimes I wish I were a detective. I had to call one in to trace Frear so I can't claim all the credit. No, it's true the old man didn't chase me. I was going anyway. The only thing that worried me was not being able to get word to you. Every-

(Continued on page 35)

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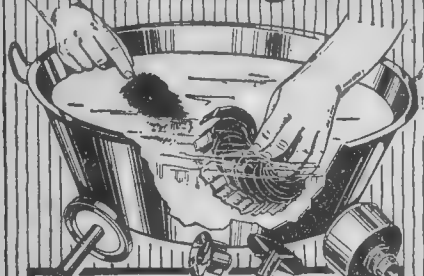
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Helen's Harvesters

By S. G. Mosher

BOB SCOTT was whistling as he returned to the house. He had gone as far as the road with the departing guests, since the collapsible wire gate of the ranch was hard for city people to manipulate.

"It has been a pleasant day," he remarked, as he entered the living room. "It was fine to see the folks again. Why, what is the matter?"

Helen Scott raised her flushed face from a pile of crumpled sofa pillows. She looked at the uncleared supper table, and through the open door to the table in the kitchen, piled high with unwashed dishes.

"It is nearly nine o'clock; I am so tired I can scarcely stand, and there are all those dishes to be washed."

"Let the dishes go until morning," said Bob, with masculine optimism.

"I suppose you will want your breakfast at half-past six, as usual. I shall have to bake biscuits in the morning, too, for there is no bread left. Yet people call Sunday a day of rest."

Bob opened his mouth to speak, thought better of it, and in silence began to clear the table. Then he started a fire, and put water on to heat. By that time his wife was ashamed of her outburst.

"I am sorry I was so cross, Bob, but to-day was the last straw," she said. "All summer our friends have been coming out from the city, every Sunday and every holiday, as if we kept a hotel. But to descend on us in harvest time is too much. I mentioned that we could not get a hired man, and that I was helping to stook all day yesterday, but did Fanny or her sister offer to help with supper or to wash the dishes? Not they!"

"Probably they don't realize how much work there is on a farm," Bob pleaded.

"Some of them will find that out for themselves one of these days," prophesied Helen darkly. "I would not mind so much if there were any reciprocity about it, but none of them ever seem to remember that we might like a day in the city."

"But we couldn't leave the farm; cows have to be milked and pigs fed on holidays the same as on other days."

"The farm is going to look after itself next Sunday," Helen said. "Right after breakfast you will harness old Dan to the buggy, and we'll drive over to Pine Ridge for the morning service. We haven't had a chance to attend church for ages. We will take a lunch along, and some books, and spend the afternoon by the lake. I'm not coming back here until after sunset."

"I wish you didn't have to stook, but it doesn't seem possible to get help for love or money," her husband said. "The paper says that the mayor of the city has started a campaign to get business men to go out harvesting Saturday afternoon instead of playing golf, but we are too far out to expect help from that source."

"Thank goodness," Helen said, as she wound the clock and put the cat out.

Suddenly an idea darted into her mind, and she turned it over and over before she went to sleep. "I'll do it, if I get a chance," she decided at last. "But I can't put them to work in the field on Sundays, and there isn't another holiday until Thanksgiving."

Helen was up at five next morning. With the elasticity of youth she had recovered from her fatigue, and as she baked and washed dishes she found herself recalling almost with pleasure the visit of the day before. After all, it was nice to see friends sometimes, if only they would not come in the busiest seasons. She recalled that the winter before, weeks had gone by without a visit from their city friends. Of course, the country was pleasanter in the summer than in the cold weather, but, unfortunately, the pleasantest time of year was also the busiest for farmers.

At dinner Bob announced that he had stopped cutting for the day, and meant to spend the afternoon stooking. "But,

Bob, the wheat is all more than ready to cut, and the oats are ready too," Helen remarked.

"It is no use cutting faster than I can stook," Bob rejoined, as he helped himself to another piece of raisin pie.

"I am coming out to help this afternoon."

"But there are nearly forty acres cut. I stopped a crowd of half-breeds from the Ridge on their way to the lake to shoot ducks, and offered them five dollars a day if they would help me out, but they laughed. Said they didn't need to work as long as the duck season lasted."

"Oh, I had forgotten that the shooting season had opened. You remember last year Walter Hunter brought some of his friends out for a day's shooting. You don't suppose—"

"That was on Labor day, which has already gone by this year. Walter can't get away except on a holiday."

"Bob, how would it do to hire some women to stook?"

"Where would you find them?"

"Some of those half-breed women from the Ridge. I haven't noticed any of them going duck shooting, and last winter they seemed glad to earn a little money by making moccasins."

"Good idea," Bob agreed. "Better drive over there this afternoon."

"No, we must get that wheat all stooked first. I suppose that will take us most of to-morrow. I'll go to the Ridge on Wednesday."

All that day and the next they worked feverishly. They feared that the fine weather might not last, and were anxious to get the grain safely stooked. After breakfast on Wednesday, Helen hurried through her household duties, intent on getting to the Ridge and back before it was time to start dinner. She was just about to harness up when she heard the honk of an auto horn, and ran to the window. A car full of people was coming up the driveway. Bob, on the binder at the back of the field, had heard the honk, too, and waved his hand in response to the friendly wave of the driver. He thought he recognised Walter Hunter, and hoped Helen would not be rude to him.

Helen was on the verandah when the car stopped, and Eve Hunter sprang out. "I haven't seen you for an age, Helen," she said. "How thin you are getting. You know Nan Crosby, and this is my cousin, Ellinor Torrey."

"And of course you remember George Perry and Arthur Fuller, who were out shooting with me last year?" Walter remarked. "The mayor proclaimed to-day a civic holiday, so we thought—"

What he thought was never known, for Helen interrupted. "Oh, yes, we read that the mayor was asking people to go out into the country and help with the harvest. Wasn't it fine of him to proclaim a holiday? I'm glad so many of you came; we have been at our wit's end to get help. How sensible you men were to wear corduroys and heavy shoes; stooking is hard on good clothes."

Walter looked hesitatingly at the two young men. As a matter of fact he had promised them a good day's shooting at the ranch, and warned them to wear suitable clothes. But before he could speak, Helen went on. "But you girls can't harvest in those clothes—and those French heels, Eve. Didn't you bring anything more sensible?"

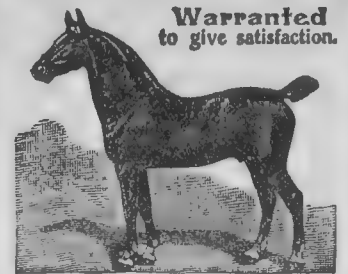
Nan Crosby stuck out her foot, encased in snug walking boots. "Are these all right, Mrs. Scott? You know I never wear high heels. Surely you can lend us some working clothes; fortunately we are all about the same size."

"Come on, fellows," said Walter, hastily taking Nan's hint, and throwing the lap robe over the guns in the bottom of the car. "What is the programme, Helen?"

"Can any of you drive a team?"

Perry admitted that he had been brought up on a farm.

"Then you can drive a binder. We have two, but haven't been able to get a man to run the second one. The black team is in the stable. You will find their



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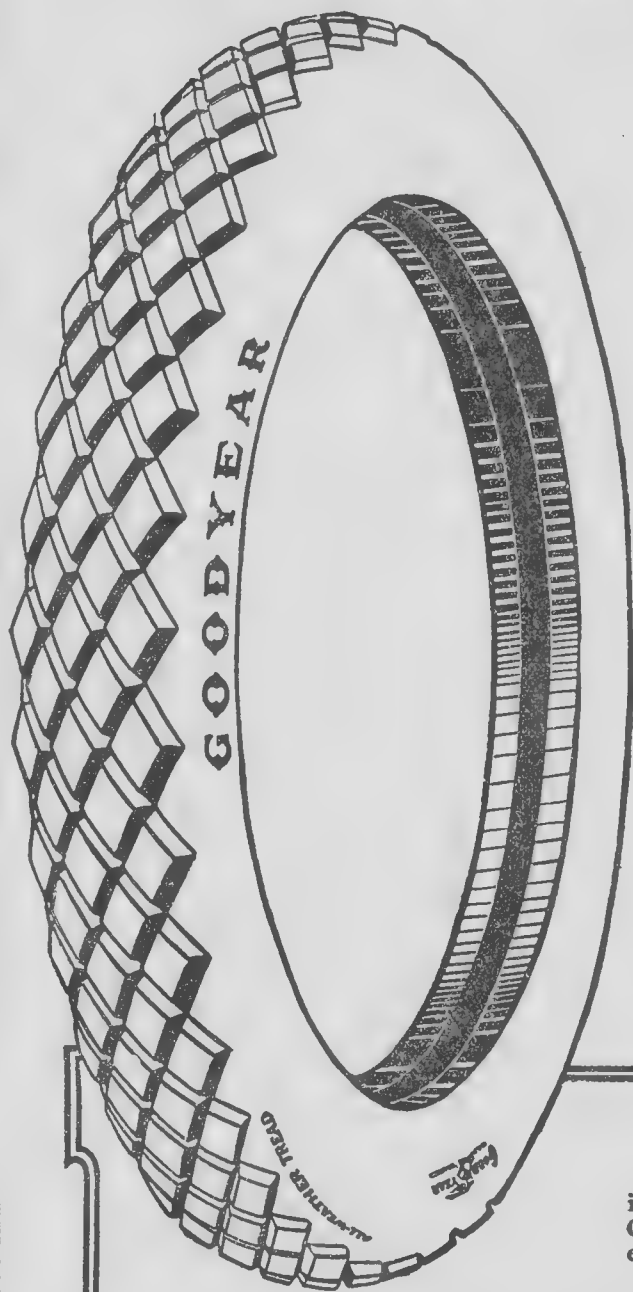
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GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

"YOU GOTTA GET DOWN TO—"

It has occurred to The Philosopher more than once, in listening to arguers about the social, industrial and economic problems of the time and in reading discussions of these problems, that "fundamental" is a sadly overused and misused word. One hot evening last summer he spent an hour strolling from point to point around City Hall Square here in Winnipeg, and listening to the arguers. "You gotta get down to fundamentals!" shouted one. "You gotta establish the economic fundamentals, and all these other things will settle themselves!" His idea was "the social appropriation of economic rent." He believed that to be the sure cure for all social, industrial and economic ills. "Nothing to it!" shouted another thinker, a Socialist. "That is a bourgeois remedy. The real economic fundamental is to abolish capitalism and production for profit and establish production for use!" Another urged as the fundamentally correct and necessary thing the organization of political activity. To which still another replied with a scornful question: "When did political activity ever win anything?" The method advocated by this scornful questioner of the only possible method of progress was a general strike. Others had other ideas of what was "fundamental". The word continues to be heavily overworked by zealots and fanatics, who fail to advance any idea that is essentially constructive. Surely nothing that is not essentially constructive can be fundamental.

MANITO-WABA AND THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS

At the narrows between the upper and lower portions of Lake Winnipeg there is a rock cliff of peculiar formation. When the wind is blowing in a certain direction its vibrations in the cavities on the face of that cliff produce rather weird sounds, of which the Indians had a superstitious dread. To the aboriginal mind, with its primitive conceptions, those sounds were awe-inspiring, especially at night, or on a day of gloomy, threatening weather. In such conditions, they were careful not to go near that cliff with the weird voices. Indeed, they kept a respectful distance from it at all times. They called it Manito-Waba, which being translated from the Cree language into English, means "the words of the Great Spirit." From the name borne by that cliff long before the first white man came to this part of the world is derived the name Manitoba. The Indians regarded all the forces of Nature as manifestations of the personality and power of the Great Spirit. All races of mankind have done the same thing. In addition, primitive races have always attributed to certain animals certain powers, believing that they were potent for good or evil. It is not many generations since, in like manner, there was a belief in witchcraft even in the most civilized countries, and unfortunate old women were tortured and put to death because it was thought they were in league with supernatural powers of evil. Even at the present day the belief in "the evil eye" persists in certain countries. That is to say, a person with an unusual, sinister expression in the eye, is believed to have the power to lay a curse upon anybody at whom he glances fixedly. Psychologists tell us that this belief in "the evil eye" is like the primitive savage's belief that a swift, cruel animal such as the tiger, or the lynx, is inhabited by an evil spirit. Psychologists tell us further that this tendency survives in even the most civilized of us, but in a different way. Some fundamental tendency of our minds leads us to personify ideas, so that we speak of the Spirit of Unrest, for example, and to personify nations, as when we speak of John Bull or Uncle Sam. It is that same fundamental feeling which inspires such works of art as the shining bronze figure of the Spirit of Progress on top of the pinnacle of the dome of the new Capitol Building of Manitoba, holding aloft the torch of enlightenment in one hand and bearing a sheaf of wheat on its other arm.

WOMEN AS VOTERS

Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, the sister of the late President Roosevelt, in an article entitled Women in Politics which she has written for the North American Review, says that what she herself feels that she most needs in order rightly to discharge her duty as a voter is "education in political methods." She adds: "I do not mean corrupt, but proper, intelligent political methods." But is not that precisely the thing which men need, too, in order rightly to discharge their duties as voters? Mrs. Robinson has simply stated one of the things fundamentally necessary to the right working of democracy. It is as true of Canada as it is true of the United States. Mrs. Robinson goes on to say that women want things more ardently than men want them, and she seems to be a little afraid that many women, when they find that the ideals which they hope to use their votes to realize are not as realizable as they are hoping them to be will be so deeply disappointed that they will begin to doubt whether suffrage has any very great real value at all. But thus to doubt is the greatest

The Philosopher

of all possible sins against democracy. Surely it is not just to women to say of them that they are in any measure less steadfast, sincere and earnest in their duties in life than men. The past history of the human race has not warranted any such conclusion. The sense of responsibility in the mothers of the race is as sound and strong as it is in the fathers. Nor are women inferior to men in plain, practical common sense, for all that some of them may sometimes be thought to be by young and inexperienced men.

WHERE THE MARXIAN DOCTRINE GOES ASTRAY

The basic doctrine on which the whole structure of Marxian Socialism is built up is what Marx termed "the materialistic determinism of all history." That is to say, the belief that all human developments are shaped by considerations which can be expressed in money values. Marx was the great preacher of that doctrine. Lenin and Trotsky are the great high priests of it at the present time. The whole system of Bolshevik Communism is based upon it. It is strange that idealists should be carried to extremes of fanatical devotion to this materialistic conception of history formulated by Karl Marx more than half a century ago. Economic factors are, of course, powerful in their influence upon the thinking and action of human beings. But they are not the all-important factors. Do economic factors account for the feeling between Ulster and the rest of Ireland? The slogan of Socialism during the decades before the World War was, "Workers of the world, unite!" But the wage-earners of the different European countries, when the World War broke upon humanity, were governed by their nationalist feelings, not by the Socialistic doctrine. According to Marxian orthodoxy, they were misled by cunning capitalists, who made their profit out of the slaughter. There was World War profiteering, as all the world knows; but it is no less true that immense numbers of capitalists were ruined by the War. Those who were young were just as liable to be killed as the wage-earners were; many were killed. The Marxian doctrine is that a man's "herd", from the point of view of "herd-instinct", is his class, and that he will combine with those whose class-interest is the same as his. This is only very partially true in fact. Nationalism is an important factor; religion is another. There are capitalists who take advantage of these facts; but capitalists alone could not produce these facts. There are more things in human nature and in the world of actualities than are taken into account by the devout followers of Karl Marx.

THE ENDOWMENT OF MOTHERHOOD

There was a time when there was no such thing as the maintenance of public schools at the public expense. No thinking person now would say that such an expenditure of public money was not eminently right and proper and in the best interest of the public welfare. In other words, it is of supreme public importance that children be rightly educated to grow up to be good citizens and make the most of their lives. But the infant boy and infant girl has to grow up through a few years of babyhood before he, and she, can be sent to even the most elementary kind of school. The human infant, in those first years, craves material things, such as fresh air and sunshine and milk, and also an individual mother's attention. Infants that do not get their necessary share of these things are prone to give up the struggle of life altogether. The behavior of such unsatisfied infants is strikingly recorded in the vital statistics of every country in which there have been such infants, and in which there have been vital statistics systems. If a child is valuable to the community and to the country at the age when it begins to go to school, surely it is valuable earlier. If its education is important, is not its life important, and does not that importance begin at its birth, or rather, to speak more accurately, before its birth? Clear thinking in this regard, as in regard to all other matters which have to do with the essential values of human life, is advancing rapidly. The endowment of motherhood, to meet the needs of child and mother, is recognized now as being among the realizable ideals of practical politics.

NO FREEDOM UNDER SOCIALISM

In the course of the ages countless men, many of them men of great mental power and of unquestioned and unquestionable sincerity, earnestness and high nobility of purpose, have devoted themselves to the endeavor to find a panacea for human ills. Many of them have believed they had found such a panacea, and have worked with all their might to have it accepted and brought into use.

But their endeavors have always been without success. For all such cure-alls for the ills of the body politic are like the cure-alls which quack doctors used to sell in bottles. The nostrums which were advertised to cure all diseases were sometimes found to produce a modification in the symptoms in the persons dosed with them; but the drugs of which they were compounded disturbed other functions of the body, and new trouble, worse than the original ailment, often resulted. It is the same with political panaceas. Any good they could do to one or more sections of the community would be at the expense of other sections, and with an inevitable disorganization and general working of evil in the body politic. Socialism is a political panacea which is believed in by many earnest people. They see what they imagine to be the advantages it would bring to them; they do not give thought to the evils and disruption it would cause. Most of all do they forget that under Socialism no one would be free. Every individual life would be lived under state direction. The work which each person would have to do, the wages each person would get, the location of each person, would be decided by state officials. Each person would lead a supervised existence. Under socialism a man might gain something—it is not clear what, because theories often go sadly astray—but he would certainly lose much. Life is a game of gains and losses. The greatest loss any man can suffer is the loss of his freedom. There would be no freedom under socialism. Every attempt which has ever been made to form a socialist or communist community has failed for that reason, and because in other ways socialism violates human nature.

THE MOVIES AND THE MIND

It is getting to be a common thing to read and to hear said, that through the movies anything can be taught. But is it true? Undeniably the movies could be made of great educational value. There is in the United States an organization whose title is The National Committee for Better Films. It has issued recently "a partial list of film subjects on Health, Disease, Nursing and Allied Topics." The name of one of its films, which deals with the care of the teeth, is A Mouthful of Wisdom. Another concern, styling itself Sacred Films, Inc., announces that the first of its "religious films" is nearly completed, and that it will deal with the Creation and the Garden of Eden. Further, that "the work has been conducted by earnest and skilled directors, and will stand the acid test of the Church, not forgetting the entertainment value that is necessary." And in a Minneapolis newspaper a couple of weeks ago The Philosopher read that Rev. Roy L. Smith, of that city, "believes that the movies will be made an effective medium in presenting the spiritual message of the Church." He says that a moving picture apparatus will occupy as well defined a place in the equipment of modern churches as the piano, the hymnal and the heating plant. "Pictures are being used by churches in three distinct ways" he says. "First, as advertising to attract audiences for services of public worship; second, as entertainment; and third, as means of education." He questions their value in a service of worship. They may attract crowds, but intensely personal and religious work must be done to bind persons to the work of a church; otherwise they will disappear when their curiosity has been satisfied. The Philosopher is entirely willing, of course, to agree that the movies, as a means of imparting information, can awaken interest. But, as a means of education in any true sense of the word, they can do only half the work. Education can never be real without personal application and hard study. The powers of the mind, to grow, must be used. We may look at the moving pictures on "the silver screen" all day long, and by the time night comes know a great many more facts than we knew in the morning, but we shall not have acquired by that process of looking either personal skill or the power to think.

CAREFUL SIFTING IS NEEDED

There appears to be in the United States a widespread conviction that indiscriminate immigration should be stopped during the period of reconstruction, at any rate. Otherwise, there will be, during the coming years, an immense inflowing of population that will not be of a desirable character. Canada, too, faces the same situation, of course. This continent needs to safeguard its safety against any further accessions of ignorance, lawlessness and unrest. The chaos and confusion and misery that have been prevailing throughout the greater part of continental Europe and in "the Near East" hold vast possibilities of peril. From those countries would come, if the way were made easy, hundreds of thousands of people who would be easily worked upon by revolutionary propaganda. Only such immigrants should be admitted to Canada as are industrious, thrifty and determined to make new homes for their families on Canadian soil to become true Canadians. Careful sifting will have to be done by the immigration authorities, to make sure that we get no others.

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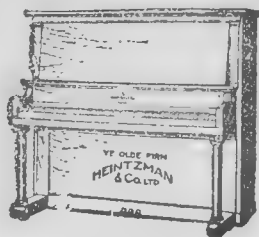
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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

During the past month the Canadian Women's Press Club has held a convention in Montreal, the first since 1913.

C.W.P.C.

This body which includes not only women writers in all departments of daily and weekly newspapers but writers in magazines, authors of books, artistic in black and white and women owning and editing their own newspapers. It is supposed to meet triennially, but owing to the war the meeting of 1916 was postponed and the meeting of 1919 was again postponed because the railways were busy bringing home the troops and their dependents. Seven years is a long time and the seven years that intervened between the meeting of the C.W.P.C. in Edmonton in the glorious June of 1913 and the meeting in Montreal in the golden autumn of 1920 were such eventful years that in many ways they represented a much longer period.

At the triennial meeting in Toronto in 1910 Sir John Willison, addressing the club, stated his belief that in ten years there would cease to be any sex in journalism and that women and men would take up the line of newspaper or magazine work for which they were best adapted without the question of sex being raised.

At the meeting in Montreal it seemed that this prophecy was pretty literally fulfilled for the women gathered there were doing practically every line of newspaper work excepting police court reporting, and though no Canadian woman was known to be doing that end of newspaper work it was intimated that the sisters of the pen in the United States had invaded even that position so long regarded as the sole prerogative of the male reporter.

The war had opened many closed doors and apparently the women had made good to such an extent that even the return of the men from overseas had not been followed by the closing of any of these doors.

The very beginnings of the C.W.P.C. are only 17 years old, yet at that time the 16 newspaper women who were taken by the C.P.R. to the World Exposition at St. Louis, and who formed the nucleus of the club on their return trip, were all employed on social pages or the lighter class of "Womens" pages. (In passing let me say that the woman journalist of to-day who speaks somewhat scornfully of the society page, would do well to bear in mind that the women who first took up this line of work opened the newspaper door to the whole sisterhood of women who have since moved on to other and, admittedly, more important fields.) At Montreal the editorial writer for the big daily sat side by side with the woman who owns and edits her own market paper and the agricultural and livestock editors passed

greetings to the book reviewers and literary critics and the successful scenario writer exchanged views with the editor of Social Service publications.

The report of the historian was one of which no organization of journalists in any country need feel ashamed and it probably did not contain one-third of the activities of the members during the seven years since the last meeting.

The club has been well represented overseas in war work as well as having a record of an enormous amount of war work at home.

The meeting was not all work and no play, the railways vied with one another to give the members a good time after the work had been done. The C.P.R. planned and carried through a delightful trip to the ancient city of Quebec and its surroundings, a trip arranged to give pleasure and convey instruction at the same time.

Some of the members of the club had been born on the western prairies and had never previously seen the east, while to all this chance to see something of the historic spots connected with the very beginnings of Canada was an opportunity for both pleasure and profit.

One of the outstanding features of the occasion was, however, the recognition by the Dominion Government of the importance of this club. In the past civic and provincial governments, more particularly those of Western Canada, have extended hospitality and recognition to the C.W.P.C. but Saturday, October 9, 1920, was the first official recognition of the club by the Dominion Government when for one whole day they were the guests of the Hon. Dr. Tolmie, minister of agriculture, and his staff.

Agriculture being the basic industry of Canada it was possibly most fitting that that section of the Government should be hosts on the occasion, but the western members of the C.W.P.C. felt especially proud of the fact that a western minister was the first member of the government to extend an invitation to the club to visit the capital city.

The day was carefully planned to give the guests a good time and also to show them something of the vast labors for the improvement of agriculture which the Government of Canada is making.

The value of this day at Ottawa was at least twofold, it gave the women journalists a better grasp of things at Ottawa and it gave the officials of the department of Agriculture a better idea of the personnel of the women who "taking pen in hand" can do much, very much to acquaint the readers of their papers with the splendid work that is being done in connection with the experimental farms and other sections of the department of agriculture. The

Nature Responds

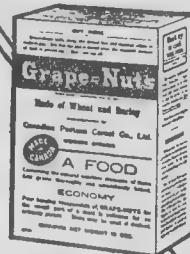
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visit was a very happy idea and well carried out and much good will come of it.

One value of a gathering such as the C.W.P.C. is that it brings together the women of all the provinces for an interchange of ideas, and the more the newspaper women know of the varied problems of the scattered provinces of Canada the more effectively can they work to help mold thought along truly national lines.

Getting Together

The labors of Mayor Gray, of Winnipeg, to bring apples in at a price within the reach of all, and the fact that his labors along this line

Apples have not been confined to Winnipeg but have spread to smaller cities and towns of the province has had the effect of turning public thought much towards this queen among the fruits and recently a friend gave me John Burrough's essay on "The Apple" which I had never previously read.

It comes in the Riverside Literature series and is a gem which I can cordially recommend to any who may not have read it.

Here is a choice bit: "Noble common fruit, best friend of man and most loved by him, thriving best where man thrives best, loving the limestone, the frost, the plow and the pruning knife, you are indeed suggestive of hardy industry and a healthy life in the open air. Temperate, chaste fruit! you mean neither luxury nor sloth, neither satiety nor indolence, neither enervating heats nor the Frigid Zones. I think you come from the north you are so frank and honest, so sturdy and appetizing. You are stocky and homely like the northern races. Your quality is Saxon. Surely the fiery and impetuous south is not akin to you.....I think if I could subsist on you, I should never have an intemperate or ignoble thought, never be feverish or despondent." Is not that enough to make anyone want to read the essay on "The Apple."

At present apple growing is more or less an exotic industry in the Canadian west, but its day is coming, as it came in Minnesota, when an apple orchard will be the common equipment of every Manitoba farm home. It may not be in my day but it is coming and a reading of the essay on "The Apple" may hasten the day. Those who have tried the experiment know that crab-apples, that are not so easily grown in Manitoba, will make more jelly with less sugar than the crabapples of either Ontario, B.C. or Washington territory, apparently the growing of them so far north produces much the same quality as obtains in our northern grown wheat, and it may well be that with the passage of time Manitoba will produce an apple that will have as much fame as her celebrated number one hard wheat.

FLOWERS OF PICARDY

By E. L. Chicanot

Picardy's flowers are blooming,
Hedges are pink-white with May,
Wild blossoms gladden the day,
Here in the land of Youth's doom.

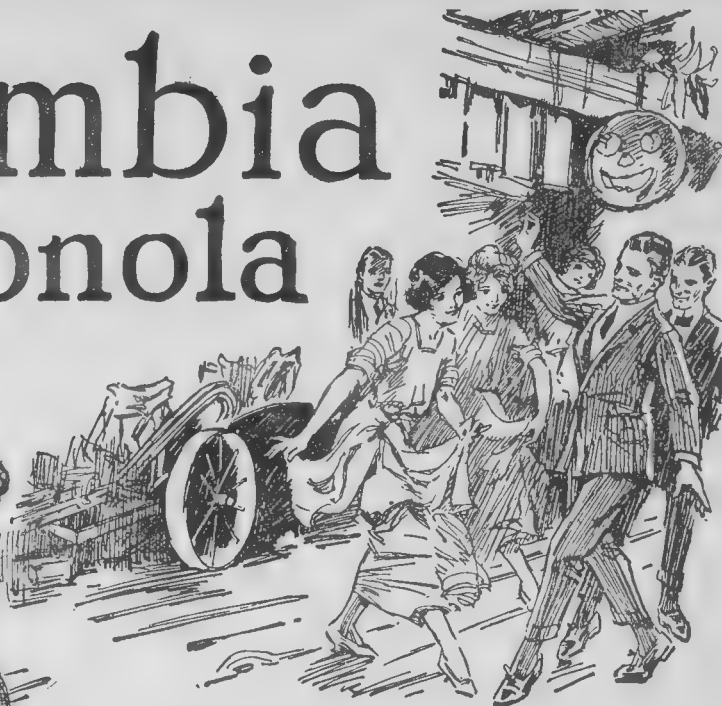
Red poppies wave in the barley,
Cornflowers make patches of blue,
Hyacinth cups gather dew,
By the stream that runs into death's valley.

Violets perfume the wood,
That shelters the merciless guns;
Glow virgin marguerites where runs
A trench where heroes stood.

They bloom on the graves of our dead,
They cover torn Nature's brown scars,
Shoot up between duckboard's worn bars,
And make of each dugout a bed.

O comforting Picardy's flowers,
Shining mid suffering and death,
Perfuming with soft, fragrant breath,
Assuaging the long weary hours.

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The Future of the Commercial Airship

It is now a matter of common knowledge that the formation of a company is under discussion to exploit the airship for commercial purposes. As at the present moment nothing is settled definitely, it will suffice to mention that several firms who contracted to build rigid airships for the naval authorities are combining with one or two steamship companies to experiment with several trial services during the months of summer. To enable these firms to become possessed of airships it is understood that the Air Ministry are prepared to hand over the following rigid airships in commission or building:

R 32, a wooden ship, constructed on the principles of those manufactured by the Schutte Lanz Company in Germany.

R 33, the sister ship to R 34, which made the successful trans-Atlantic flight last July.

R 80, a ship on the same lines as R 33 and R 34, but of somewhat smaller capacity, and which is nearing completion at Messrs. Vickers' works at Barrow-on-Furness.

R 39, the latest production of English design, some 75,000 cubic feet larger than R 33 and R 34, but which is still a long way from completion.

These ships should afford ample material for very extended experiments, and, in view of the success which has already attended R 34 it is anticipated that before the year is over the airship will be recognised as possessing an immense future for aerial transport. It is not the purpose of this article to attempt to disparage the aeroplane. Both the aeroplane and the airship have each their own particular sphere of usefulness, and it will be the height of folly if the advocates of either attempt to belittle their different merits. It is considered that for commercial purposes the future

uses of both types will not conflict.

It appears to be theoretically impossible, unless some totally new design is discovered, to produce an aeroplane on the present methods of construction, which will be capable of undertaking non-stop flights of over 2,000 miles with any commercial load. When this is realised it will be perceived that the crossing of the Atlantic by this form of aircraft is likely to be attended by considerable difficulties.

We know that this crossing can be undertaken by the airship to-morrow, and that the commercial load can be increased by merely extending the size of the airship. With this conceded it appears justifiable to define the fields of activity open to the two types.

The aeroplane undoubtedly possesses the advantage for short journeys, where speed is of paramount importance, and the load to be carried, whether passenger or merchandise, is light.

On the other hand, for long distance voyages, either over the oceans, or broken and unpopulated country, where large loads are to be carried, the airship should be found to be more suitable.

The advantages possessed over the heavier-than-air machine for flights of this nature are due to the following reasons:

In the case of the airship the percentage of disposable lift increases with the size of the ship and the weight to power ratio decreases.

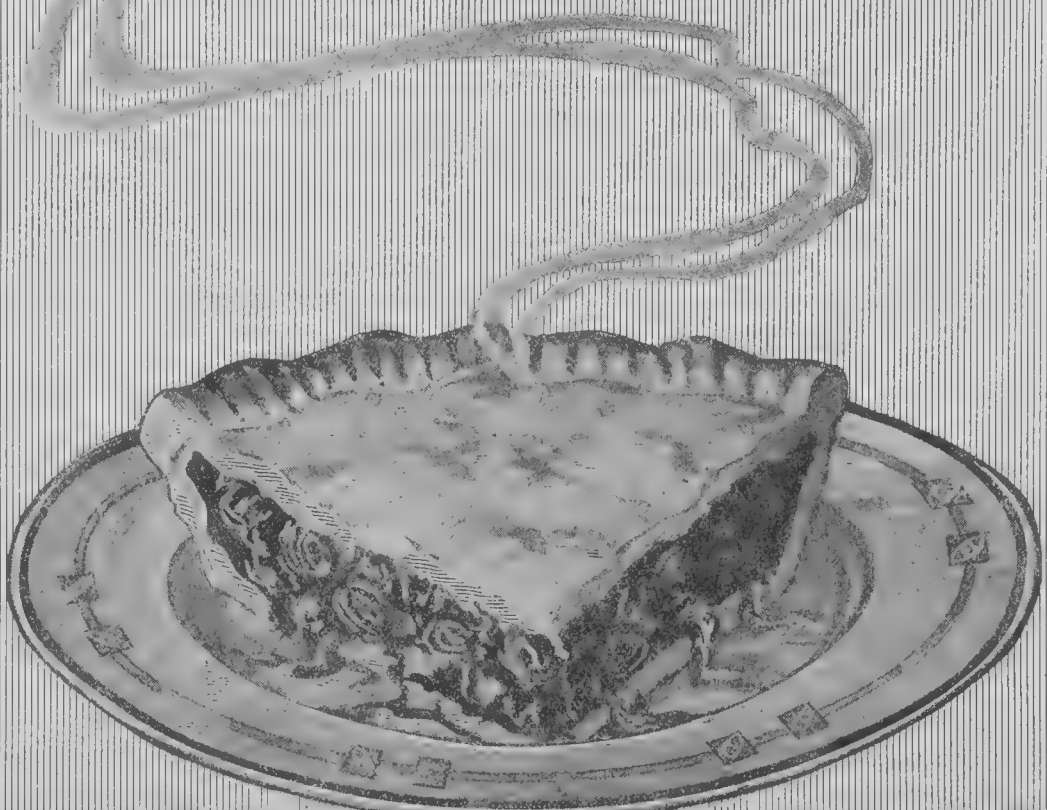
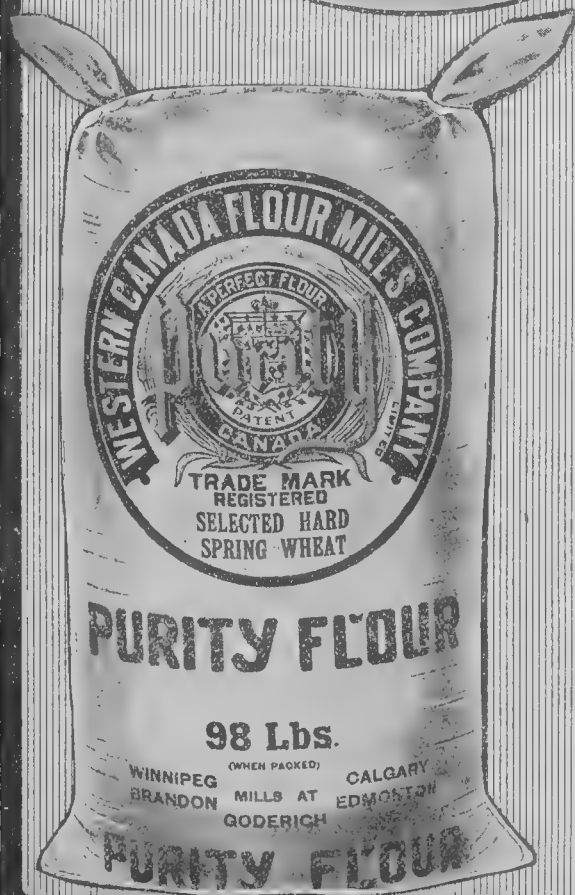
In the aeroplane the percentage of disposable lift increases but slightly with the size and weight to power ratio increases instead of decreasing.

Comfort for long-distance travel must also be considered. In the airship ample means for taking exercise will be found in the keel of the ship, and the passenger's saloon can be provided away from the noise and vibration of the ship's machinery. It is obvious in the restricted space available on the aeroplane certain discomforts must be experienced.

Finally, safety must be mentioned. The aeroplane is entirely dependent upon its engines for remaining in the air. Should any of the engines break down the machine must make a forced landing, and this at sea will be attended with grave risk. In the case of the

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Future of Com. Airship

Contd. from page 34

airship the breaking down of an engine merely reduces the speed and, as 75 per cent. of the full speed can be maintained with half the engines out of action, it will be seen that the possibility of loss owing to engine failure is very remote. In the airship repairs can be effected to the machinery while in the air, and with any of the engines shut off the consumption of fuel is reduced and the radius of action increased.

As a corollary to these points, we may anticipate that to a certain extent in the future the aeroplane will usurp the functions of the express train and short service steamer, while the airship will take over the express service of ocean-going liners.

It has been mentioned above that the percentage of disposable lift increases with the size of the airship. Bearing this in mind, the comparisons given at the end of this article, between the airship of 2,000,000 cubic feet (of which R 34 is an example) and the 10,000,000 cubic feet airship of the future are highly interesting. The figures for the latter ship are, of course, theoretical, but may be accepted as being on the moderate side. It will be seen that, although a 10,000,000 cubic feet airship has five times the gross lift and over five times the disposable lift of the present day ship, the dimensions of the large ship are only 1.7 times greater.

It is admitted that some time must elapse before we shall attain to ships of these dimensions. On the other hand, Messrs. Vickers are prepared to construct immediately an airship of $3\frac{1}{2}$ million cubic feet capacity, which will have a gross lift of 105 tons and a disposable lift of 68 tons. The estimated speed at full power is 75 miles per hour, and the endurance, carrying 15 tons of passengers and freight, 80 hours or 4,800 miles. This ship is designed to be fitted with a comfortable saloon on the top of the hull structure with proper sleeping quarters, a kitchen to supply hot meals, and every convenience possible.

With an airship of this power and capacity it seems reasonable to assume that the following services could be maintained:—

London to New York, via Portugal and the Azores, 3,600 miles; time taken, 60 hours.

This route affords better weather conditions for the outward bound airship.

New York to London direct, 3,000 miles; time taken, 50 hours.

London to India and Australia:—

London to Cairo, 2,050 miles; time, 34 hours.

Cairo to Colombo, 3,400 miles; time, 57 hours.

Colombo to Perth, 3,150 miles; time, 53 hours.

Allowing 12 hours for refuelling at Cairo and Colombo, Australia could be reached in 168 hours, or exactly 7 days.

Further services suggested are from London via Lisbon and Sierra Leone to Rio and Buenos Aires, and Cairo to Cape Town via Nairobi.

With the airship developed on these lines the uses to which it could be put are manifestly of great importance. The range, practically speaking, is unlimited, and in future ships the weight-carrying capacity will be large. Urgent mails and passengers requiring rapid transit could reach this country in half the time taken by the fastest steamship routes, and any city in the world could be reached in less than a fortnight from London.

One great objection to the employment of the airship has been the number of men required to land and handle it in rough weather. This problem has now been practically solved by the use of the mooring mast. In the future this mast will be transformed into a tower by which passengers and goods can be transferred to the ground by means of a lift contained within it. The airship will ride head to wind, secured by the extreme bow point to

mast or tower, and will only enter a shed for periodical refit.

Finally, with the necessary organization completed, as a result of this year's experimental work, there seems to be ground for thinking that a regular airship service can be maintained between the countries as outlined above. The Germans are, beyond all doubt, alive to the possibilities of this type of airship. England became, at the conclusion of the war, the leading power in airship construction, and it will be a thousand pities if she lets other countries reap the fruits of her labors.

(Continued on page 50)

The Secret of Saddle Gap

By Edith G. Bayne

Contd. from page 25

thing was about as clear as—mud until I met White Eagle, but I was determined to get to the bottom of the mystery. When the old chap tried to place Nugget Bay forty-three miles north of here, when it's really just over yonder, I became more eager than ever. "Yes, it's called Eagle Inlet now," said Gail. "My, won't dad get the surprise of his life? Poor old dad!"

Up on the bluff it was clear and dry but across the wide valley the sun shone through a sparkling, slanting, gusty down-pour of silver rain. Occasionally forked

lightning out yellow gashes in the far away blue. In the rain—cleansed distance the Rockies stood out clear, their peaks rosy.

"Next week," said Bestwood, "we begin work on the bridge."

"You always get what you want, don't you?" smiled the girl.

"There's something else I want," he said significantly.

She looked up—and quickly down.

"If even Old Comox failed in resisting you," she murmured demurely, "what chance have I?"

"Not a chance in the world," he agreed, happily.

And the victor took the first instalment of his spoils.

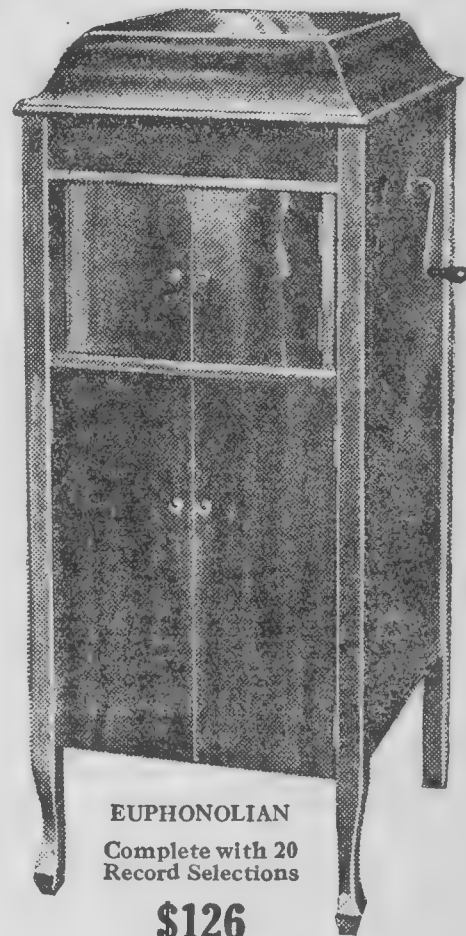
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BED-TIME STORY

The Baby Robin

Once upon a time away up in a big tree there was a little round, brown nest. And who do you suppose lived in it? Yes, a mother bird, and father bird, and three little baby birds. The mother and father took such good care of their babies, keeping them warm and feeding them and teaching them to hop and to fly.

One day mother bird said to father bird:

"Now, our birdies can hop, and can fly from branch to branch. Let's take them for a long fly over the field to that cherry-tree, so they can have some nice cherries to eat."

"All right," said father bird. "Peep, peep, come on, children! Spread your wings, and come flying with us over to the cherry-tree."

So they hopped out of the nest, on to the limb, then to the next limb, until finally they were out to the edge of the tree.

"Now spread your wings and fly, fly!" said the mother bird. And two of them did fly right off after father, but the other said that he couldn't.

"Peep, peep, come on," called mother, and she flew back and round and round. But little Robin said that he couldn't, that his wings wouldn't work that morning. He was whining and crying, and mother knew that he could fly if he wanted to, but that he just wouldn't try. Mothers always know these things. Father bird and the others were calling, so mother said to Robin:

"Well, come back to the nest, and sit there. Don't try to hop or fly around, because you might fall to the ground. Peep, peep, good-bye." And off she flew to catch the others.

When Robin saw her leaving him, he called out that he would go now, but mother was flying too fast to hear him. Soon he began to think that he was tired of sitting still, and that he believed he would just hop out there on that branch. Mother had never taken them out there. He did not stop to think that maybe mother knew that something would happen to her babies out there. But away he hopped, hop, hippity, hop, till he was far away from the nest. He remembered that mother had told him to stay at home. He stopped to sing a little song now and then, and then to watch the ants crawling up the tree-trunk.

Hop, hop, Oh! The twig bent, and down, down went Robin all the way to the ground. Oh, how it did hurt to fall, and he had hurt one of his little wings, so that he could not get back up into the tree! He could hop, but he couldn't hop way up in a tree, could he? Oh! how scared he was, and how ugly it was down here where there were no leaves. My! he did wish that he had stayed in the nest!

Suddenly he heard a little noise, and he looked around right into the two big green eyes of a kitty. Oh! that was the thing that mother said ate little birdies.

"Mother! peep, peep! come, come!" he called, as he hopped so fast to get away from kitty. But kitty came too. His eyes were so big, and shining. He was going to jump!

But just as he did, there flew down on his head something—it was the mother bird. She had heard her baby calling. She scratched and pecked and clawed that kitty till he ran and ran, but mother would not get off his head till he was far, far, away from her baby.

When she got back father bird had helped Robin back into the nest. And, oh! how glad he was to be back!

Clerical Wit

In a small town in Virginia the Episcopal church has a high, pointed roof that sweeps far above the brick walls beneath it. The Presbyterian meeting-house, on the contrary, is large, square, and devoid of any kind of ornamentation.

In an exchange of pleasantries one day the Presbyterian clergyman remarked to his Episcopal brother, "You Episcopalians generally name your churches after saints. Why don't you re-christen yours Saint Rufus?"

"I will if you will call yours Saint Barnabas," was the rector's immediate response.



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The Most Beautiful Women

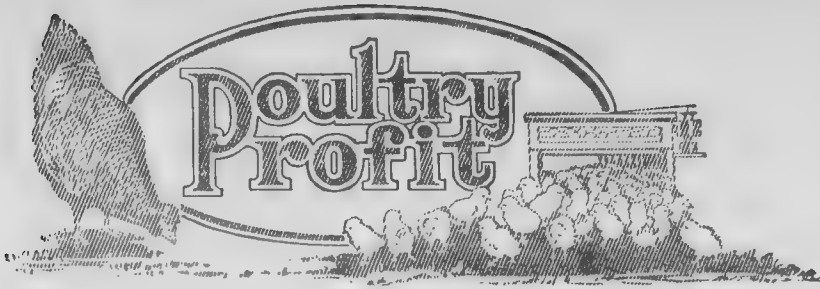
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"Note Book Jottings on Poultry and Things"

By Helen E. Vialoux

What more delightful experience can befall a real westerner than a jaunt through old Ontario and Quebec when the blush is on the apples hanging thick in miles of orchard, and the glorious sugar maples are ablaze with wonderful autumn tints.

This lovely trip was arranged by that kind magician, Col. George Ham, and the courtesy of other officials of The Canadian Pacific Railway giving the members of the Canadian Women's Press Club, from coast to coast, a splendid chance to see Eastern Canada at her very best in early October when the weather was perfect. A real western brand, in fact. 'Tis a far cry from western wheat fields to forests of fir and spruce begemmed with stretches of lovely lake and lagoon, which mirror great cliffs of rock in their crystal depths.

The huge masses of rock glisten and gleam in the clear sunshine, a kaleidoscope of color with vivid blotches of crimson here and there where a creeping plant has found enough earth to root itself in crack and cranny. A lovely green in sheltered spots and a splash of blood when nipped by jack frost in passing. Lumber and railroad ties piled up, some wooden shacks and hill-side dugouts are the only signs of habitation in these wonderful wilds where fish and game abound.

Now we are in the east, with its fine farm homes and pastoral scenes of Ontario, truly a land of peace and plenty. Many of the old snake fences are still in evidence zig-zagging across the pastures and harboring weeds. Whole fields of huge stumps are passed; enough fuel here to keep the home fires burning for many a day. Alas! these freight rates! Again we pass through the land of "The Habitant". Quaint whitewashed cottages with over-hanging roofs, and such gardens, everywhere—the French Canadian still grows his own tobacco and truly lives "the simple life" devoted to his soil and the church of his fathers. Labor troubles and social unrest do not loom upon his horizon. The sons succeed the father in tilling the long narrow strips of farmsteads from one generation to another. But the province of Quebec

was a delight, spinning over the miles of fine roads through a lovely country, passing Lachine Rapids and the canal, many handsome club houses and spacious homes. Real estate firms are busy advertising suburban home sites at several points and a novel place was noted en route to the college. Small home gardens were cultivated, vegetables and flowers were grown by the agent in a subdivision. When these gardens are in the pink of condition the sites are advertised, each purchaser selecting the plan of his house which is then built by the company and paid for on the instalment plan. Imposing stone pillars mark "the approach" to the subdivision. After a moment's greeting with the Dean, Doctor Harrison, I was shown over some of the poultry houses, where some splendid fowl were scratching about. Mr. Love, the assistant in the large poultry plant where 1,000 hens of different breeds are kept, is very partial to the Rhode Island Red fowl. Some grand birds were in this section of the house. Twenty hens are kept in an average laying pen, though some pens had 40 pullets in them. The young stock was being gathered in from the range where they spent the summer in 8x12 colony houses of simple construction. Flocks were being culled and separated. A shipment of ninety pure bred Barred cockerels had been sent to country points in Quebec for distribution among the farmers. The same system of culling is in use here as that practiced at The Manitoba Agricultural College in selecting winter layers. Trap nesting is, of course, used very largely and the hen that will lay for the greatest number of consecutive days is the coming bird. "A long distance layer" she is called. Numbers of hens have a record of over 200 eggs per annum. The best layer at the college was a Barred Rock this year. She had 228 eggs to her credit by the first week in October and her eggs weighed 63 to 67 grammes on an average. Over 5,000 chicks were hatched this season, but 1920 has been a poor hatching season throughout Canada. MacDonald College sent out about 10,000 hatching eggs to the school children of Quebec, furnishing each pupil one dozen pure bred eggs gratis. School fairs are



MacDonald College, Main Building, St. Anne's, Bellevue, Que.

is coming to an new era in her existence. Her wonderful riches in minerals and her iron mines are to be developed in the near future and the old order will change to a buzz of activity in factory and mine. Not half so interesting, of course, but a wonderful province and a power in the Dominion of Canada. The motor drive to St. Anne's to spend an hour at far famed MacDonald College

being encouraged but the Boys' and Girls' Club Movement is only in its infancy in Quebec.

The continuous style of poultry-house is being tried out with great success, and a cheap, dry house of simple construction is advocated at the college and at the experimental farm. The poultry section is comprised of 19 acres of good (Continued on page 43)

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If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 5c. word. Minimum 75c. Cash with order.

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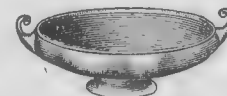
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W.H.M. Nov.

Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

STORIES OF PIONEER WOMEN

There is no more helpful influence or inspirational guidance for our girls and young women than the knowledge of biography of successful women. During the past twelve years that I have conducted this page I have collected many books on the biography of women, for the purpose of gleaming all possible practical help for our readers. But there is an important book I cannot buy. We all want it and I wonder if the readers of this page would write it—Stories of Pioneer Women in Canada? Would it not be inspiring if we could publish one every month on this page? We can if our readers will respond. I am sure nearly every young woman knows a splendid old lady who has been one of Canada's pioneers. Her experiences would be rich in valuable instruction for every one of us. Our young women should know how these nation building women have paved the way for our opportunity of to-day. Their stories would teach us lessons in good citizenship. Marian Harland—a woman past ninety years old is writing a series of articles for young women. We will award a prize of ten dollars

for the best story of a Pioneer Woman—providing twenty stories reach us before the fifteenth of December. Any young girl or woman can write whether she be sixteen or sixty. There is no age limit.

Our much loved Canadian author—Nellie L. McClung has the following preface in one of her books:

"To the Pioneer Women of the West, who made life tolerable, and even comfortable for the rest of us; who fed the hungry, advised the erring, nursed the sick, cheered the dying, comforted the sorrowing and performed the last sad rites for the dead.

"The beloved Pioneer Women, old before their time with hard work, privations, and doing without things, yet in whose hearts there was always burning the hope of better things to come.

"The godly Pioneer Women, who kept alive the conscience of the neighborhood and preserved for us the best traditions of the race.

"To these noble Women of the early days, some of whom we see no more, for they have entered into their inheritance, this book is respectfully dedicated by their humble admirer."

One by one these women are passing away from us and with them many wonderful stories that are real Canadian history. Let us collect as many as possible. Among the women in the world's progress they have an important place. For one year may we have a story or more every month?

THE BUSINESS WOMAN

A convention of business and professional women was recently convened in St. Paul—the second yearly gathering together of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women. Elizabeth O. Toombe gives a composite picture of the business and professional woman as she appeared in St. Paul:

"The first impression is one of intense good health. In the place of the fragile body is a radiant creature with good physique, strong clear eyes, splendid vitality. She is filled to the brim with the zest of living and of victory, for the successful business woman has necessarily come off victor in many a fight. She is intelligent and thinks clearly and forcefully. She speaks and acts with authority because she has learned how to handle money, other women and, above all, herself. She serves in the Chamber of Commerce; she is director of many banks and she confers with city officials on subjects relative to her business and pertaining to the city's welfare. She

deals with bankers and brokers and serves on the financial committees of her community. In a word, she is a woman of affairs. And there were five hundred of her at the St. Paul meeting.

These women, organized, have helped the housing conditions for business girls. In some cities they have taken over rooming houses, made them comfortable and are renting them to business girls at prices low enough to meet all expenses, including the interest on the money invested. They are also helping the teachers by interesting the public in educational work. In some places they have made changes in the school system. Then, too, they have welcomed the teachers into affairs that had before been unopened to them, thus making them feel they are an important factor in the business world.

These women are bound to be a vital power in improving conditions in their respective cities, as was demonstrated in their interest in the Home Economics Department of the University of Minnesota where they were shown through the Home Cottage. The Home Economics students must spend ten weeks of their last year's work in actual home-making in this cottage. These business women watched students make out the budget, plan the meals, do the marketing and perform every bit of the housework; from dusting to laundry work. A nursery is an interesting feature of the work for a real baby "adopted" from an institution is cared for by these students. Each girl in turn assumes complete charge of the baby for a stated period.

Did this work appeal to these business women? Well, a New York delegate said she would take the idea home to her state. After all—the average business or professional woman is all woman. Mrs. Elizabeth Sears of New York has organized three-hundred of these clubs for business women. More than fifty professions and many thousand women were represented at this convention.

FOR THE YOUNG BRIDE-TO-BE

In a recent magazine an article about a very successful business man has this quotation: "Cash Street and Mortgage Avenue. My wife was a girl who'd everything a girl wanted to make her comfortable and happy. We began trading the first week we were married. After the rent was paid I gave her six dollars and a quarter a week to cover everything else. She made it stretch. I called the little street we lived on 'Cash Street', because no one would give credit to people who lived on it and I called the big street around the corner 'Mortgage Avenue', because that was what it represented mainly—mortgages. That six dollars and a quarter got raised considerably in time; but, whatever it was, she made it do, and I never heard anything about it. I never heard of servants' troubles or difficulties; that was her part, and she did it just as I did mine. Even when we could live on Mortgage Avenue without a mortgage we decided to stay on Cash Street, and we stayed seventeen years."

GIRLS' ORGANIZATIONS

The air is alive with conventions and social affairs of girls' organizations. Recently, at Government House, The Girl Guides were given a splendid start in Winnipeg and girls everywhere are asking to join. Leaders are being trained at Haverburg and soon hundreds of our Canadian girls will be grouped together for training. It is the sister organization of the Boy Scouts. For eighteen months an organization of Girl Guides has been doing good work in Winnipeg and now we look for fine results from the present well organized committee.

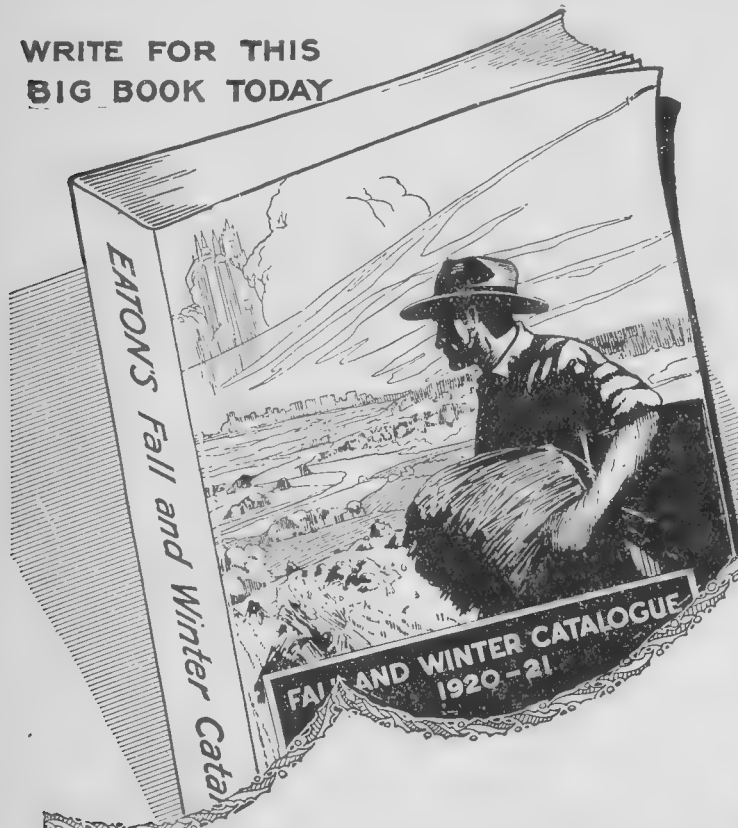
This month several hundred C.G.I.T. (Canadian Girls in Training) met at a conference in Winnipeg. All these organizations should be encouraged. They mean good citizenship.

APPLICATIONS

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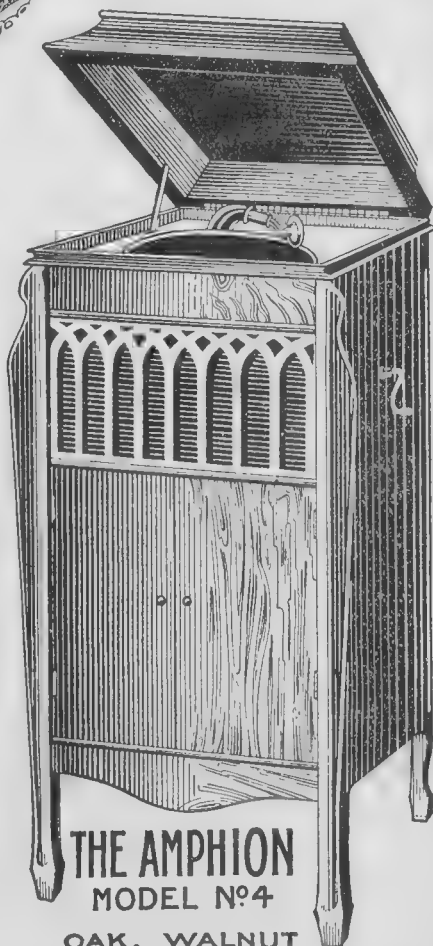


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Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl R. Hamilton

Contd. from page 38

face God gave them, pass along the street subjected to no bold advances from men. On the other hand, the girl painted and rouged and dressed immodestly throws a challenge to men she meets.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth—"

"As thy days—so shall thy strength be—"

"Unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ—"

Why the Bible is full of beauty secrets!

Isaiah said of the inhabitants of Jerusalem: "The show of their countenance doth witness against them."

Many an applicant wonders why she failed to secure a coveted position—it was the show of her countenance that witnessed against her. Artificiality, an uneasy eye, the corners of the mouth drooping in an unsatisfied expression, an indefinite attitude, are not characteristics that impress an employer favorably.

Exercises

"This talk about good work being appreciated and winning in the end is a plain, downright lie!" Caroline cried.

Her face was white and there were sharp lines about her mouth; it was clear that something had happened that she felt very deeply. It made her friend's heart ache to see her.

"Is Mr. Lloyd going to take Miss Burns to the convention again?" Miss Lesley asked.

Caroline nodded. "It is the fifth time he has taken her, and yet everyone knows I am the better stenographer. Mr. Lloyd himself always calls me for any difficult piece of work. Then when plums fall, they always fall in Loretta Burns' lap. I tell you, Constance Lesley, conscientiousness isn't worth much compared with a pretty face and smiles!"

"Isn't it possible that he chooses Miss Burns for something else—something that, added to her good work, even if that work is not quite so good as yours, makes her sum total of usefulness greater?"

"I don't know what it can be, unless you count chatter"

"What kind of chatter?"

"Why, she talks with all the men; asks about their families and children and all that. They like it, of course. That isn't work."

"Isn't it?" Miss Lesley asked thoughtfully. "I wonder!"

"Why, Constance! What in the world do you mean?"

"I mean that anything that makes people happier—happier in right and normal ways—makes for efficiency. Miss Burns's interest in those workmen and their families is a business asset of the firm. It may be a little thing in itself, but it helps to keep the men loyal."

"If that's it, then I might as well give up right now!" Caroline cried bitterly. "That sort of thing isn't in me, and you know it."

Miss Lesley smiled—a warm smile. "No, I don't know it," she answered. "How did you get over that throat trouble, Caroline?"

"I exercised!" Caroline retorted grimly. "Good, hard work it was, too, I can tell you."

"But you won."

Caroline nodded. "That is one thing I can be a little bit proud of," she said.

"You surely can; it was a splendid victory. And now you have a chance for another. Did it ever occur to you that a good many of us need to exercise socially as well as physically, and that social exercises, resolutely persisted in, will as surely bring their reward? Think it over, dear."

"Johnny, don't you know it's wrong for a little boy to fight?"

"Yes'm. But Willie doesn't know it, and I'm proving it to him."—American Boy.



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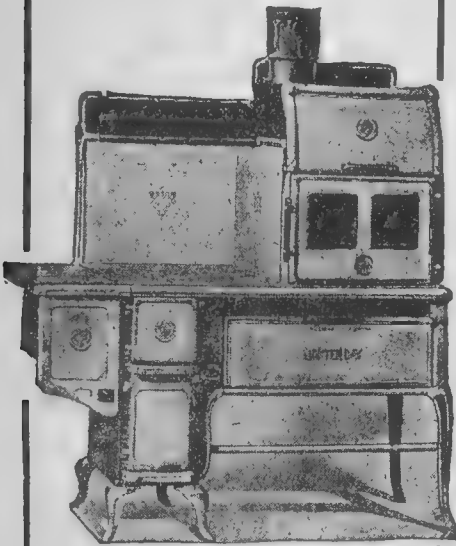
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The Beacon Light of Love

By R. B. Forsyth



AS the morning breeze drifted lazily over the shining levels of the lake, it wafted on its wings fresh moist odors of land and water. It fanned, too, the weather-beaten face of Jake Summers, as he issued from his cottage and shuffled down the flower-bordered walk; his cap thrust rakishly over one ear; his pipe sending forth placid little spirals of smoke as he went.

Overhead the gulls wheeled and screamed and played in mad frolic. Beyond him on the sand, with upturned keel, lay the comrade of his many lake journeyings, the fishing smack "Margaret Ellen," from which the pungent, not unpleasant odor of coal tar with which he had been besmearing the boat the previous day, greeted him. This work he must complete in readiness for the season's fishing, which began the next week.

With painstaking care he began to fill the seams of his fishing smack with coal tar. To him his boat was like an old friend. It merited the best attention and would repay a kindly act twice over. "How like a human critter a boat is," he ruminated, as he filled one gaping chink after another! "Human nater gets all warped and dry jest for lack of a little tendin'—a little lovin'!" he soliloquized.

At length the work was completed. It had been tiresome work, too. His back ached with the unusual strain, his fingers were almost numb; but he stood back proudly to survey his handiwork.

"Fit for the governor," he said, speaking aloud, "and his worship might be honored by the invitation."

"What's a worship, grandad?" It was the childish prattle of little Meg Talover, who placed her hand confidently in his big powerful paw. "What's a worship?" she persisted.

He caught her in his arms. With the freedom of special license she pulled his cap from his head, tufted his long thickly matted grey hair; pulling it down into his eyes and then, with deliberate impertinence, made vicious stabs at his long, plainly-formed nose. Then, satisfied with her handiwork, she looked up the lake toward the town dimly seen from the distance. It was the terminus of the C.P.R.—the daily boat supplying the needed connection with the opposite end of the lake.

"Boat coming, grandad?" but already his trained ear had detected the regular thug, thug, of the gasoline engine and the eye could detect the bilge of streaked gasoline smoke from the exhaust. In the wake of the approaching yacht the long, even roll of lake water fell in regular line, like well disciplined troops marching in perfect time. The next ripple went scudding across the lake to break on the boulder-strewn shore beyond.

Two men were smoking in placid content under the canvas of the outer deck. Their summer clothes and jaunty careless air bespoke leisure and wealth. Jake lifted Marget to the ground and watched the yacht head in to the pier.

"Tell mother we shall have visitors," he whispered, but outwardly he smoked on in seeming indifference.

"We are looking for Jake Summers, 'Fisherman Jake,' I believe they call him," the elder of the two remarked with the easy offhanded manner of much practise in meeting men. "We were told his cottage was near."

Jake shuffled his cap from his head.

"If it's 'Old Jake' you're fer wanting, I'm your man. Maybe you would walk over to the cottage yonder, gentlemen; wife Elspeth has fresh buttermilk, new-churned, that can't be beaten in these parts. Most people find it refreshing after the heat of the sun."

"You are in luck, Jake," the younger man said. "Gad! I wish it were I. Then mine for the Orient. But now it's nothing but legal phrases, the wise saws and modern instances of the immortal Bard of Avon."

The first speaker continued. There was dignity in his bearing and firmness in his tone. Men looked at Franklin Wilson of the legal firm of Wilson, Thomas, Charman and Smith, the second time and they seldom forgot his voice.

"As we wish to see you and your wife alone we shall accept your invitation."

Jake led the way across the sand to the cottage. What possible errand could these lawyers have?

He undid the latch of the clumsy wooden gate which fell back on its creaking hinge as if to make way for its visitors. The snap-dragons lifted their heads gaily in greeting, as they passed up the flower-bordered walk with its row of shining white stones; Jake's own artistic touch. Pansies clustered in gossip groups at their feet, scarlet bleeding-heart lent its daze of color to the scene and musk added a touch of old-time perfume to the garden patch.

Elspeth met them at the door. "Come right in and visit for awhile," she exclaimed.

"The gentlemen will be sittin' for a while, mother, and a glass of buttermilk to refresh them after their journey will go good."

She led the way into the stuffy little parlor beyond. There were home-woven rugs on the floor. Glaringly large portraits, each in its heavy gilt frame frowned from the wall, and the wax flowers and peacock plumes on the mantel gave it a bizarre, but not un-homelike touch. In the corner, placed with exactness, the hair-cloth sofa and home-made feather pillows contributed a touch of comfort, somewhat veiled behind the severe air of the whole room.

"This is Mr. Haley Smith of our firm," the elder man went on. "I am Franklin Wilson of the legal firm of Wilson, Thomas, Charman and Smith, and we have come to interview you on an important matter."

Elspeth sat down. It was a most perturbing occasion, and no warning—not the slightest. Her poor head was sadly addled. Mr. Wilson, however, allowed little time for mental commiseration.

"Do you remember John Arbznutnot?" he asked.

"Aye, Aye," replied Jake, "right well I do. He stayed with us for ten days or so after the launch accident at Willow Point. The rocks there are worse nor usual, you may know and what with the engines not workin' at the right time, and all the high wind, drove them fair on the rocks and the launch was smashed to kindlin' wood while I'm tellin' it. Well, to make a long story short I got him ashore and what with chill and exposure he was put to bed. Elspeth did her best with linseed plasters and hot drinks and he was round in no time, though the doctor said he might easily hev' been much worse exceptin' for good handlin'."

"That's Jake all over—he will have it, it was all due to me," broke in Elspeth, wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, through sheer excitement.

"And you had no word from him since?" queried Wilson.

"Tuts, no." Jake went on, "there wasn't a Christmas passed but he sent us a check for fifty dollars, though why, I don't know, savin' last Christmas none came and every one we have, put by for Meg when she needs school; as we trust she will."

"And none came last Christmas?" Wilson queried. "Take it from me John Arbznutnot never forgot a friend who had done him a good turn. He contracted fever in the holiday season—pleurisy followed, then double pneumonia and he never recovered." He paused.

"He, however, made his will. He was childless, as you perhaps know. His wife died years before and he left his fortune, property and all to two old folk, Jake Summers and wife."

Wonder, amazement and incredulity chased each other across the faces of the old folk. Their faces were a study far too wonderful for description.

"Shall I read the will?" he asked. Then without further introduction he began. It was a wonderful legal document, the phraseology far beyond their simple minds, but gradually the truth dawned upon both; they were the heirs of the Arbznutnot estate.

"In the event of your not accepting the bequest," the lawyer concluded, "the property passes to the Children's Home."

"It is one of the finest residential sites in the city on Laurier Avenue in the Shaughnessy Heights Suburb. Its location speaks for itself."

Then, having fulfilled their mission the lawyers bowed themselves out leaving two very dazed, very perplexed folk behind them, surprise giving place to perplexity, perplexity to consternation in turn, while the sun in sheer wantonness sifted through the windows unmolested upon the pink and green roses on the carpet, unnoticed by the frugal housewife.

This period of inaction, however, was bound to meet its reaction in decisive movement and before long the old folk, after much deliberation, decided that Jake should look into the matter for himself, visit the Arbznutnot home and the final decision would then be made.

CHAPTER II.

Thus it came about that Jake Summers, owner of the fishing smack "Margaret Ellen," having packed his canvas telescope, took the morning ferry for town. Very solemn and formal he felt as he kissed Elspeth good-bye at the landing, forgetting even to smile over Meg's injunction to bring back "something fit for the governor."

There was a queer little catch in his throat as he made his adieux and Elspeth suspected that something resembling a tear stood out in his blue eyes at the parting, but she made no comment.

With Meg, she watched the form of her husband leaning over the rail until the ferry had disappeared around a bend in the river and was lost to sight.

But the city, with its confusion of noises, its endless streets, its smoke and dust, brought only a feeling of dismay to the old man. His first thought was to go back on the next ferry, but with the thought that Elspeth herself should not be denied these things which he affected to despise, he turned his face flint-like to the heart of the city.

Here everything was confusion, busses in interminable line, noisy street cars, monster creations of brick and stone, glared at him from all sides. Everyone was hurrying. There was no opportunity for an idle chat with a neighbor. Passers-by did not even seem to know that he was one of them.

A policeman in buttons proved to be his refuge. "If you don't mind helpin' an old man, I want to get to Laurier Avenue," he exclaimed to the traffic policeman.

The policeman looked interested. "What number did you say?" Jake fumbled carefully through his pockets. At length the card which the lawyers had left was produced. It was 2048 Laurier Avenue.

"This is your car right here," the policeman remarked and Jake, glad to be moving, stumbled on board. He did not hear the policeman's whispered direction: "Put him off at the 20 block. Son's a coachman or chauffeur or something of that kind, I guess."

Past wide-bordered avenues, lined with maples, away from roar and smoke and confusion of the city. This was better, thought Jake. "20 block!" the conductor called. "Shall I help you alight?" Then leading the way with the canvas telescope, he ushered him into the free air outside, depositing the telescope on the curb beside him.

A strange sinking of the heart seized him. All around were immaculately kept lawns, marked here and there by gaudy springs, rhododendron and other flowering shrubs. A fountain played through the mouth of a silly bronze boy beyond. Footpaths led through "verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways" nowhere. And the houses were so large! He had read of Norman castles. They could not have been much larger than these, he thought. There was still the rivalry of feudal barons but it was a war of show, of striving to outdo one's neighbor.

After much stumbling, he found 2048. This was the place. It was, if anything, bigger and worse than the others. Elspeth would surely wear her fingers out trying to keep it in order.

He shuffled up the steps and took courage to pull the door bell.

"Mercy, man, go to the side door!" Marie, the French maid exclaimed. "Or

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house?" he asked. "I'm the new master."

Marie ran down the hall. A door slammed, a series of giggles from the farther side and the housekeeper, staid, self-possessed and penetrating of gaze, stood before him.

"You are Mr. Summers, I suppose. Mr. Wilson telephoned that the new owners would take possession soon."

Vistas of big rooms swam before him. There did not seem to be a friendly face in the building. Even the big grandfather's clock in the hallway seemed to share the hauteur and iciness of the surroundings.

"Shall I show you to your rooms?" the footman interjected. "You will find things comfortable, sir, and I hope to your liking," and with a grand bow, he was gone, leaving Jake alone upstairs.

A little later a servant came into the room to turn on the lights, and Jake blinked at the unaccustomed glare. Through the window the city below looked a great panorama of light.

Swiftly moving motor busses dashed across a bridge to his right, finding their way about like minnows in a stream. He wondered what Elspeth was doing. Would she remember to water the strawberry plants? Wee shrivelled things that were hardly holding the life in themselves. And Meg, rollicking, boisterous Meg, what would he not give for her company at this moment?

The evening wore slowly on. He had been shown his sleeping apartment and his head sought the pillows, but not to sleep. Elspeth had told him not to muss things up; the bed was so fussy in its frills and furbelows, he hardly dared touch it. Ten, eleven, twelve, one, the clock in the hall struck with unflinching regularity. Then two came and went.

"I wonder if Elspeth is lonesome, and Meg just a wearyin' Elspeth," he quavered, with trembling lips. Three! pealed the clock in the hall.

He could stand it no longer. He flung on his clothes as fast as his trembling hands would allow.

"I'm coming right back, Elspeth, fortun, or no fortun," he muttered, as he slid carefully down the stairway. The door swung closed behind him on carefully balanced hinges, as he stepped through the portico, overrun with roses, into the night. He plucked one in passing. It pricked his finger in the picking—just like wealth, he thought.

The street was almost deserted. Fortunately, he remembered the turns in the avenue. He scarcely glanced back at the big, silent house behind him. A little cottage overrun with vines held his thoughts far closer. A wearied, much-spent old Jake climbed the steps of the in-to-town car a few minutes later. His face was pathetically tired, the wrinkles deeper than ever, but the wonderful "homing" look in his eyes was beautiful to see.

CHAPTER III.

The morning ferry was slowly making its way down the lake. It was almost deserted as the traffic of the day had not yet begun.

"Pears to me there's a man passenger, Meg," Elspeth remarked, straining her eyes down the lake.

"They're comin' in here, granny. Is things fit for the gunver?"

Elspeth looked across the water gleaming blue in the morning sun.

"I can't understand it, child, it looks for all the world like Jake, but it can't be. He ain't much more than there." Then, quickly, "but it is—it is—it's Jake himself, come back!"

He struggled quickly ashore and two very foolish old folks, each with the true light of love in eyes and face, fell silently into each other's arms.

"I've been to see it, wife," he choked, when he had begun to regain his breath. "It's worse nor Windsor Castle with so much style and fixins'. It ain't like home."

Home! Such a small mighty word! "I reckon the good Lord meant us to stay. He knows best," Elspeth said,

better go way altogether, we really don't need anything and I'm too busy to interview tramps."

Can't I do as I please in my own house?"

"I'm the new master."

through her tears, as they walked arm in arm, like the lovers they were, back to the cottage.

And again the seagull, wheeling in its flight, paused ever so little to utter its cheery greeting. The fresh sea odors drifted across the sands, ribbed by the play of many waves and the morning-glory, tossed saucily by the wind, with rows of roguishly petalled child faces, smiled its welcome to the prodigal returned.

Educating the Children

Says a keen observer of human nature, I know a Christian woman, so pure, so consistent, that in heaven she will be so near the throne that I cannot catch a glimpse of her, and yet that woman unwittingly by her traditions made void the Commandments of God. One day from the breast of her dead daughter she lifted a little child, a baby boy, fatherless and motherless. And in that hour the commandment of God came to her. "Take this child and nurse him for Me." The child grew. She fed him; she clothed him; she loved him; she sent him to Sunday school and to the day school. What though her hands grew sometimes tired, and her eyes ached at night sewing on his little garments? Was he not her boy? Bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh? Ah! but she forgot that she was seventy years old and he was only seven. She forgot that he, with his youthful restfulness, wanted something beside the primer and the Bible. And when he grew older and brought home his little games, she didn't believe in checkers; she didn't believe in chess; she didn't believe in games. And what was the result? He said to me when I talked to him: "Mr. Dowling, I must have amusement. If I bring these things home they are put in the fire." And when he found he could not have these things at home, he did just what your son is doing, though you may not know it. He went where he could have them. And ere long it was the old story. Sunday school forgotten; church forgotten. And the very woman who would have given her heart's blood for him forgotten. And when she came to me, tottering on her staff, her head bent, and the grey locks falling on her temples, throbbing in sorrow, and said, "What shall I do for my boy?" how I longed to tell her of her mistake; but it was too late.

At a camp-meeting where hats were used as collection-baskets, the preacher said: "Let us sing while the hats are coming in." The pianist, after some fumbling with the pages, turned to him and said: "I can't find it." "Beg pardon," said the preacher, not understanding. "Why," replied the pianist, "I can't find that song, 'While the hats are coming in,' in my book."

Deacon Saved the Situation

At a meeting of ministers, one speaker said of a certain resolution:

"It was, perhaps, unintelligible, like a certain man's prayer of which I have heard.

"This man, praying in the meeting for a brother who lay very ill, cried:

"O Lord, restore unto us our brother, if it does not interfere with Thy perquisites."

"The situation was saved by a deacon who shouted:

"Hallelujah, the Lord knows what he means!"

Tramp.—"Yes, lady, it was awful! I heard the chug-chug of the motor and smelt the petrol. I made a spring, but wasn't quick enough, and the roaring machine passed over me prostrate form."

Housewife.—"And you live to tell the tale?"

Tramp (shuffling away).—"Yes, lady, it was an aeroplane."

Old Lady (pushing her way into the crowd).—"What's the matter, constable?"

Constable—Cat run over by a tram-car."

Old Lady—"How sad! Was the cat on the line?"

Constable (fed up with asinine inquiries).—"No, mum: tram chased it up a tree."

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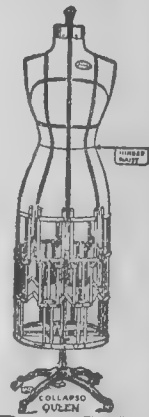
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express or money order for \$10 and we will send the form at once. Then pay the balance in easy monthly instalments until the instalment price of \$31.50 has been paid. (Cash price \$30) Seize this money-saving opportunity at once or send for our booklet of other adjustable dress forms. ADDRESS DEPT. W.

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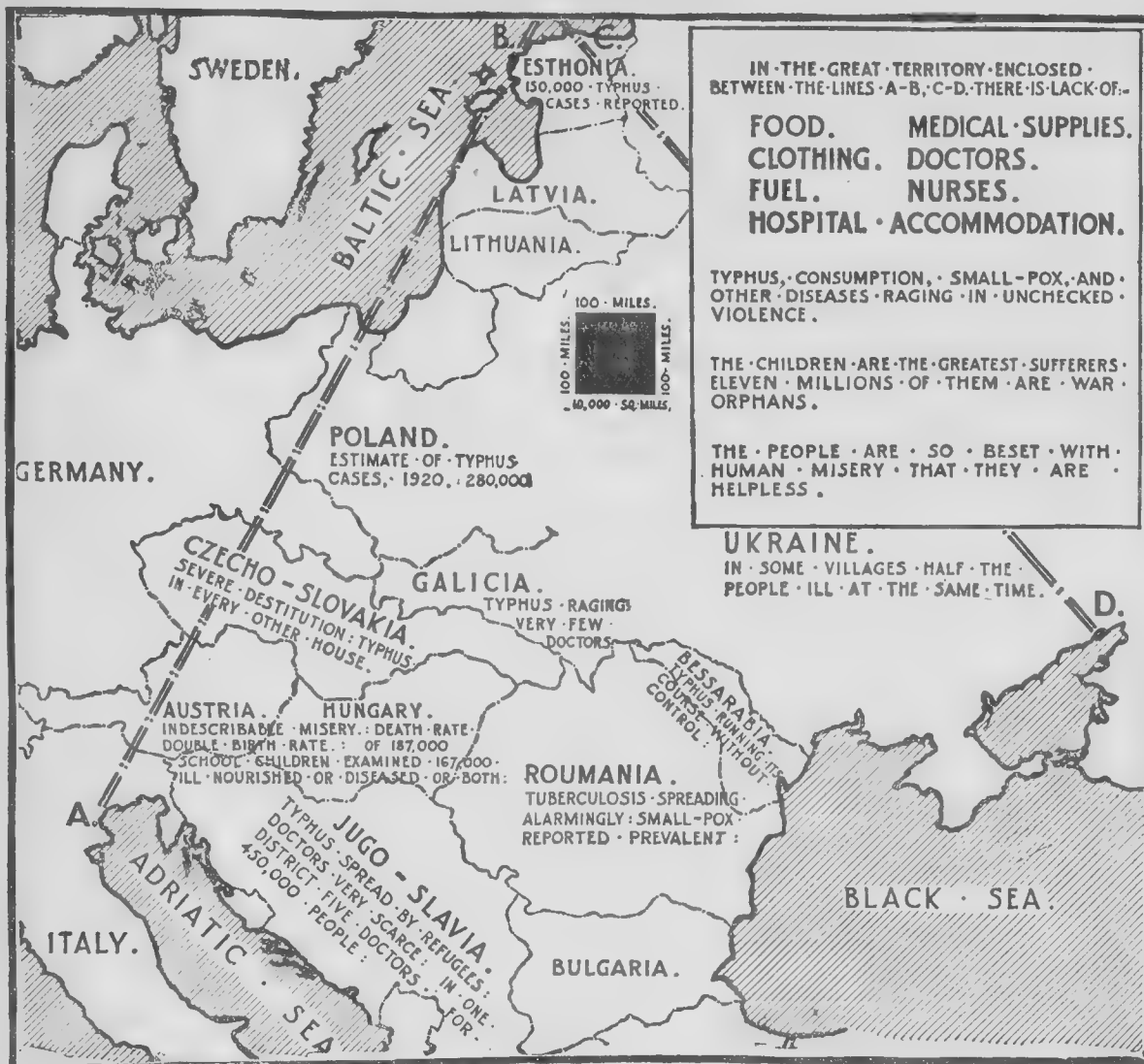
The Canadian Red Cross

APPEAL ON BEHALF OF

THE BRITISH EMPIRE WAR RELIEF FUND

(To Combat Disease and Distress in Europe)

NOVEMBER, 1920



STUDY THIS MAP

Europe's Great Triangle of Suffering

Within the great Mid-European territory outlined millions of children are doomed to starve, or to grow up weak and deformed through lack of proper food, unless the rest of the world comes to their relief.

HERBERT HOOVER, speaking at a CANADIAN RED CROSS meeting, said:

"Our problem over the coming winter appears to be about 3,500,000 to 4,000,000 children.

"These children are the obligation of every man, woman, and child in the Western Hemisphere, for we have suffered less; but beyond this, they are a charge on the heart of the whole world."

Joining in a simultaneous International Appeal made by the LEAGUE OF RED CROSS SOCIETIES, the British Empire appeal of which comes to us through the BRITISH RED CROSS, the CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY to-day issues this appeal to the people of Canada to help

save the lives of children, and the future of humanity. It is hoped that One-half Million Dollars will be Canada's response to this cry from the destitute, the fair proportion of the Prairie Provinces being \$120,000.

THE RED CROSS DIVISIONS OF MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN and ALBERTA appeal to the public of these Provinces, as well as to the army of their immediate members and branches, for a prompt and generous response.

\$10.00 will save a child; \$1.00 will give it "saving" food for a month. Whatever our affairs, our troubles and sacrifices are as nothing compared with the misery of Europe. Out of our bountiful harvest, let us help a little in this humane duty.

Send your subscription personally and direct to the Red Cross Headquarters of your Province. This is the first, last and only advertisement of this appeal. It is your part to make the immediate response impelled by your sympathy and your conscience.

THE CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

MANITOBA DIVISION	- - - - -	317 Portage Avenue	- -	WINNIPEG
SASKATCHEWAN DIVISION	- - - - -	Red Cross Lodge	- -	REGINA
ALBERTA DIVISION	- - - - -	O'Sullivan Block	- -	CALGARY

NOTE TO MANITOBA MEMBERS OF THE RED CROSS.—Your subscription to this fund has already been made through your gifts to the Great War Fund of the Red Cross, arrangements having been made to forward the quota of Manitoba Province by direct grant from the funds in hand of the Manitoba Red Cross. This exception does not apply, however, to Saskatchewan, Alberta, or the other provinces, in all of which the direct appeal to the people is being made. Any citizen of Manitoba, however, who wishes to make a further or individual contribution is urged to do so.

Faith

It is said that one day when Bonaparte was reviewing some troops, the bridle of his horse slipped from his hand, and the horse galloped off. A common soldier ran, and laying hold of the bridle, brought back the horse to the Emperor's hand, when he said to the man:

"Well done, captain."

"Of what regiment, sir?" inquired the soldier.

"Of the guards," answered Napoleon, pleased with his instant belief in his word.

The Emperor rode off; the soldier threw down his musket, and though he had no epaulettes on his shoulders, no sword by his side, nor any other mark of advancement, he ran and joined the staff of commanding officers. They laughed at him, and said:

"What have you to do here?"

"I am captain of the guards," he replied.

They were amazed, but he said: "The Emperor has said so, and therefore I am."

In like manner, through the word of God—"He that believeth hath everlasting life"—is not confirmed by the feelings of the believer; he ought to take the word of God as true, because he said it, and thus honor Him as a God of truth, and rejoice with joy unspeakable.

The Real Value of a Salad

It is a far cry from the simple, original salad of "a green or bitter herb dressed with oil and vinegar" to the complex and elaborate mixtures that are called salads on modern hotel menu cards. The simple fresh green, dressed with oil and vinegar, and accompanying or following the heavy meat course, serves to give zest and edge to the appetite again, and in the system acts as a sedative to the nerves by counteracting the stimulating effect of the meats.

Of themselves, the greens furnish little or nothing in actual nourishment, but the minerals in them are of great value in maintaining the alkalinity of the blood that is so essential to good health; for the body suffers quite as much when it receives food that lacks the necessary minerals as when it receives no food at all. From no other source comes such an abundant and varied supply of iron, lime, potash, magnesium, sulphur, phosphorus, and sodium as from the fresh, tender greens and bitter herbs.

In the dressing made with oil or eggs and butter lies the only real food value of these simple green salads; but the proper function of the salad in the heavy dinner is not that of supplying nourishment, but that of furnishing the all-essential minerals and acids, and of stimulating the appetite through the attractive color and the pleasing fresh flavor. The bitter herbs—cress, endive, dandelion, escarole—so much used abroad, are not so popular in Canada, and because they are not, we are heavy losers.

From the point of view of economy, the "odds-and-ends" salad is to be commended, for it is a satisfactory way of using up the left-overs. It saves reheating; and when the ingredients are well blended with a nicely seasoned dressing, the small amount of meat, fish, or vegetable left from dinner can be served in an appetizing and acceptable way.

Many persons omit meats from their summer diet. The salad, plentifully dressed with oil, supplies them with a good equivalent in food value, and at the same time a better and more easily digested form of fat. The vegetable fats, being in liquid form and free from germ infection, are much to be preferred, because they can be eaten raw, and thus are more easily handled by the body. The heating that is necessary for meat fats, although it makes them palatable and safe to eat, nevertheless develops in them a substance that is irritating to the digestive organs.

Poultry Profit

By Helen E. Vialoux
Contd. from page 37

land and the fowls are out on the range in summer much of the time. New laid eggs were being marketed at 85 cents in Montreal in October. Pullets were commencing to lay and the hens were well over their moult. I noticed that the regulation dry mash was fed and butter milk given as a drink. The drinking water was tinged with permanganate of potash, used as a good tonic for the autumn.

Mr. Love tells me that a good hen with a fine egg record is kept three and four years with profit. Whilst hens are at their best, no doubt, during the first two seasons, a splendid layer should not be killed off. At two years put her in the breeding pen and she will do good work as a mother until she has her fourth birthday.

The main poultry building is 70x40 feet and two storied with a basement. It contains a lecture room, incubator rooms, where a mammoth incubator was installed this past season. Hitherto, a couple of dozen smaller machines were



MacDonald College, Poultry Building

Pekin ducks are kept and Emden and African geese. I must tell of the pet of the poultry plant, a magnificent gray gander named "Sam" the first trained goose in Canada. Sam never hisses or screeches after the fashion of common geese, but walks up to the stranger to be petted, putting his wise old head on one side and making sounds, talking in his own lingo. He walks about with the attendants and can shake hands and has every thing his own way pretty well, so who will say a goose has no sense after seeing and talking to Sam.

used. There are feeding and work-rooms and offices. There the birds are kept in an annex, one to the east and another to the west of the main building for a demonstration of intensive poultry keeping, while in the large yards, the extensive system of keeping is demonstrated. This is far more popular with the poultry experts and most successful. A great many students are in residence at MacDonald and special short courses in poultry are given for a few weeks in January and February. Livestock, farm crops and horticulture may also

(Continued on page 50)



MacDonald College, Women's Residence



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Delicious Laxative for Child's Liver and Bowels

Hurry mother! A teaspoonful of "California" Syrup of Figs today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If your child is constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good "physic-laxa-

tive" is often all that is necessary. Children love the "fruity" taste of genuine "California" Syrup of Figs which has directions for babies and children printed on the bott's. Say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup. Beware!



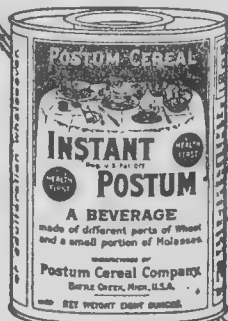
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Make it your "hobby" to keep liver and bowels regular. If bilious, constipated, headachy, unstrung, or if you have a cold, an upset stomach, or bad breath, take Cascarets tonight and wake up feeling clear, rosy and fit. No griping—no inconvenience. Children love Cascarets too. 10, 25, 50 cents.

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LANGUAGE AND GRAMMAR

A few weeks ago, a student of mine submitted a paragraph for correction and suggested, upon my pointing out certain errors, that if she knew more grammar she could produce better work. My reply was that her trouble was not lack of grammar but lack of reverence—lack of respect for the real significance of words.

Many years ago, Spencer wrote that language was made before grammar and should be taught before grammar. In the case of the student, she knew as much grammar as is necessary for the average person, but she had fallen into the habit of "cheap" methods of expression. Such a habit cannot be cured by grammar; it can be cured only by a strict inward searching and a determination to use words carefully and rightly.

The story is told of a learned man who conducted a young lady to the edge of a crater which exhibited most wonderful evidences of volcanic phenomena. Her exclamation was "Isn't it cute!" Such an appreciation of one of the most striking of Nature's wonders is an evidence of a poverty-stricken state of mind which, unfortunately, is typical of far too many people.

One can call to mind, too, certain individuals who have apparently only one descriptive word in their vocabulary. They get up after a "swell" sleep, followed by a "swell" breakfast, a "swell" day, and a "swell" time in the evening.

OCCUPATIONS AND JOKES

Some time back, during a discussion on the status of the teacher, the suggestion was advanced that in many quarters the teacher was not esteemed as highly as he might be and that one evidence of this was the number of times he figured in the joke column in lighter literature.

It is doubtful, however, if the teacher and his work are unduly emphasized in the comic paragraphs. The doctor, the lawyer, the plumber, the soldier and the butcher seem to share joke honors equally with the teacher. Nor are nationalities exempt. There would be some serious gaps in the comic columns were our friends the Hebrew and the Scotchman (not to mention the Irish) excepted from jocular treatment.

THE FARMER

Man builds his castles fair and high
Wherever river runneth by:
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Great arches, monuments, and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers;
Great work is done, be't here or there,
And well man worketh everywhere:
But work or rest, whate'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.—Leland.

THE FOREST FIRES

In the year of grace, 1920, there are many things for which Canada may be justly thankful, but in the matter of the forest fire and, indeed, fires of every kind, we have little of credit to our record. Of our country it seems particularly true that "fire is a good servant but a bad master." The problem is one to which the young man might well devote a little attention. It is unnecessary to quote here the staggering losses we have incurred this year from fire-material losses and, infinitely more tragic, loss of life. Any fire, anywhere, is not confined in its influence to a particular locality; it affects the nation. Had we ten commandments for the prevention of fire we might do worse than name prudence for the first.

A PHILOSOPHER

"Those who speak know nothing;
Those who know are silent."
These words, as I am told,
Were spoken by Lao-tzu.
If we are to believe that Lao-tzu
Was himself one who knew,
How comes it that he wrote a book
Of five thousand words?
—Chinese of the eighth century.

A NEW HOME

After living for ten years in a cottage, I have taken advantage of a state's generosity, and builded a new house; a little larger, a little warmer, I hope, and with a regard more for simplicity than for luxury. Altogether, it has been rather a wonderful experience, and as the house has taken shape and our plans and castles in the air have materialized, the little vexations consequent upon promises unfulfilled, have been forgotten. The school holiday provided me with many opportunities for watching the progress of the work, though I was careful to

The Young Man
and His Problem

By H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.,
St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg

inform the workmen that I was watching not for faults but for the purpose of seeing how the thing was done.

To me, perhaps the most interesting part was the work of the masons in the construction of the basement. The apparent ease with which they fitted awkwardly-shaped stones into place, building straight to the string, furnished a striking demonstration of good workmanship in action.

In conversation with the different mechanics as the work proceeded, I was surprised at the number who expressed the opinion that "if they had their time over again, they wouldn't take up this line of work." Perhaps this is the common human feeling to think that far-off fields look green and that almost any occupation but our own would be more attractive.

If the quality of this page is more below par than usual, I hope these paragraphs will furnish the reason, for the page is being written in the middle of a moving "festival" and I have just rescued my typewriting machine from under a mattress.

GOD GIVE US MEN

God give us men! the time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and willing hands—
Men whom the lust of office cannot kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his traitorous flatteries without winking.
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking.
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps!
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps!
—Rolland.

THREE THOUGHTS

I love no peace which is not fellowship,
And which includes not mercy.—Mrs. Browning.
Not what has happened to myself to-day,
But what has happened to others through me—
That should be my thought.—F. D. Blake.
If a man does not know to what port he is steering,
no wind is favorable to him.—Seneca.

THE MARKET

Commercially speaking, the world is a great market, and it is upon the market that the manufacturer depends for the disposal and distribution of his products.

It is interesting to note the way in which the economist classifies the four industrial agencies upon which the organization and practice of the modern market depends, namely,

- A monetary system,
- A banking system,
- Transportation, and
- The organization of intelligence.

In these days, this last factor is very often overlooked by unthinking people. Modern conditions are such that the system of intelligence is very finely organized indeed, and to the extent that ill-considered plans are forced upon a community, so does the whole system of marketing suffer.

GAINING DOMINION

All thought of ill;—all evil deeds,
That have their roots in thoughts of ill;—
Whatever hinders or impedes
The action of a nobler will;—
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.—Longfellow.

RAPIDITY VERSUS EFFICIENCY

A prominent commercial school president once said, as related by J. S. Knox, that no prospective student had ever come to his school and asked him what kind of a faculty he had, or what kind of an education his school could give. He said the prospective student asks just two questions. The first is: "How much will it cost, or rather how little will it cost?" and the other is "How soon can I finish?"

GOVERNMENT

There are two theories respecting the place government should occupy in the business world. According to the one, government should assume complete control over all co-operative activities; according to the other, government and industry should be kept entirely apart.

The former relies on the political principle of control; the latter on the free play of commercial forces. The former is called industrial socialism; the latter may be called industrial individualism.

As a matter of fact writes H. C. Adams neither of these two theories has ever been adopted to the exclusion of the other. Every society of which we know has made use of both principles of control, and this will be true to the end of time.

Modern governments have thought it wise to enact certain laws in order to secure the highest welfare of citizens. These laws are of four fairly well-defined classes as follows:

- Factory legislation,
- Enforcement of competition,
- Exclusion of competition, and
- Supervision of competition.

One who understands these phrases, and appreciates the legislative policies for which each phrase stands, has a fairly satisfactory grasp of the kind of problems that present themselves to those who frame and administer our industrial laws.

BEAUTIFUL WORDS

A prize was once offered to pupils of the Public Speaking Club of America, a New York institution, for a list of the twenty-five most beautiful words in the English language. Words were judged according to their beauty of sound and beauty of meaning. Sixty-five persons submitted lists. The prize was won by James Shea, a lawyer of the city.

Mr. Shea's list contained twenty-one accepted words. The judges objected to the word "grace" because of the harshness of the "g" and the "j" in "justice" disqualified the word. "Truth" was turned down because of its metallic sound. The following is a list of Mr. Shea's accepted words:

Melody, Nobility, Splendor, Sympathy, Adoration, Heaven, Virtue, Eloquence, Love, Divine, Innocence, Hope, Modesty, Harmony, Faith, Happiness, Joy, Purity, Honor, Liberty, Radiance.

BATTLE-SONG OF FAILURE

We train toward Heaven and lay hold on Hell;
With starward eyes we stumble in hard ways,
And to the moments when we see life well
Succeeds the blindness of bewildered days,—
But what of that? Into the sullen flesh
Our souls drive home the spur with splendid sting.
Bleeding and soiled, we gird ourselves afresh.
Forth and make firm a highway for the King.
—Burr.

PROTECTION

It is not to be expected that all men at all times should feel that they receive justice at the hands of the business world. Strikes on the part of laborers; lockouts on the part of employers; the outcry against high prices and monopolies; the charge of tyrannical use of power on the part of managers who are entrusted with large funds of capital; these and other complaints that are common, show the leaven of unrest to be working in our business world. There is nothing improper in this unrest. Indeed, among free people, it is the forerunner of those changes that mark the path of social and industrial reform. It is essential, however, that the peace of society should not be disturbed, or the entire industrial structure will tumble; and it is the peculiar task of government to protect the existing order against violence that sometimes goes along with the expression of even just complaints.
—Adams.

NATURAL ACTIVITY

Activity, says Warren, is the normal state of mind. It is as natural for thought to be active as it is for the earth to move on its axis. When you see a man who thinks and acts as if he were impelled by some unusual force, don't consider him abnormal. He is only normal. It is the less active persons who are abnormal. It would be more wonderful for the world to stop revolving than for it to keep on.

How can a man become more active, more productive of intelligent work? By thinking. First, let him clear away obstructions to his activity, so that he can act normally. Convince yourself that activity is the right thing, and that inactivity is stagnation.

Everything worth having is within the reach of the man who works actively towards his ideals. Think more of the result to be attained than of your present comfort. Become absorbed in your work, enjoy the mental growth which comes from wholesome activity.

A Mock Marriage

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Marcus S. England

JOY WETHERED stood gazing thoughtfully out of the window, far away through the trees to where stood a tall colossal mass, the closed mansion of her nearest neighbor. Consciously she saw nothing. Her thoughts racing pell-mell through her tired mind directly and indirectly were with the man lying on the bed in the shadow behind her.

For days she had been racking her brain for something she might say to ease his mind and make his few remaining days happy. She knew well, that if he knew she would be provided for, his passing would be comparatively easy and a relief.

It was a cold evening towards the end of October. The sun, a crimson ball, had glided down to the West, leaving a leaden greyness. With a shiver and her mind fully made up, Joy turned to the bed and bent over the suffering man.

"Won't you try and sleep, Daddy?" she asked tenderly. "It would make me so happy if you would."

"How can I sleep, child, when in a few days at most I must leave you alone and penniless?"

"Is that all that's troubling you, dear?" asked Joy, with a forced lightness. "I shall be all right, ever so all right. I am going to marry—Roger Fairfax. We—"

"Marry Sir Roger!" demanded her father, incredulously, trying in his excitement to raise himself. "My dear child, but you have never spoken of this!"

Impelled to lie for his sake, Joy meant to carry it through to the bitter end. It was characteristic of her to do things well, and this she meant to be her best. She had needed time to determine the lie and to furnish and make it vivid for presentation. Moreover she felt how urgent it was that Bridget, her old faithful servant, should have rest, and this state of things had been going on so long, and gradually getting worse as the end drew nearer. This lie would serve them well; already she saw its good effect.

"It was before he went away he asked me to marry him, Daddy," she faltered, "but we arranged not to speak of it till his return. So you see, dear, I shall be ever so rich and happy, and can keep Bridget with me always. Now, you'll go to sleep, won't you?" she asked, forcing a brightness she was far from feeling as she arranged his pillow and smoothed the bed-clothes.

A dozen questions trembled on her father's lips, but the reaction was too great for his weary mind and he fell back on his pillow regarding her with wonder. One thought obliterating all others, that this child he had wilfully neglected and ruined was to marry the man who held the mortgage of every stick and stone they possessed.

Of all things he could have wished for, no greater privilege could have been accorded him than to leave her in possession of the grand old home he had squandered and scattered to the winds.

Bending over him, Joy saw the tired dim eyes close, and waited till she heard the regular breathing which denotes sleep. Then, and only then, did she leave him.

"And you mean to say you told him that?" asked Bridget, aghast.

"Yes, Bridget, I told him that, and could you have seen the look of pleasure on his poor tired face, you, like me, would have felt well compensated," answered Joy wearily. "I have tried so long to find something to ease his mind, so that he might die happy; and that seemed just the right thing for he is sleeping now as peacefully as a child."

"Well, well, dearie, all I can say is, if his mind is at rest at last the saints be praised. After all, who is to know anything about it. Sir Roger abroad, master's dying, and wild horses wouldn't make me say anything. But whatever made you think of it?"

"Now, come, dearie," begged Bridget, without waiting for an answer, as she noticed Joy covered her face with her hands, and knew she was overwrought. "Have this hot soup and get to bed while you have the chance."

Joy needed no second bidding, and after a strenuous effort to comply with the request of faithful old Bridget, in spite of the obstruction in her throat which seemed ready to choke her, she murmured a good-night, and sought her own room.

"Poor tired lamb," muttered Bridget, as she watched the slim girlish figure out of sight, "it's a cruel life for a sweet young thing like her."

The moon had passed out of sight behind the tall trees, but the sky was alight with stars, which gave all the light Joy needed as she prepared for rest. With a stab of realization she went over the events of the last few hours.

"Whatever made you think of that?" Bridget had asked, and her face crimsoned at the thought. How could she confess to Bridget or even to herself that Sir Roger was her dream hero and had been ever since the first time she had seen him riding through the village. True, it was he had never noticed her, but then she would have been surprised had he, for she was always so poor looking and shabby.

"What if ever he found out the lie she had told?" she reflected, with a start. But how could he, she asked herself abruptly, and strove to dismiss the whole thing from her mind, but persistently it would return, till worn out she fell asleep and dreamed of a life in which Sir Roger was her constant companion and love reigned over all.

A few days later, returning from a walk, she lingered in the later afternoon sunshine and regarded the stately old home she was so soon to leave.

Wistfully she took in its neglected grandeur, pursuing the vision of happiness which might have been if her father's health had not required that he should spend their all in trying to get strong.

This weed-covered and unkempt lawn was her first instinctive recollection, and she was startled to know how very much it meant to her. "But, after all," she sighed, "daddy is happy," and made her way through the weeds to where she beheld Bridget coming towards her in a state of great agitation.

"Lord a mercy, Miss, who could have guessed this would happen?" cried Bridget. "It's not daddy?" asked Joy, in alarm.

"No, it's not master, he's about the same. It's Sir Roger, he returned from India a day or two ago, and hearing master was ill, came over to see him."

In the pause that ensued, Bridget, regarding her mistress, saw she was trembling and white to the lips.

"What shall I do, Bridget?" she asked, when she was able to speak. "What shall I do?"

"You can't do anything, dearie. To keep out of his way would be best. It's made master happy and he has only a day or two to live and then we'll be away from the place for ever."

"But, Bridget, I cannot let the man scorn us. Father is sure to speak of it, it is the only thing he talks of. I must explain. Surely he will understand," she cried, wringing her hands in distress.

"Very well, miss, just what do you think best," said Bridget, turning and entering the house.

"I must tell him, Bridget, I will."

Some little time later seated by the meagre fire in the dim old hall, Joy heard steps descending the stairs and went to their direction.

"Gad," reflected Sir Roger furiously, "the old scoundrel not satisfied with ruining his own life, but must plot on his death bed to ruin mine by forcing me into marrying a woman I have never set eyes on."

As if out of his thought he heard a voice and a slim girlish figure stood before him. "So this is the daughter," he reflected.

"May I speak to you?" she asked, in a sweet low voice.

"Oh, yes, of course, we are engaged to be married, aren't we?" he answered sarcastically.

Silently Joy stood regarding him interrogatively and shrank back white to the lips as she saw his scornful look; she knew her father had spoken and she was afraid.

"Oh, please," she gasped, incoherently, "let me explain."

"But your father has explained," he replied coldly, without any signs of helping her. Joy trembled, but set herself to counterfeit an air of calm.

"But let me tell you," she breathed. "You will understand better then. I know you will you must."

"Go ahead then," he said abruptly.

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A Mock Marriage

By M. S. England

Contd. from page 45

"It was a lie, I know, a terrible lie, but I told it for his sake. He is all I have in the world and he has suffered so much. So very much that he has told me it will be a relief to die, yet he cannot die. He has been fighting death for me. The thought of leaving me alone and unprovided for has been torture to him. He has spent all our money abroad trying to get health, and finally had to come home to die."

A sarcastic smile spread over Sir Roger's face. Was this girl such a deep schemer that she would try and have him believe that this man, her father, broken in his prime, haggard, tired and prematurely old, with the fire of life quenched through his own base living, dying other than the death his own life merited. For it was incredible she did not know, the whole country side knew what manner of man Guy Wethered had been.

"He wants to die," she continued falteringly. "He is always in pain and the worry about leaving me kept him from sleeping. So I told him you—were—going—to marry—me. I am not really sorry," she went on bravely, "for he has slept for two whole nights. I never thought you would know. It did not seem so terrible when you were not here, and how could I know you would come. You never have done before," she trailed off wearily, the tears beginning to fill her eyes.

Sir Roger, staring down at her, recognized she was very beautiful, even in her distress, and found himself wishing he had met her under different circumstances.

"Pardon me, but what do you expect me to do?" he asked. "I know I have not been here before, but when I heard your father was dying, as his nearest neighbor I could not very well keep away."

"I just want you to pretend, when you are with him, it is true," she whispered hesitatingly. "He has only a day or two at the most, and it has made him so happy."

"Very well, I'll pretend. I certainly was a bit staggered when he spoke of our engagement, but fortunately I did not deny it." Without further word he abruptly left her, and let himself out. It was only when he heard the door shut that he regretted his abruptness and stood trying to conjure an excuse to return, but none came and he had to content himself with the thought that he would call early on the morrow.

The following day he called twice, but did not again see her in spite of the fact that he loitered for some time in the vicinity of her home. Nor did Bridget tell Joy of his visits, thinking to spare her. For in spite of all her efforts she had not been able to chase away the fixed look of drawn sorrow which had pervaded her mistress' features since the interview with Sir Roger. In her faithful old heart she wondered time and again what could have been said to leave that look there. Yet in all her wondering, she would never know of the clouds that had swept over Joy's rainbow, obliterating entirely all the bright colors she had called to aid in its making. Her only rainbow now was one of hope, that she might quickly shake the dust of this place from her feet for ever, but it had no bright colors, it was dull grey.

It was on the third day late in the afternoon that Sir Roger was summoned hastily to her side.

"Father is sinking rapidly," she said, on seeing him, "and wants to see us married before he goes."

Sir Roger was sufficiently surprised to gasp. The tired childish face, the beautiful eyes, which ought to have known happy laughter and no sorrow, peered so tragically into his own out of the gloom.

"You must arrange it," she went on hurriedly. "We can pretend. Get someone to impersonate a minister. Someone from the next village would be best. Father knows nearly everyone here. Fortunately our vicar is away. You must borrow some clothes. I have mother's wedding ring. You must go quickly, get anyone. Go and see father before you go and give your consent. It will not matter if you are too late, for he will die happy."

"Won't you sit down?" asked Joy to gain composure.

"No, I can hear all you have to say standing," he answered, carelessly.

In the dim shadow at the foot of the huge four-poster bed in the grand luxurious though neglected room, the little wedding group stood. To the man lying there, his eyes striving to pierce the dimness, came falteringly: "I, Joy, take thee, Roger Geoffrey, to be my wedded husband, etc," and he sighed contentedly, too near the valley of shadows to realize the burden of sorrow he had imposed on the shoulders of the daughter he loved so well. It was only Bridget, standing a silent witness to the mock ceremony, that in some little way understood what her young mistress was suffering, and fervently thanked God when it came to an end, when she was startled to see Sir Roger bend to kiss Joy with deep veneration, and her heart cried in pity for what a handsome pair they made.

No need now for further acting. The three who had played in the little drama silently went out of the room leaving Joy and her father alone.

"You are quite happy now, dear?" she asked tremulously, kneeling down by the bed, for her legs seemed incapable of supporting her.

"Quite, child," he answered faintly, his hand travelling over hers, seeking the ring he had placed on her mother's finger some twenty-two years earlier.

"Then you will go to sleep, dear," she added wearily, as her head dropped on the pillow beside his and she fell into a deep sleep from which Bridget awakened her some little time later.

A week had passed away, and Joy, a pathetic figure in her cheap mourning, sat at a table drawn up to the fire in the vast dim hall, staring with unseeing eyes into the flames, for she was living over again the mock ceremony, which had taken place in the room above, and felt again the kiss Sir Roger had imprinted on her brow. From that hour she had not seen or heard of him, for which she was thankful. In bitterness she had travelled far from her dream of life and love and knew that never again would see her; yet wistfully she pursued the vision of happiness which might have been.

At the sound of a voice she started to her feet and faced Sir Roger.

"You!" she cried in alarm. "You! How could you come here? To remind me? Have I not suffered enough?"

"I came to help you," he answered gently, noticing how tired and ill she looked. "I could not keep away. You will let me help you?"

"I do not need help," she faltered. "I am going away with Bridget to-morrow."

"You need not go away. You must not. I want you to stay here to accept this place as a gift from me."

"As a gift from you? What power gives you the right to give it to me?" she demanded witheringly.

"I got it from the man your father had mortgaged it to," he lied bravely, yet in part this was true, for had his father not left it to him. He could not tell her this, for Bridget had told him she knew nothing of her father's affairs and believed to the end he was one of life's greatest martyrs, and believing this, must surely hate the one in possession. "I went to London immediately I left you, so that I might procure the place and hand it back to you," he continued.

"I cannot accept it or help of any kind from you of all people. I think you might have spared me this. I have enough to bear. I am going with Bridget to her sister—till I get something to do. She says it is possible we might both get a situation together in the same house." She stopped abruptly, thinking she had said too much, and was losing dignity.

"But what if I won't allow you to take a situation?" asked Roger with a note of triumph.

"Won't allow me? What do you mean, 'Just this,'" he answered slowly. "It would be very undignified of my wife to be in service."

Joy sank back stunned. At the sight of her mistress Roger's throat became uncomfortably dry.

"I suppose I deserve this," she said with tears in her eyes. "But I can bear it. He died happy, thinking I would be too. So your insults cannot hurt," she faltered, as she sank exhausted into the chair and stretching her arms over the table, lowered her head on to them and sobbed bitterly.

"Listen to me, Joy," said Roger, taking a chair and sitting at her side.

She gave a start, as her name fell from his lips for the first time.

"I want you to forgive me, dear. I must have been made. But I will give my life if need be to put you right. When I came here first, and your father spoke of our engagement, I was full of resentment and anger against you. I had never net you, I did not even know what you were like, but when I left you after our first strange interview I was deeply in love with you. I knew then that no other woman would ever hold a place in my life. I sought your presence persistently, but you persistently avoided me. Then when Bridget came for me and you told me your father's dying wish was to see us married, I felt the gods had played into my hands, and I grasped—without thinking of anything but my own great love for you—the opportunity given. It was no bogus parson or mock ceremony. It was in very truth the right thing, performed by the vicar resident here while Barnes is away."

Joy remained silent. She needed time to adjust herself to this new point of view.

"I am sorry, dear," he went on. "But I wanted you more than I have ever wanted anything before. Try to forgive the mean advantage I have taken of you. I was so over anxious to possess you, dear, that perhaps I lost my head. But I will go away. You stay on here with Bridget. Try and think kindly of me," he added, rising and putting his hand gently on her bowed head.

She raised her head and opened her eyes wide, searching his face.

"Forgive me, Joy, dear," he said, looking straight down into her eyes, striving to read there some inkling of her feelings for him, but none did she give. "I am sorry you have taken it so. I was made, but I will get the marriage annulled. Good-bye, dear. Don't think too unkindly of me—remember always, I blundered because of my great love for you, and that I shall always have, for it will never die." With his head erect he left her, opened the door, and was about to pass out, when from the recess in the hall, he heard one word, "Roger!" He banged the door with his foot and went forward, caught her in his arms.

"My darling," he cried. "It isn't true you care for me a little bit?" Bridget hearing the door bang and thinking he had gone, came carrying her mistress a cup of tea, when she caught sight of them and stepped back, a happy smile lighting up her faithful old face. "I knew something would come of it," she ejaculated under her breath, "when I saw him kiss her so nicely after that play wedding."

Riddles

Why did the salt-shaker? Because he saw the spoon-holder.

What is the difference between a lover and his rival? One kisses the miss; the other misses the kiss.

What was Joan of Arc made of? She was Maid of Orleans.

When is a man thinner than a lath? When he's a-shaving.

When is a sheep like ink? When you take it up into the pen.

What is the most difficult to conquer? Hardship.

What tree is of the greatest importance in history? The date.

What is that which occurs twice in a moment, and not once in a thousand years? The letter m.

Why is a watch-dog larger by night than by day? Because he is let out at night, and by day he is taken in.

Born presumably before the world, destined to live almost as long as the world, and yet never five weeks old. The moon.

Taking the Joy Out of Life

Fond Mother—"Don't forget to put your tooth brush in your suit-case, Bobby." Bobby (going to the country for a week). "Oh, I thought this was going to be a pleasure trip!"

Small Coin

"I don't see why that tune haunts me constantly," complained a dull man who was always humming.

"Because you are forever murdering it!" came the quick reply from Foote

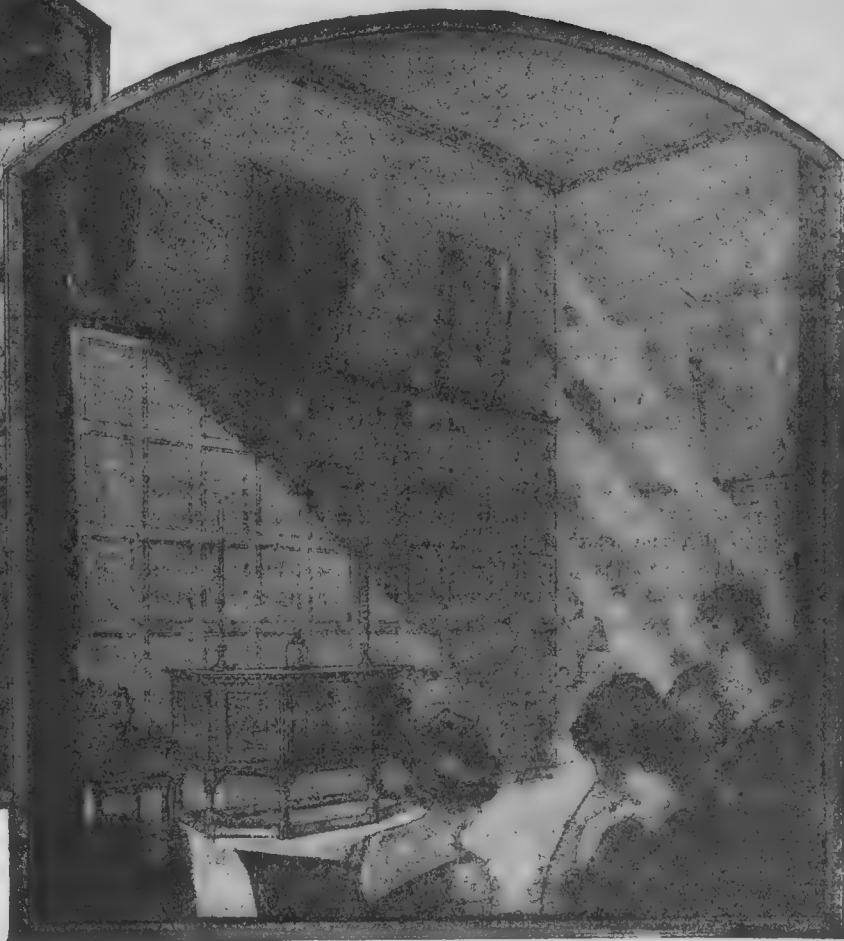
Foolish Question

"Pa," said little Frank, as he turned the pages of his history, "how did the cliff dwellers keep warm in winter time?"

"Why, I guess they used the mountain ranges. Now, don't ask me any more foolish questions."



Furniture making in the days of Queen Elizabeth



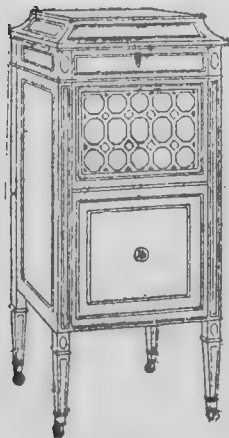
The Elizabethan Cabinet adopted by Mr. Edison

Out of the golden age of furniture

THE search led back across the Atlantic, into the manor-houses of England, the chateaux of France, and the castles of Italy. Here they came to light the true originals of the period-furniture styles. And Mr. Edison's designers adapted seventeen of these masterpieces for the home of to-day.

* * * * *

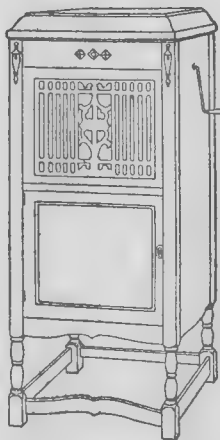
Period furniture is a heritage of the 16th, 17th and 18th Centuries. The Georges reigned in England, and the Louis ruled in France.



Sheraton

Fine living was the ideal of the day. Architects conjured up monumental palaces. Unparalleled designers and craftsmen furnished their interiors. This era of luxury produced Chippendale, Sheraton, and other masters of the English, French and Italian Schools. It brought the cabinet-maker's art to its most exquisite development. It was aptly named "The Golden Age of Furniture."

Two centuries later came a momentous development in music.



Jacobean

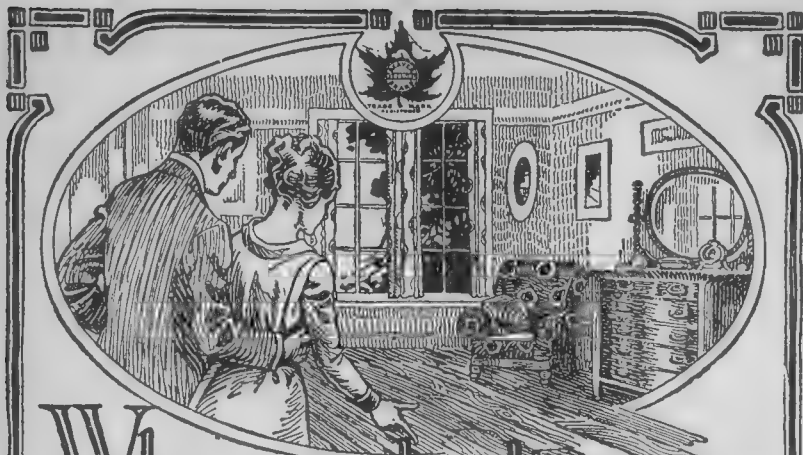
Edison, the thinker, conceived the vision of a world, whose every home would be blessed with great music—through a phonograph of Supreme Realism. Edison, the Inventor, gave three millions of his money and seven years of his time to an exhaustive research—out of which the New Edison was finally evolved. Then commenced these startling tests, given before four million people, by which he proved, through direct comparison, that the New Edison re-creates an Artist's performance exactly as the Artist himself gives it. No one was able to tell the living performance from its re-creation by the New Edison. The family that has an ear for the finer things in music, is the family that has an eye for the finer things in furniture. Mr. Edison decided that Edison Cabinets should be patterned after the most exquisite furniture known. And so his designers have made every Edison Cabinet a period cabinet out of the Golden Age of Furniture.



Chippendale

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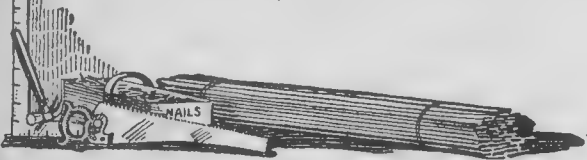


When you look at that old floor

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The Best Method of Storing Vegetables

Written for "The Western Home Monthly" by Helen E. Vialoux

THE out-of-doors root cellar is undoubtedly an ideal method of storing all root vegetables, and a cellar constructed on a side-hill or dug in the first bank of a river, keeps the vegetables perfectly until May or June. However, most people keep their garden produce in the house cellar or basement in the country. A cellar is really better than a basement room that usually has a furnace in it, and the temperature and humidity are difficult to control.

As I keep bees in the basement I needs must have good ventilation. Therefore a window is always open from one inch to six inches as the weather permits. Potatoes and roots keep much better because the bees must have fresh air.

Select a suitable portion of the cellar as far as possible from the furnace. Board it up, using felt paper to cover the rough boards on both sides to exclude the artificial heat from the furnace. A false floor is a wise precaution for a potato-bin. If not available use some clean straw or rough hay as a litter on the cement floor. A sprinkle of air-slaked lime on the floor is advisable if there is dampness. Potatoes are better sorted into bins when first stored and the wise farmer or gardener picks out the most perfect seed potatoes he can get in the fall, storing them by themselves.

This season the potato crop is poor and the tubers are immature in many gardens. Care should be taken to have them clean and dry before they are stored. The best temperature for a root cellar is 35 to 40 degrees F., but most of our basement rooms average 40 to 50 degrees F. The thermometer will show. But the vegetables keep well with a circulation of fresh air. Beets, carrots, parsnips and turnips all dry out too quickly in the basement. The only way to keep them fresh is to pack them in builder's sand in bins or boxes, but the outdoor cellar is much the best for them. Leave some parsnips in the garden until the ground thaws in the spring. They are delicious in April, but should not be allowed to "grow" again in the soil, as they then become poisonous.

Onions keep better in the attic providing they are protected from frost. Keep them in crates or spread out on a floor. Marrows or squash or pumpkins also are better in a dry atmosphere and can be stored until February quite easily. Cabbage may be kept on slatted shelves in a cool basement, or kept by taking off the outer leaves and wrapping in newspaper, then packed in a barrel or box. This method I find the most successful, and cauliflower will keep a couple of months stored the same way.

Cabbage may be pulled by the root and hung up by the said root in a

common cellar on hooks, where it keeps fairly well.

Tomatoes may be kept late in the season by pulling up the vines covered with green tomatoes and hanging them in a cellar. The tomatoes do not rot or wither so quickly as they get some sustenance from the vines for a time, and ripen nicely. Fill a few paper bags with green tomatoes, tie the tops and hang them in a cool cellar. They will be a treat in a few weeks. Fresh and ripe cucumbers will keep a month or so only, in a cool place, but cucumbers, string beans and cabbage may be kept in kegs or crocks, putting in a layer of vegetables and a layer of salt. Cover with a plate and weight. They make their own brine and must be kept under this to prevent them moulding. If too dry in a couple of days make some brine of salt and water and add to the cucumbers. When needed place in fresh water for a day or so.

In some parts of Russia kegs of cucumbers are packed with a very little salt and placed in a running stream, the spot marked. After the freeze-up the ice is chopped out over the keg and the Russian peasants have fresh cucumbers for dinner.

Some rhubarb roots should be dug up before winter sets in. Place them in a handy spot where they will freeze solid. Leave them frozen a couple of weeks, then place the roots in a box or in a cellar corner, cover them with sod, damp moss, or even coal ashes. Soon lovely pink stalks will be thrown out for six or eight weeks from the roots, until they become exhausted. The temperature should be between 50 and 60 degrees F. The darker the corner the better. Needless to say, the rhubarb is most delicate and delicious.

Who does not enjoy fresh parsley and mint in the winter? This may be kept growing by digging up a couple of roots in September from the garden and planting them in a grape basket, using good soil. Place in a sunny window in basement or house and the parsley will grow all winter.

Celery is not very easily kept in a basement owing to the lack of moisture. A good deep box filled with sand in which the celery roots are closely packed gives the best results. If the cellar room is very dry, a watering-can will sprinkle the plants and keep them moist and fresh.

No vegetable that has been touched with frost can be stored satisfactorily as decay will set in almost at once. If celery gets touched on the top by frost in October it will not store well, and yet it should be kept out in the garden as long as possible with safety.

Seventy-five per cent. of our garden produce can be stored in one way or another to tide us over the long winter. The more vegetables we give our families the better health they will enjoy.

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Home Doctor

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg M.A., B.A., M.D.
(John Hopkins University)

BRONCHITIS

Bronchitis is the name given to any inflammation of the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes. In a fairly healthy adult an attack of acute bronchitis is not a very terrifying thing, although it is most distressing and disagreeable.

It is as if an unusually severe cold and cough, instead of confining itself to the head and throat, wandered on down the chest. The irritation of the tubes results in a constant cough and sense of breathlessness. The temperature rises, the patient feels sick, the more so that the incessant coughing does not result in the throwing off of any secretion to speak of.

In a day or two the inflammation in the tubes subsides, the temperature goes down, there is less and less sense of oppression, and the secretion gradually becomes freer. From this point there is gradual recovery, as from an ordinary bad cold.

On the other hand, in the very old or the very young, or with those whose powers of resistance are lessened from any cause whatever, bronchitis is a dangerous disease. It has a tendency to run from the acute into the chronic form, in which the sufferer may be perfectly well during the summer months, or while in a warm climate, but at the least chill or exposure must expect and will get his inevitable attack of bronchitis with symptoms persisting until the return of warm weather.

The moral of this is that it is most essential to give proper treatment during the acute stage. The need of watchful care during a bronchial attack will be the more appreciated when it is understood that such an attack may be the beginning, sign and warning of a tuberculous trouble; and furthermore that whooping-cough and measles sometimes begin that way.

In any case, whether the attack be simple bronchitis or a warning of some other trouble, the first rule should be, "straight to bed." In fact, this good old-fashioned rule at the onset of any type of so-called "cold" cannot be bettered.

A wise secondary rule is to stay in bed till the temperature has been normal for a day or two. If this were observed, relapses would be fewer and convalescences shortened.

Never mind how mild the trouble promises to be, a physician should be at once summoned, not only because he is competent to recognize danger signals, but also because there are many alleviations in his power of the numerous painful and distressing symptoms of this disorder.

THE PREVENTION OF PNEUMONIA

As a result of extensive and thorough bacteriological studies, medical views in regard to pneumonia, its cause and its prevention, have changed considerably in recent times. Physicians have long known that pneumonia is a germ disease, but until recently they supposed that it was generally caused by a germ called the pneumococcus; the varieties caused by other bacteria they believed were so rare as to be virtually negligible. Moreover, they had so often found this germ in the secretions of the mouth that they assumed that it was always there in inactive form, only awaiting a depression of the vital forces to become active and to cause the disease. Any precautions that a person might take to avoid catching the disease from one who was already suffering from it they generally regarded as futile. The only way of avoiding the disease was, they thought, to keep the system in good condition.

Recent studies have shown, however, that there are several varieties of this pneumococcus, that they vary in virulence, and that the disease caused by them corresponds in its severity to the power for evil of the exciting germ. Physicians now recognize four main varieties of the germ. The first and sec-

ond cause each about one-third of the cases, the third causes about one-tenth, and the fourth, a little more than one-fifth.

In the first two forms of pneumonia the death-rate varies from thirty-three to forty per cent; in the third form it is still higher, but in the fourth form it is virtually nothing. It is the germ of that fourth form which we carry in our mouths. The germ of the other forms are carried only from the sick to the well; in other words, pneumonia is in most of its forms a contagious disease, and the precautions that we should take to prevent it are the same that are effective in any other disease of the kind—especially avoidance of contact or propinquity with the sick.

When a person has pneumonia no member of the family except the one who nurses him should in any circumstances enter the sick room, and all articles carried from the room should be thoroughly disinfected or, if possible, burned. After the disease is over, the room must be carefully disinfected before anyone occupies it.

NIGHTMARE

A nightmare is a very vivid and disagreeable dream, in which the sleeper finds himself in various terrifying situations from which there is no escape. When the sufferer's fright reaches a climax he awakens suddenly; sometimes he is aroused by his own efforts to scream for help. A bad form of nightmare occurs in young children; it is called "night terror." The child awakes suddenly from a deep sleep, panting, wide eyed, screaming but inarticulate, and clings frantically to anyone who goes to the bedside. Such attacks are most common in children between four and eight years old, but they may occur at any age.

When grown-up people have nightmare, it is generally owing to indiscretions in diet, such as mince pie or lobster eaten late at night. Many persons have to be very careful about what they eat for supper, and can never safely go to sleep lying flat on the back.

One characteristic of nightmare is the startling reality of it. It lacks the misty vagueness of pleasant dreams, and has, while it lasts, all the sharp outline of an actual occurrence. Therefore it is important that young children should be wisely and gently handled when they suffer from night terrors. Do not scold them, or laugh at them, or argue with them. They have suffered a real shock with a consequent loss of nervous force. Until the paroxysm has spent itself, do not leave a child who has suffered in this way alone.

Sometimes, in older children, nightmare accompanies overpressure at school, and the tendency to it disappears in the holidays. In such cases, lighten the pressure of work as much as possible, make the evening meal light and digestible, and keep the child from excitement.

TEA TOPERS

Southey tells the story of the first pound of tea that ever came to Penrith. The great-grandmother of Wordsworth's wife was one of the party who sat down to enjoy the new herb which had been sent to the hostess as a present, and without directions how to use it. The good folk boiled the whole pound at once, and sat down to eat the leaves with butter and salt. They naturally wondered how anyone could like such stuff, but, fortunately, they did not realize they were in danger of inducing delirium tremens.

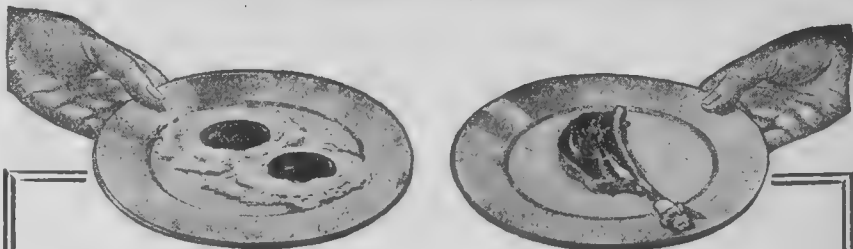
The most famous tea-toper was, of course, Doctor Johnson. His record seems to have been twenty-five cups, which he drank at a sitting. He told Miss Reynolds in playful verse:

"Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down."

He described himself as a "hardened and shameless tea-drinker, whose kettle has hardly time to cool." We are bound to remember, however, that this intemperate tea-bibber lived to the age of seventy-five.



1c Per Dish—Quaker Oats



One Costs 1c

One Costs 9c

One Costs 12c

Figure the cost of breakfast dishes compared with Quaker Oats. A large dish of Quaker Oats costs one cent. You will find that many dishes cost from 7 to 12 times that.

Compare the cost per calorie—the energy measure of food value. You will find that many lesser breakfasts cost 7 to 10 times Quaker Oats.

Compare the nutriment. The oat is the food of foods. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. It is the great body-builder, the great vim-food. Everybody needs it every day.

Start the day on Quaker Oats. It embodies 16 needed elements. It is rich in minerals, without which folks are underfed. Then use the saving to buy costlier foods for dinner.

Cost Per 1000 Calories	
Quaker Oats.....	6½c
Average meats.....	45c
Average fish.....	50c
Hen's eggs.....	65c
Vegetables.....	11c to 75c

Cost Per Serving	
Dish Quaker Oats.....	1c
4 ounces meat.....	8c
Serving fish.....	8c
Single chop.....	12c
Two eggs.....	9c



6½ cents
Per 1000 calories

Mark What You Get

Quaker Oats supply 1,810 calories of nutriment per pound. Round steak yields 890, eggs 635. Quaker Oats has about 7% of waste and water. Steak has about 70%, eggs 76%, dressed fish 85% of waste and water.

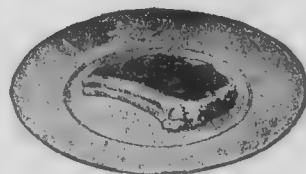
Note the food you get. Mark how many times as far your dollars go in oats. And you get a most delicious breakfast from flavorful Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

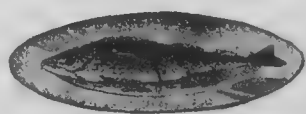
From Queen Grains Only

This brand is flaked from just the rich, plump, flavorful grains. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. The puny, insipid oats are all discarded.

This extra flavor costs no extra price. It has won millions the world over to this brand. For your own sake see that you get it.



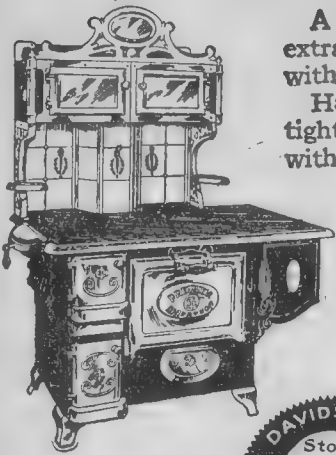
45 cents
Per 1000 calories



50 cents
Per 1000 calories

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

"Marathon" STEEL RANGES



A high-class modern range. Body of extra heavy polished steel and protected with sheets of 1/8" asbestos mill board.

Hand-riveted throughout, to insure tight-fitting joints. Regulating oven with balanced drop door.

The bottom is strengthened by braces to avoid buckling or warping. Can be used for wood or coal.

An attractive, efficient range
Guaranteed Davidson durability

The Thos Davidson Mfg Co Limited



Head Office: Montreal
Branches: Toronto & Winnipeg
Steel Foundry Division
Lachine Canal, Turcot

DAVIDSON

Poultry Profit

By Helen E. Vialoux

Contd. from page 43

be taken up as a short course in winter. MacDonald College is a beautiful place with its wonderful grounds and gardens and such magnificent buildings, lucky, indeed, are the students who study under such ideal conditions. The domestic science alone keeps the average visitor fascinated for some hours.

MacDonald College requires more money for experimental work and a campaign for five millions for McGill and one million for MacDonald is under way at present. A trip from Montreal up to Toronto, by day, is a feast for western eyes. Such orchards, full of the most lovely apples, then gardens where corn and pumpkins grow together. Every garden with golden piles of pumpkins ready to be shipped to Alymer, Ontario, where large canneries buy an unlimited number of pumpkins to can and make into jam of all kinds. Raspberry and strawberry, especially, is made from pumpkins with flavorings and colorings and a modicum of the real fruit.

Apples were not being picked until after Thanksgiving, as labor was scarce and barrels and boxes hard to obtain to handle the crop. No cheap apples were to be found in the large cities in the east. No doubt, out in the country the fruit was more reasonable, but apples at 40 to 45 cents per dozen for "Snows" and five for a quarter for large rosy fruit, is not cheap even to one from the west.

Nowhere did I see any apple picking in progress and there were hints of an apple trust controlling the fruit situation in the east.

The Future of the Commercial Airship

(Continued from page 35)

Comparisons Between 2,000,000 and 10,000,000 Cubic Feet Airships

Type	Length feet	Width feet	Overall height feet
2,000,000 (approx.)	693	79	92
10,000,000 (approx.)	1,100	135	150
	2,000,000	10,000,000	
Performance	Ship Tons	Ship Tons	
Gross lift	68.6	303.6	
Disposable lift	38.8	200	
Allowance for crew, water ballast, etc. . .	11	30	
Available lift for fuel and freight	27.8	170	
	m.p.h.	m.p.h.	
Full speed (10 per cent less than full power)	74 h.p.	86.3 h.p.	
	1,800	6,000	

Self-Made Martyrs

"What's a martyr, father?" asked the only scion of the Morse household, aged eight. Mr. Morse answered him with deliberation.

"There aren't many nowadays, sonny," "excepting self-made ones."

"What are they?" persisted Ned. "I couldn't name all the varieties to you," said Mr. Morse, "but to give a general instance, Ned, they are the people who wear heavy hats because they are the fashion, and then suffer from headaches."

"And the people that go without overcoats, Ned, because it is considered the thing to do, and then have stiff backs," said Mrs. Morse, sweetly.

"And those that accept office as treasurer of a society for the honor of it, when it takes them an hour to add seventeen and forty-three," said Mr. Morse.

The boy looked puzzled, and he was not enlightened when his mother said:

"And those who are growing a little deaf, like me, Ned. I don't always catch even what your father says."

Then the heads of the Morse household broke into one of those laughs which Ned could never understand, and which came without apparent cause.



The Chaffless Coffee

The delicious Aroma is retained in the vacuum-sealed tins.

Ask your grocer for
Gold Standard

Gold Standard Mfg. Co. Ltd.
Winnipeg

\$5,400.00 IN CASH GIVEN AWAY

We have already given away \$5,400 FREE. \$200.00 more IN CASH and numbers of Merchandise Prizes will be GIVEN AWAY at an Early date

1st Prize, \$50.00 in Cash. 2nd Prize, \$40.00 in Cash
3rd Prize, \$35.00 in Cash. 4th Prize, \$25.00 in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes—Each \$10.00 in Cash.

TOGETHER WITH MANY MERCHANDISE PRIZES

The picture herewith shows an Automobile accident. At first glance all you see is 5 spectators. If you look closely the faces of 8 other persons will be found. Can you find them? It is no easy task but by patience and endurance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses which we will send you. If you find the faces mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness are considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time but as TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and many merchandise prizes are given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SPEND ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS CONTEST

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Five Thousand Four Hundred Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An



enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity.

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this Company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

Send Your Reply Direct to

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46 ST. ALEXANDER STREET, MONTREAL, CAN.

BUSINESS COURSES BY MAIL

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will pay for One Year's Mail Course in any one of the following subjects:

ARITHMETIC COMMERCIAL
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CANADA'S GREATEST HOME COURSE SCHOOL

Write for prospectus—it's free

SUCCESS CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

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36 C.P.R. Bldg., Portage Avenue, WINNIPEG (Corner of Main)

A bird in the bush is worth two on the hat.

Children's Dolls Patterns



Clothes for Dolly

2275—A New Dress and Hat for Miss Dolly. Cut in 6 sizes: For dolls 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 inches in length. Size 24 will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch material for the dress, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard for the hat. Price 15 cents.

2970—A Set of Pleasing Toys for the Nursery. Cut in 1 size. Either style requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27-inch material. Price 15 cents.

2273—A Dainty Set for Dolly. The pattern includes all styles illustrated, is cut in 6 sizes for dolls: 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 inches in length. The dress requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch material, the petticoat $\frac{1}{2}$ yard, and the combination $\frac{5}{8}$ yard for an 18-inch doll. Price 15 cents.

3061—Doll's Set. Cut in 5 sizes for dolls: 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. Size 18 will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material for the dress, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch material for the cape, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 20-inch material for the bonnet. Price 15 cents.

1902—Dolls' Long Clothes Set. Cut in 3 sizes, for dolls: 16, 18 and 20 inches in length. It will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material for the dress, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 24-inch material for the wrapper and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 24-inch material for the coat, for an 18-inch doll. Price 15 cents.

1140—A Group of Things to Make for the Holidays. This combination includes a work basket, a utility case, and a pin box and spool holder combined. The latter could also be developed as a button box. It requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material for No. 1, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch material for No. 2, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 24-inch material for No. 3. Price 15 cents.

2967—A Set of Toy Animals. Cut in 1 size. The cow requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 27-inch material and the horse, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch material. Price 15 cents.

2937—Set of Toys. Cut in one size. It will require $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 24-inch material for either toy. Price 15 cents.

2300—An Attractive Set of Toy Animals. The patterns are cut in one size only. It will require $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of flannel for the sheep, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard for the dog, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard for the pig. Price 15 cents.

Atlantic Shore's Adventures

By Bonnycastle Dale

Contd from page 21

"Boats goin' home!" called the younger boy. Yes, the other three big boats seemed to be tiring of the wind and seas, and were heading off for the harbour, but still the youngsters kept on.

It was going to sunset when one of the men at the fishing camp said "Them two young folks is out yet," and every one strained their eyes seaward. Laddie and I walked up over the sand dunes and searched the whitetopped mass for the little ragged sail.

"I think I see them. That biggest splash is a boat I'm sure," said Laddie.

and a sulky engine did not bother them a bit. For an oilskin to the masthead would bring help any time. So they bailed her out nearly dry, snugged their sail and fished on over the ground again.

"Looks like a big sea to me" I answered. "My glass is stronger than yours."

"Wonder one of the big boats don't go out?" queried the boy.

By this time it was too dark to see much, so we returned. All the camps were at supper.

"Listen!" said Laddie.

Over the tumbling of the seas on the rude shore, and the moaning of the wind in the firs, I heard the old familiar "put put" of a motor boat, and soon a dark shape glided over the greater darkness—the boys with sixty cod, a poor day's catch, worth five dollars fresh.

This is a true sketch of a day's life of two fisher lads. Don't you admire their courage?

"Grow tall!" the Rabbis said in Days that were;
"But if thy Wife be little, stoop to her."

MONARCH KNIT
THE MONARCH KNITTING CO. LIMITED
DUNNVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA



MONARCH · KNIT SWEATER · COATS

THERE'S something about a Monarch-Knit Sweater Coat that makes you proud to wear it. Something in its smart and graceful drape, its generous and comfortable cut; its tasteful and uncommon color combinations which stamps it at once as a garment of character and dependability. The new Monarch-Knit styles for fall and winter wear are now on display at your dealer's. You are sure to find in them much to interest you.

THE MONARCH KNITTING CO. LIMITED
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Also Manufacturers of Monarch-Knit Hosiery for Men and Women and Monarch Hand Knitting Yarns.

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Parisienne Embroidery Outfit

containing 340 transfer designs and Instruction Book illustrated in colors.

Just send us in one dollar for a year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly and we will send outfit post paid to your address.

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Enclosed find \$1.00 in payment for one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly, also Parisienne Embroidery Outfit.

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Westclox



Baby Ben will slip snugly even into small stockings

BABY BEN does his work with a smile—and gets you up the same way. Not so easy sometimes, either, on those cold, dark mornings when you'd a lot rather stay in bed for another little roll-over nap.

Maybe it's his littleness that gets him so many friends: folks chum up with Baby Ben on sight. But he's a lot more than just cute! Otherwise his friendships wouldn't last.

He's a good timekeeper and a dependable alarm—true to the Westclox reputation.

Baby Ben will call you once with a long ring or he'll coax you gently out of bed with intermittent calls—any way you say.

He's just about as big as a minute but he takes every minute seriously—as a good timekeeper should.

That Westclox construction inside his case is what helps him make good. The name, Westclox, on the dial and tag *always* means Westclox patented construction; and honest, faithful time-keeping.

Western Clock Co., Ltd., makers of Westclox
Peterborough, Ontario

About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

IN our trips round the country this fall we were impressed with one thing in particular, viz., the magnificence of the trees in their fall colors. Any home that had its plantation of trees became the cynosure of all eyes passing that way. Each year passed on the prairie emphasizes the importance of trees on the farm, and to all those who have let this season pass without establishing a system of trees on their grounds the best advice is, begin now, not planting but planning. During the late fall and the winter months time may be found for serious consideration of a plan of campaign, in fact, one might say a plan of defence for are not our friends the trees great defenders against wind, sun, monotony, mediocrity, etc.

It is never too late to mend and in taking the full span of winter to turn the plan of tree planting over in one's mind, the result may be far more satisfactory than that of the planting undertaken on the spur of the moment during spring's busy time when the trees would be bought without much consideration as to variety, hardiness, harmony with surroundings, protective or decorative nature.

A good scheme under the above conditions is to make a careful drawing of the home grounds, the barnyard and buildings and then fill in the wind-breaks, hedges and decorative scheme. Distance from buildings must be taken into consideration, also the prevention of excessive snow drifting.

One of the first considerations is the establishment of a shelter belt. This should be placed so as to include all the buildings and to minimize the effect of the wind and in this way the homes of the inhabitants of the farm, both human and animal will afford better security when storms occur than is obtained on a wind-swept treeless farm.

In regard to the "inner defences," viz., the home grounds, a tight hedge surrounding the house will give a sense of privacy and seclusion. This enclosure of the home grounds should consist of conveniently placed gates leading to the barnyard and farm entrance.

Willows are rapid growing and make a good windbreak. The golden willow is a very desirable kind and the Russian poplar is also used for such a purpose.

In regard to the tight hedge round the home grounds, the caragana or Siberian pea tree is to be highly recommended as it is quite hardy and handsome. A particularly good feature about it is that it trims very neatly and can be kept at a convenient height so that the view from the house is not eventually shut out.

Where a tall windbreak is required, it is hard to find anything to equal the native spruce. These trees are of course slow in growth but their presence on a farm gives it a very fine appearance of distinction and in winter the green foliage greatly offsets the prevailing color of white. Spruce should not be planted too near to each other as they require plenty of room for future development and if they are too close they will crowd, wither and die. About four feet apart is a good spacing for these trees, and they should be protected from anything in the nature of rubbing or knocks. An avenue makes a great deal of difference to the appearance of a farm house or any other dwelling; such an avenue could be made to lead up to the front door of the house from the opening in the caragana hedge which would surround the house and grounds and when such avenue is composed of spruces it makes an ideal approach.

There is another phase of tree planting which is well to discuss and that is the provision of future fuel supply. A plantation of Cottonwoods in some convenient corner of the farm will provide fuel for some future occasion when the usual cold trip to the bush may be called off and advantage taken of this, the result of prudent forethought.

In the immediate vicinity of the house there is a good choice of trees which may be used for transforming the grounds into a beauty spot. Among these may be included the elm, mountain ash,

birch, weeping or cut-leaf birch, Ginnalian maple, Colorado blue spruce and laurel willow. Flowering shrubs are a good addition to the above collection such as the Tartarian honeysuckle and the lilac, both common and Japanese.

The elm is of slow growth but once it attains a fair size it is certainly a beautiful tree. The mountain ash makes a fine individual tree and should be placed in a commanding position. Its leaves which resemble those of the rose give it a very graceful appearance, but the special feature of this tree is that the berries which are pale green in the summer, turn a rich red in the fall, which has a very decorative effect. Mountain ash berries or Rowans, as they are known in the Old Country, are an ideal decoration for use at fall festivals, etc. The birches are almost an essential to any well-planted grounds, as the clear white of their bark makes a very pleasing contrast to the prevailing shade of green, while the graceful weepers which hang from the cut-leaf birch give an ensemble which is usually productive of great admiration. The Ginnalian maple is another member of the home grounds which reserves its greatest effort in beautifying for the fall, for at that time of year its leaves turn a rich color, varying in shades of red. The Colorado blue spruce has a shape and shade which makes it of outstanding beauty. The laurel willow with its shiny green leaves has an appearance of attractive freshness.

Tree planting calls for careful effort in order that the success may be permanent, after which there are only the light tasks, such as cultivation, to attend to while the trees grow in beauty and usefulness and value as season succeeds season.

There are some important points to be observed to assure success. The soil must be thoroughly prepared before planting and the trees used should be obtained from nurseries that have hardy stock raised for your own climatic conditions. Cultivation should be practised in order to retard weed growth while the trees are young and not well established.

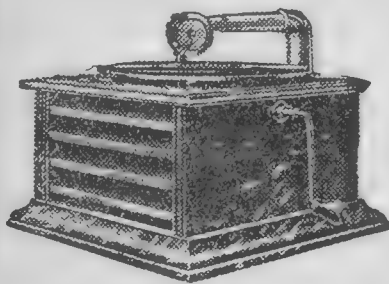
When walking in the woods one will notice that the soil is of a loose, porous nature which is very different from the soil of the prairies, therefore it is essential to bring the soil as much as possible to a similar state where we have planned to plant the trees. To plant trees on freshly broken sod of the prairie is to court disaster. After the land has been broken the sod must be thoroughly rotted, having broken about two inches deep. It should be backset two or three inches deeper and thoroughly worked up with the disc harrows. A third plowing should be given later in the fall, working up the ground eight or ten inches deep. No further plowing will be necessary in the following spring unless a plow is used in the process of planting when a plow may be used to open a deep furrow in which the young trees are to be set.

The retention of moisture is a very necessary object and to accomplish this the surface of the soil should be kept in a loose friable condition to reduce evaporation to a minimum.

About the best preparation of soil for the planting of trees is to grow potatoes or some other hoed crop requiring deep and constant cultivation plowing the land deeply in the fall after the crop is removed.

Planting trees on stubble land is not recommended as a good deal of the moisture is taken out of the soil by the grain crop. Also, when stubble is plowed under it leaves the soil open enough to dry out should the season be hot and windy thus subjecting the young trees to a very severe handicap.

The actual putting in of the young trees must be very carefully done, otherwise the planning of the layout, the preparation of the soil, the time and expense incurred may bring disappointment and discouragement. Do not treat a seedling as a mere stick of wood but show it the care and consideration due to any young life making its first strides toward development. The roots must not be exposed to wind or sun beyond a few seconds as they soon dry out and very seriously weaken the tree.



Introductory Phonograph Offer

We have spent many months perfecting this New Table Model of our Sovereign Phonograph. Plays all makes of Records (including the Edison Diamond Disc), with full rich tone. Cabinet is solid Quarter Cut Oak, with heavy powerful motor. Backed by Stanwood's Unqualified guarantee. We promise complete satisfaction or refund your money.

Special Limited Introductory Offer This is a real \$50.00 outfit. To introduce we will ship the complete outfit, including 10 Large Record Selections and 200 Needles, for **\$29.85**

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MONARCH-KNIT

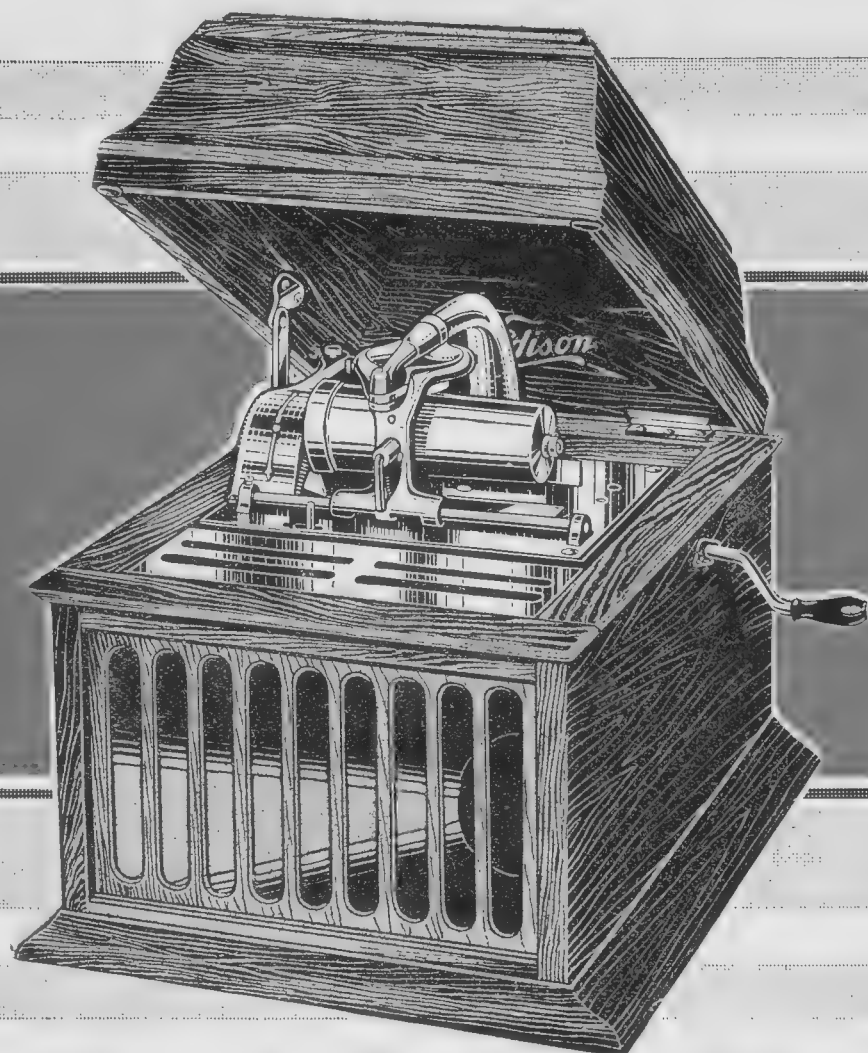


NOW that's what I call a sensible gift! And sensible is the word—though not quite. For you see the Monarch-Knit Sweater Coat adds distinction of beauty and style to its more useful qualities. While snug comfort lies in its ample close-knit folds, good taste and refinement of finish are revealed in the little

thoughtful touches which contribute grace and picturesque color. Has she already a Monarch-Knit coat? Then she'll welcome a box of Monarch Yarn. Monarch Yarns—Floss, Down, and Dove—are spun in our own mills from a very fine grade of Australian wool. They come in handy balls in various weights in 40 fashionable shades. Include a copy of our new book, No. 5, "Art in Knitting Monarch Yarns," and you will complete her happiness.

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SWEATER COATS; FANCY KNIT GOODS;
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WOMEN, AND MONARCH YARNS FOR
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Send no money—just fill out the coupon below and send it to us, at once. We shall send you the complete outfit immediately. Entertain your family and friends with the latest song hits of the big cities, side-splitting minstrel shows, Grand Opera and Comic Vaudeville.

Of course, we do *not* want to ship an outfit to a person who can not afford to at least pay on easy payments (and when you get a free trial it must be understood that you can afford to keep it.) Yet, no one is under any obligations to keep an outfit if it is not entirely satisfactory. If it is not just what you want for your home, return it *at our expense*; you, not we, must judge what the Edison phonograph means to you and we accept your decision cheerfully and without question. ACT NOW.

No obligation to buy in sending this coupon; this is just an application for a Free Trial
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Dear Mr. Babson:—As per your offer, I should like to hear Mr. Edison's wonderful new style phonograph in my home on free trial. If I decide to keep the outfit, I will have the privilege of the rock-bottom price of \$72.80 direct from you on special terms. I merely agree to take the outfit promptly from the depot, pay the small express charges, and if I do not find it thoroughly satisfactory, I reserve the right to return the outfit at once at your expense. Otherwise, I will send the first payment of \$1.00 within forty-eight hours after the free trial or as soon as possible, in no case exceeding one week, and will make monthly payments thereafter of \$6.00 for 11 months and \$5.80 for the 12th month. Total \$72.80. The outfit is to remain your property until the last payment has been made. (This offer is not open to anyone under 21 years of age. If you are under 21 ask your father, mother or guardian to fill in and sign this coupon for you.)

My name.....Address or R. F. D. No.....

City.....State.....Ship by.....Express

Shipping Point.....Ship by.....Occupation.....

Age.....Married or single.....If steadily employed at a salary please state.....

How long a resident in your neighborhood and your vicinity.....If there is any possibility of changing your address during the next year, what will be your next address?.....

if not killing it. To give them the best chance a dull day may be chosen on which to do the planting, or the planting may be done when the sun is getting low.

Wet sacking round the roots of the trees that are carried to the plantation will help to keep them moist and they should be lifted from this wrapping as quickly as possible and placed in the prepared beds. A good number may be contained in one sack. Avoid any air spaces being left among the roots when the soil is thrown on. To overcome this difficulty the tree should be gently pulled up and down so that the soil is worked into the fibrous roots and after that tramp with the heel all round close to the stem. Do not hill the soil up round the stem of the trees but it is best to plant about an inch deeper than the depth they originally were in the nursery as the soil will probably settle in the course of a few days after planting. The reason for using the heel for tramping is this: A man cannot apply his weight when using the flat of his foot and as trees must be planted firmly many have died because the treading has been done with the toe instead of the heel.

After the trees are planted they should be cultivated at once; do not wait for the weeds to appear. By cultivating before the appearance of the moisture robbers—the weeds—one so to speak, locks the stable door before the horse is stolen.



A beauty spot in the progressive town of Gladstone.

RHUBARB FOR WINTER USE

It is very easy to force rhubarb during the winter. It is not necessary to put the crowns or plant in soil when being forced although it has been found convenient to do this as the roots must be kept moist in order to obtain the best results.

The plants should be dug just before the winter sets in and then left on the ground and allowed to freeze solid. In order to get a quick forcing an exposure to frost of about ten days is advisable. The plants are then put close together in the cellar either in soil in boxes or on the floor of the cellar. It is permissible to allow them to remain in total darkness while being forced and even under these conditions the shoots will have a red shade.

The temperature that is advised for the forcing of rhubarb is between 50 deg. and 60 deg. Fahr., though even lower temperatures will produce fair results.

The rhubarb will be ready for use during January, but of course the temperature of the cellar will affect its rate of growth. Fresh stalks will continue to be thrown up for two months or more, after which the roots will become exhausted. A few good sized crowns will furnish a surprising amount of stalks and these will be greatly relished in pies, etc., during the winter.

Good work shows that the workman knows himself; the best work shows that he has forgotten himself.

KEEPING WATCH ON THE DAIRY COWS

In order to ascertain whether your dairy cows are justifying the feed and care they are receiving it is necessary to keep a daily record of the milk produced by each cow. In order to facilitate this work the Dominion Government issues free, printed forms with spaces for the name of each cow and the amount of milk produced per milking period.

When the above system is instituted it necessitates the purchase of a set of scales. A good plan is to have a spring scale with an indicator on a dial and a hook on which the handle of the pail may be hung. With the record sheet right at the scale the weight can be noted at once. Before milking, the pail should be weighed and the adjustable indicator set so that the weight of the milk only is recorded, thus eliminating a continuous round of mental arithmetic with the chance of errors.

Any falling off or gains made by each cow is at once made clear by this system and at the end of any given period a summary may be made which will show a credit or debit balance, thus throwing light on the subject of boarders or profit makers among your herd.

NOTES ON THE STORAGE OF VEGETABLES

Considering the present high cost of labor it is very necessary that all the vegetables that are safely harvested should be prevented from rotting. When

one considers the labor involved in seeding, cultivating and harvesting, any subsequent rotting becomes a serious inroad on the profits.

If twenty-five per cent of the vegetables are allowed to rot in the cellar, it would have been better to have planted that much less and given the crop proper storage.

Beets, carrots, parsnips and turnips keep well if they are insulated from the walls and floor of the cellar and kept in a temperature of between 32 deg. and 40 deg. Fahr. They may be kept better, if the air is very dry, if packed in clean, dry sand, and taken out as wanted.

Cabbage is soon affected adversely in a warm cellar. It is a good plan to keep them outside as long as possible with a protecting cover of straw, etc. They should be kept as cool as possible in the cellar. A plan that has been found to be satisfactory is to wrap each head in newspaper which will help to prevent wilting where the air is very dry.

Onions should be spread as thinly as possible and kept in a dry place where there is no frost.

A WINTER SHRUBBERY

For winter house decoration an interesting experiment may be undertaken in getting flowering shrub cuttings to bloom in vases filled with water. These should be cut in the fall from such shrubs as the Tartarian honeysuckle, lilac, spiraea, etc. It is interesting to obtain a varied collection, noting the progress made and the varieties that are able to produce bloom. Even plum cuttings have produced bloom under these conditions.

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Ever
Produced



Gillette Safety Razor

The Shaving Service for
Every Man—Everywhere

There has never been a time when the trend towards quality and economy has been so universal. The demand is sweeping over the country for better—more serviceable—more economical merchandise.

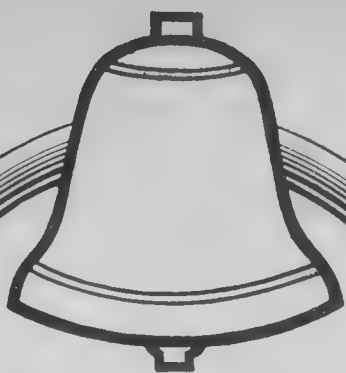
It is these very ideals which have created a world market for the Gillette Safety Razor. The personal shaving service idea has gone around the globe and changed the shaving habits of thinking men everywhere.

To-day, Gillette shaving is vouched for and acknowledged by 20,000,000 men as one of the cleanest, safest, most economical, and most valuable habits they ever formed.

Men are enthusiastic about the NO STROPPING—NO HONING feature of the Gillette, and the easy adjustability of the razor to suit their particular type of skin and beard. They appreciate the super-keen edge for every shave, with its incentive to daily shaving and smarter appearance.

You will find Gillette dealers everywhere anxious to put you in touch with this vital, personal service

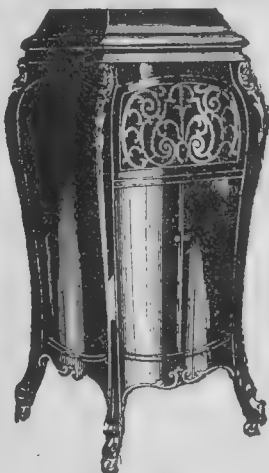




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THE SONORA has the clarity and vibrant charm of the great bronze bell in the church tower which peals its chime lazily over the town on a quiet Sunday morning. The purity, sweetness, naturalness of expression and mellow richness of Sonora's tone make it superbly beautiful.

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY
Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL



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You pay no Luxury Tax on a Sonora
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I. MONTAGNES & COMPANY
3rd Floor Ryrie Building, Toronto

In the Shadow of Mount Robson

A Camping and Climbing Experience of Nine Business Girls

Written for "The Western Home Monthly" by Edith G. Bayne

A small band of adventurous pilgrims left Edmonton late one summer afternoon, travelling westward along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific. We were nine business women off for a three-weeks' gipsying which was to include the new and strenuous sport of mountain-climbing and we had elected to camp below the mighty monarch Mount Robson and from that point to move about as fancy willed. Impedimenta had been eliminated as far as possible and the irreducible minimum comprised three tents, a wash-boiler, a small shotgun, several fishing-rods, a couple of skillets, nine cameras, a folding typewriter, a can of mosquito ointment and personal luggage—the last-named in flat packs on our backs. The boiler was not brought for the purpose for which it had been designed; it contained our grubstake.

Having disembarked at a very tiny jumping-off place in the wilderness of hills and mountains we acquired at once three canoes and an Indian guide, and on this, the second day, frequent occasions arose when it became necessary to portage, so that several complete readjustments had to be made in the matter of personal outfit. The Indian managed one canoe by himself, but we took toilsome turns in squads of four with the others. A canoe looks a very little craft, feels light when you skim over the water in it, but on a very warm day in the bush—it's a horse of another color! Recalling our stoutest member, we can see her yet in her tan jacket and bloomers, high-laced mountaineering boots and wide panama hat, with an axe—a small one—strapped to her belt, on her back her pack and a coil of rope, over one shoulder a tin pail hanging by a strap, from her capacious pockets cans of corn, milk and bully-beef protruding and her face shiny with mosquito-oil. We were all in similar case. The ant had nothing on us.

By rail, canoe and finally pack-horse we arrived at our destination, a secluded valley beyond the Athabasca and neighboring a large lake wherein many kinds of fish were said to abide. We pitched our tents after a preliminary sun-dance to Mount Robson, a ceremony that puzzled our guide vastly, for apparently we hadn't the "right steps."

We didn't attempt to climb His Majesty, but essayed for our initial venture a much lesser peak which we named Mount Amethyst—quite unofficially—because of the radiant tints the twilight brought out along the slopes of this mountain. But more poignant than the joy of rising step by step toward the clouds was the aching in our bones, especially on the first day. How often we stopped to rest! How we covered up a groan with a spurious laugh or a short burst of song! We "travelled light" like true Alpiners, carrying only pocket lunches and our long staves. The second day, after a sound sleep on the bosom of the mount, the going was better. Stiff we were,

of course, but by noon every muscle was limbered up and we could press onward and upward with something like enthusiasm. No more rising with dignity and pain after a stop to rest. No more "Lead on Macduff's" that wavered on the lip. We were now enjoying it! Stumbling and falling at times and never seeming to be getting closer to the white peak so far above, we yet made creditable progress, though we didn't realize it at the time. Later, comparison with other parties of climbers made us feel almost vain, and a chain being no stronger than its weakest link nearly all the honor belongs to our adipose member, who kept up with the line of march most valiantly, breathing like a pleasant grampus and, greatly to her own delight, losing some extra pounds per diem.

And always, every day, every hour, every moment, right across the valley was hoar Mount Robson for company, cloud-wrapped at his crest, enveloped in purple shadows at his base, the sunlight sparkling along his mighty glaciers. Once or twice the clouds rolled away and there, in all its ineffable glory, was his crown, shining like a gigantic jewel. At dawn before the mists had been chased away by the sun these wisp-like vapors rose from every fissure, every canyon all about, till one could fancy them part of a solemn ceremonial, gifts of incense sent up in homage to the vast mount, by unseen neophytes.

We reached the peak of Mount Amethyst on the fifth day. Little obstacles like boulders and yawning crevasses and tangled underbrush three feet high had been conquered but were to be encountered all the way down again and, oddly enough, the descent proved the roughest experience, three casualties being sustained. These were a sprain, a bad fall and a stray-away. Night on the mountain-top, in a world of starshine and crystal clarity, the great pines for comrades and under us a bed of moss, was a thing of magic. It was a splendid, breathless hour, and when a late moon rose and a faint wolf howl carried across to us from some distant lair near the headland of the great waters, the thrill accompanying our first rapturous survey by daylight of the lower world—a world of misty blues and russet reds threaded with the silver of water and rimmed round with the green of woods and hills where jack-pines were massed in close formation.

Back at the valley camp we discovered that husky-dogs had annexed a part of our commissariat. The guide said it was dogs, while we suspected wolves and bears and mountains. And now arrived a squaw to trade with us. To the paleface lodge she brought fish and shells and strings of bears' claws and birch-bark wares and we paid her in coin of the realm and in any little knick-knacks she appeared to crave. One such was a pocket-mirror, another, a jar of cold cream into which she scooped a dark forefinger and then promptly transferred it to her mouth,

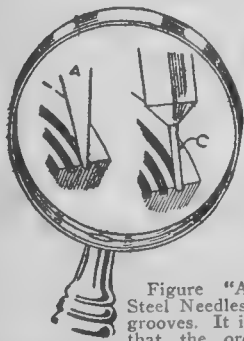


Figure "A"—Ordinary Steel Needles fitting record grooves. It is quite logical that the ordinary needle becomes of larger diameter at the engagement point as the needle wears down (owing to its taper form) and

thus tends to wear off the edges of the groove of the record.

Figure "C"—Sonora semi-permanent needle, with parallel sides, which fits the record groove accurately always while wearing, and prolongs life of record.

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Three Grades—Low—Medium—Soft

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Ask your dealer for a package of these wonderful new needles. They play from 60 to 100 times without being changed.

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smacking her lips! It was better than "ow," she said.

The intimate nearness of the rugged slopes was ours for many days. It was wonderful to waken each morning with the scent of wet ferns in the air, fragrant pine and bracken, in every breath one drew. The fascination of the campfire at night never lessened, either, and to see the silhouette of a wolf with upstanding ears against the great citron moon brought us a delightful shudder. Our guide, in his turn, was intrigued, but not by natural phenomena such as furnished thrills for us. He was very curious about the paleface squaws. Little commonplace articles like a button-hook, a toothbrush or a camera (which he called a "ghost-box") were things of awe, and his superstitious soul was stirred to its depths on beholding the stout member of the party going through her Swedish exercises or skipping a rope. He probably thought it a rite and wondered why we didn't all engage in it. He asked to see the rope, gravely examined the wooden handles, grunted and handed it back reverently. No doubt, when he took leave of us at last and returned to the wife of his bosom he adjured her thus: "Sequoyah no go paleface camp. White squaw no good, no carry big pack. White squaw eat, drink, dance, sing, laugh, fish, yell when gun go off, lose herself in bush, climb and sit down often, fall over rocks, no want portage canoe. Sequoyah go among paleface, get bad habits. Sequoyah good squaw. Mustn't spoil."

But he cracked the rare red man smile for us when we bade farewell. This may have meant joy, to be sure, joy and relief. But we trust not. He was a splendid buck and knew every inch of the great wild, magnificent country of the Yellowhead. The last sight of him we had was watching him skim across the turbulent Athabasca, his long canoe leaping like a live thing at every stroke of the paddle and a trail of feathery spray following in his wake.

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT IN BABY CULTURE What Manitoba is Doing

All men may be born free and equal in this country of ours, but if that is the case few remain free from disease or equal in weight for many months.

Why not?

This is what the women of Virden asked themselves when, three years ago, they began at the most obvious place—the public school. Medical inspection was inaugurated. The difference it made to the children when adenoids were removed, when glasses came to the help of near-sighted eyes, and perfect teeth masticated their food!

The work so far was good, but, as these women decided, if you are building why not make a perfect foundation? Thus in 1919 the Woman's Institute held its first baby show or clinic at the local fair. Of the sixty-two babies examined there was not one perfect child.

A hundred per cent. baby is a wonderful thing considering the test it must measure up to. Taking the child's weight at birth as ground-work the doctor weighs the child and measures the trunk for proportion—it may be too long or too short, too thin or too fat. He measures the limbs; he measures the head; he examines the eyes, ears, nose and throat for disease and tests the heart and lungs.

I think you will agree that a hundred per cent. baby is a wonderful thing—and much more rare than is necessary.

In the fall of 1919 a community nurse was installed in Virden to overlook the public schools and give advice to mothers on the care and feeding of children.

The Woman's Institute held the baby clinic at the summer fair of 1920. Seventy-three infants and young children were examined. Of these, seven were one hundred per cent. babies, one was ninety-eight per cent., six were ninety-six per cent., while

there were scores of ninety-five per cent. babies. Too late for action, the Committee learned that had the clinic been open the third day of the fair, there would have been as many again for examination.

The majority of the high per cent. kiddies were infants born since the community nurse took up her work among us.

In Manitoba the outlook for our future citizens is growing brighter. Gladstone also held a baby clinic this summer, examining over seventy children ranging in age from five years to three months. Charleswood has recently been the scene of a baby show. A baby clinic has been held in Winnipeg at one of the schools at which twenty tots were examined, while the city board of health announces the cheering fact that this year more babies per

thousand have lived than has been the case for years.

The forward movement in baby culture is on. We are slowly learning that each little citizen is entitled not only to life, but to a life of health.

The Eloquence of Silence

When Sir John Tenniel, the famous cartoonist, retired from the staff of "Punch," his associates gave him a dinner. Sir John's ability to make graceful after-dinner speeches, impromptu, to all appearance, made his friends expect a most interesting response from him on this occasion. In "John Forster and His Friends," Mr. Richard Renton describes the dinner, and the toast of the evening, which was proposed by Mr. Arthur Balfour.

So great was Sir John's emotion that he was utterly overwhelmed, and hav-

ing risen to acknowledge the toast, which had been wonderfully acclaimed, he could only utter the words, "My lords and gentlemen." Then, utterly overcome, words failed him, and he had to resume his seat, speechless. The effect was marvellous.

The eloquence of silence was, after a brief pause, electrical, and the speechless speaker was acclaimed even more heartily than he had been when he first stood up to speak. It was a touching and memorable scene, and none of those present are ever likely to forget it.

Safely Dispatched

Markman's Badge Examiner—"What is the matter? Where are your shots going?"

Second class Scout, (nervously)—"Sure, I dunno, sir; they left 'ere alright."

Elgin Watches



The Motorist

One justification in your purchase of a car was that it would speed up your entire working schedule,—help you to keep your business appointments to the minute.

Hitherto uncertainty of transport often made this impossible.

To achieve the utmost in Time-Saving efficiency, drive your car to the tick of the Elgin.

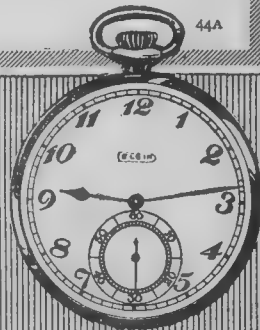
Accurate, dependable,—the Elgin gets you there "On Time".

Rely on the Elgin and men will rely on you.

With the Elgin as your ally, you thus open the accelerator and hasten real Achievement.

There is a Jeweler in your vicinity who carries a pleasing selection of Elgin watches—faithful guardians of Time.

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We want you to know of the fine writing qualities and long life of Spencerian Steel Pens. Send 10 cents for ten different sample pens and a pen holder. Then pick your style.

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The Lady Designer

With her brush and pencil, is the lady, who, to-day, is very much in demand, who is able to give vent to her artistic tastes, and who receives the money which the business world is anxious to pay for the real thing.

Fashion Work and Magazine Illustrating

are the big fields. They want the designs. If you have the talent, and you must have, or you would not have read this far, ask us how you can turn that talent into congenial employment and easy dollars. Booklet S will be sent you free on request.

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The Western Home Monthly

Work For Busy Fingers

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

What shall I make for Christmas gifts? This question will very soon again be a foremost one and we are looking for suggestions and wishing we had really begun earlier. Hand made gifts are always appreciated and here are a few suggestions which the needlewoman will welcome.

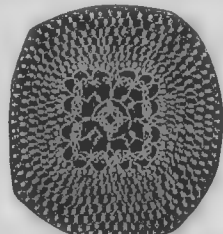
TATTED BOUDOIR CAP



Materials—One ball each No. 20 and No. 50 crochet cotton.

Band—With No. 20, * r 4 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 1 ds, p, 1 ds, p, 2 ds, p, 4 ds, close; turn, leave $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thread, repeat r; turn, repeat r, joining to 1st r *; repeat from * to *, making 68 rings on each side, with last two joined to first two. Repeat for second band and join the two bands by middle picots of each ring, leaving $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thread between. Mesh—Ring 4 ds, p, 4 ds, close; turn, leave $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thread and join to mid-p of ring on band; turn, leave $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thread and repeat ring. Continue around band in this way, leaving the rings loose; do not cut thread; leave $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thread, join to p on first loose r. Repeat rings and joinings until you have 11 rows of small rings.

Medallion—With No. 50, r 8 ds, p, 8 ds, p, 2 ds, close; (A) r 2 ds, join to last p of 1st r, 8 ds, p, 8 ds, p, 2 ds, close; r 2 ds, join to last p of 2nd r, 8 ds, p, 8 ds, p, 2 ds, close; (B) turn, ch 3 ds, p, 8 ds, p, 3 ds; turn, r 8 ds, join to last p of preceding r, 8 ds, p, 2 ds, close; repeat from (A) to (B); turn, ch 3 ds, join to last p of preceding ch, 8 ds, p, 3 ds; turn, repeat clover-leaves and chains until four are made, joining last to first; tie and cut thread, joining shuttle thread to p of finished medallion; ch p, 10 ds, p, 10 ds, p, 10 ds, join to 2nd p of medallion; continue around medallion, joining to the four picots; tie and cut. (C) Ring 10 ds, p, 8 ds, p, 2 ds, close; r 2 ds, join to last p of last r, 8 ds, p, 8 ds, p, 2 ds, close; r 2 ds, join to last p of 2nd r, 8 ds, p, 10 ds, close; turn, ch 3 ds, p, 12 ds, p, 3 ds (D); repeat from (C) to (D); repeat clover-leaf; ch 3 ds, join, 9 ds, p, 3 ds, (E) r 8 ds, join to 3rd p on finished medallion, 8 ds, close; ch 3 ds, join, 7 ds, p, 3 ds; r 8 ds, join to 2nd p on medallion, 8 ds, close; ch 3 ds, join, 9 ds, join to p on 1st ch, 3 ds; tie and cut; (F) r 9 ds, p, 7 ds, p, 2 ds, close; r 2 ds, join, 7 ds, p, 7 ds, p, 2 ds; r 2 ds, join, 7 ds, p, 9 ds, close; ch 8 ds; r 8 ds, join to 1st p of medallion, 8 ds, close; ch 8 ds; r 9 ds, join to 3rd r, 7 ds, p, 2 ds, close; r 2 ds, join, 7 ds, join to 2nd r of 1st clover-leaf, 9 ds, close; r 2 ds, join, 7 ds, join to 1st r of first clover-leaf; tie and cut; (G). Repeat from (C) to (E); r 8 ds, join to 6th p on medallion, 8 ds, close; ch 3 ds, join, 7 ds, p, 3 ds; r 8 ds, join to 5th p on medallion, 8 ds, close; ch 3 ds, join, 9 ds, join, 3 ds, tie and cut. Repeat from (F) to (G), joining to 4th p of medallion. Join shuttle thread to corner p of medallion, ch 4 ds, join to loose r of mesh, 4 ds, join to next r in mesh, 4 ds, join, 4 ds, join, 8 ds, join to 3rd r of medallion; ch 8 ds, join to mesh, (4 ds, join) 3 times, 10 ds, join to 6th r of medallion; ch 6 ds, join to mesh, 6 ds, join to 7th r of medallion, ch 10 ds, join to mesh; r (4 ds, join) 3 times, 8 ds, join to 10th r of medallion; ch 8 ds, join, (4 ds join) 3 times 4 ds, join to corner p of medallion; repeat around medallion, joining to each loose r in mesh.



Above is the detail of medallion for crown of boudoir cap. The beading and mesh are made first and the medallion joined to them as directed. It would be

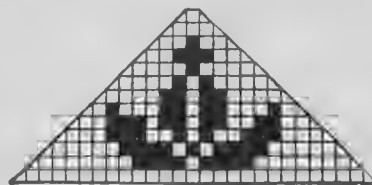
quite permissible to step aside from the one-color model and make the beading through which the ribbon is run, in blue or pink and the rest of the cap in white. The effect is exquisitely dainty.

DAINTY COLLAR AND CUFF SET

Sheer goods, such as organdie or dimity, are the prettiest materials to use for this dainty, crochet-trimmed set.



Block pattern for collar and cuffs.



When they're not white, the colors most frequently used for collars and cuffs are blue, tan, yellow and pink.

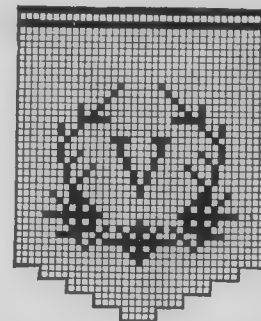
GIFT BAG

A useful little gift bag to carry one's sewing or handkerchief and coin purse is this. Any initial you wish may be used within the wreath. Draw strings of ribbon or crochet are used, and three tassels finish the bottom of the bag.



Whether you crochet your bag of white or a color, it is prettier and more durable if lined with silk of the same or a contrasting color.

If you make your bag of white or ecru cotton use any number from 15 to 40. If you crochet it of colored mercerized cotton use a medium size.



A block working pattern for the filet bag illustrated above. Back of bag may be of plain filet meshes, or may have the wreath without an initial.

LINEN AND CROCHET BAG

Another charming bag made of white linen with filet insertion and edge. The finished bag is 13 inches long and 10 inches wide. As seen in the illustration, the linen has a narrow hemstitched hem along center straight edge, and the heading is formed of a wide hemstitched hem.

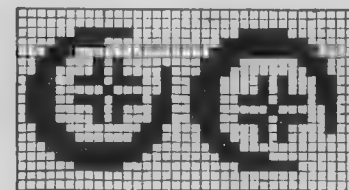
Crocheted Strip—Use No. 40 white crochet cotton. Begin at bottom. Chain 62, turn, d. c. in 8th ch. from needle, *ch. 2, skip 2, 1 d. c. in next. Repeat from * to end, 19 holes in row. This is bottom row of working pattern. Follow working



pattern until 4 figures in all have been made. Fasten off. Make a strip in same way for back of bag. Sew to linen, and sew bag shut around bottom and sides.

Edge—Make one row holes around tops, bottom and sides. Around bottom of bag, beginning and ending on a line with top of first motif in center strip, make one row of holes, then a 2nd row, omitting 16 holes at each end. Work edge row all around as follows: Make 10 d. c. along edge. *Ch. 6, catch in 5th ch. from needle for a picot, ch. 1, d. c. in next d. c. Repeat twice from *. After final picot make 10 d. c. along edge, and work in this manner all around.

The working pattern for this very smart bag is given just below.



Draw-strings—White cotton cord is used for draw-strings, the ends finished with crocheted drops made as follows: Use No. 40 crochet cotton. Chain 2, 5 s. c. in 1st ch. made. Work round, making 2 s. c. in each stitch. Third round—2 s. c. in 1st stitch, 1 s. c. in next. Repeat around. Increase 5 times in each round, always with one stitch in each stitch between, until there are 25 stitches in round. Make 4 rounds of 25 stitches. Narrow 5 times in each round until no stitches remain. Fasten off and sew to cord. Run cord through bone rings—six sewed to each side of bag.

"THE PATTERN"

By. Byronite

Versification, an art, may be described: the poetic muse clothed in flowing, colorful draperies, cut from a most clever pattern. Many of these "patterns" were evolved in the times when verse was chanted in step with the dance; a ritual of worship.

The cutting to pattern demands the verse-writer's very fastidious care; to make a new design is easier! As one would consider the technical work of a composer of music, so also the laborious "cutting to pattern" of the not-free-verse writer should be appreciated and liked.

The pattern of verse is made up of a gentle mosaic of curves and counter-curves, which are as faithfully patterned as if delicately manipulated with compass and rule. The pattern is the metre and form in the lines.

The dress is the finished stanza's regular sonata-like beat that fits the pattern; but it is colored; vowel sounds corresponding to lovely pastel shades ornament the dress and grace well its beautiful design. The sound of it coaxes reading aloud; teaches the reader to love fair-sounding English words.

The poet considers words as a beautiful woman considers gems, wondering which will best enhance the beauty of her gown. He dresses his thought in a sunset or twilight-hued garment of syllables that best suit its complexion and manner.

The thought that was the source of the poem is of course the nymph in the dress. Poesy, herself. She is so apparent to the reader, her sentiment or story is so generally read at a glance, it so happens, often the theme-thought alone is noticed in verse, less often the flowing dress or style the thought.

But the pattern also is entertaining and is a picture in itself if rightly seen.

Consider the consistent, insistent, beat of syllables accented in anapaestic measure: "And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea." The spears rise and fall with the accented word. Consider the pulse of the common trochaic step, every second syllable accented, in a sonnet, with its rhymed lines of ten beats; rhymed, for instance, a, b, a, b; c, d, c, d; e, f, e, f; g, g. (The letter stands for the rhymed word at the end of the line.) The thought is presented in the first eight lines, rounded to its conclusion in the remaining six.

It is what is known as a "risky" subject, to touch on the mechanics of writing verse, for one is apt to flounder in explanations and get beyond one's depth.

Robert Louis Stevenson said: "Verse may be rhythmical; it may be merely alliterative; it may, like the French, depend wholly on the (quasi) regular recurrence of the rhyme; or, like the Hebrew, it may consist of the strangely fanciful device of repeating the same idea. It does not matter on what principle the law is based, so it be a law."

"So it be a law": this the young verse writer understands, tries to bend his fabric of fancy, to a pattern really lovely.

"There's no music like a little river's. It plays the same tune, and that the favorite, over and over again, and yet it does not weary of it as men fiddlers. It takes the mind out of doors; and, though we should be grateful for good houses, there is, after all, no house like God's out of doors. And, lastly sir, it quiets a man down like saying his prayers."

—R. L. Stevenson.

Probably the most effective way to prevent our boys and girls from using slang at home would be to make it a required subject of study at school.

By surrendering a right, a man may capture a friend.

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To men who work outdoors in Canada, the question of winter underwear is one of great importance. The answer lies in

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which is made of the best grade wool obtainable. It fits perfectly, giving comfort, freedom, and warmth, and is the best underwear for outdoor work. All good dealers sell it.

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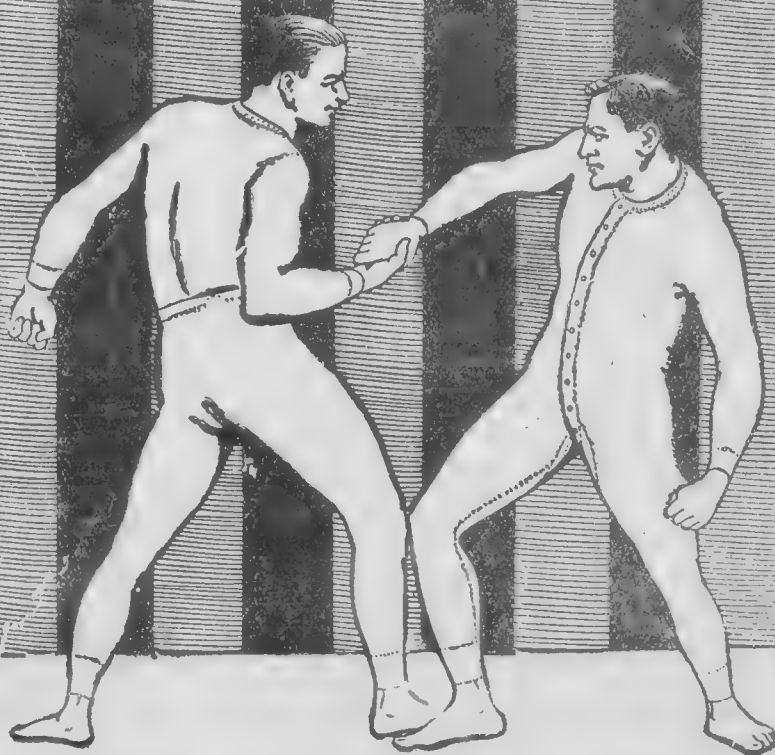
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Science has discovered a way to restore gray hair to its original natural color.

Not by old-time crude dyes so distasteful to dainty women. But by a scientific hair color restorer.

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Scientific Hair Color Restorer

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The coupon in this advertisement brings you free a trial bottle and one of our special combs.

Try Mary T. Goldman's on a single lock of your hair. Note how pleasing it is to use. How it restores your hair to its natural color.

Only then can you appreciate what this scientific discovery means to women.

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The natural color of my hair is
black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....
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Sunday Reading

OUT OF THE DARKNESS

"He maketh wars to cease in all the world."

He maketh wars to cease?—
And yet we saw the battle-flag unfurled,
And lost our dream of peace!

What is this madness that has seized
men's souls?

We ask, with trembling breath,
This wave of frenzied hate that, foaming,
rolls

And sweeps them on to death!

O Prince of Peace, we call Thee King of
kings,

Yet kings the carnage plan
That mocks Thy rule and bold defiance
flings

Against Thee, Son of Man!

Yet we will trust Thee, Lord, for Thou
canst make

"The wrath of man to praise";
And through the gloom and terror there
shall break

The dawn of better days.

—Mrs. J. D. H. Browne.

The heart's affections will certainly
twine about something—if not God, then,
of necessity, the world. In the human
soul, as in Nature, there will be, there
can be, no perfect vacuum. In vain do
we cry, "Love not the world;" the love
of the world will dwell and must dwell
in the soul, unless indeed there dwells
there a higher, purer, stronger love—a
love for God and for all His holy ways.

The prevailing sin of the day is self-
indulgence. It is eating like a canker
into the life of many of our churches.
It leaves Christ's ministers to address
empty pews on unpleasant Sabbaths. It
robs Christ's treasury to keep up a
showy "turn out." If it hangs a bough
of profession over on the church-side of
the dividing wall, yet its roots are deep
down in the soil of the world. It is
often ready to deny Christ, but seldom
ready to deny self.

THE OLD WELL

"There was a well near here," said a
bystander, "and very good water used
to come from it; but it has been filled
for a long time." "Indeed, I never
knew there was a well here, much less
tasted the water. How did it get filled
up?" "Neglect, sir. Some rubbish got
in, then part of the surrounding soil; and
as it was not cleared out at once, it
got worse and worse, till it is as you see
it, quite choked up. I wonder if there
is any water at the bottom?" I thought
how much this old well was like some
Christians. The Lord Jesus spoke of
the life He gives to the believer as "a
well of water" unto him (John iv. 14);
but are there not many who are sup-
posed to be Christians in whom we do not
see any water, and of whom we can say,
as of this old well: "I wonder if there
is any water at the bottom?"

A CHEERFUL MISSIONARY

More than half a century ago a good
missionary who was on furlough took for
his wife a young woman whom her
mother described as "just a gay, light-
hearted girl, full of fun."

When the missionary brought his
bride to the annual meeting of the so-
ciety, just before the couple sailed for
Burma, some of the clergymen shook
their heads at the appearance of the
bride, who always wore bright colours
and pretty things.

"Just look at those curls," said one.
"She seems to be always laughing," said
another. "Have you not made a mis-
take," said a third.

"No," was the quiet reply, "I have
not made a mistake, and you will live
to see it." And he did, and told the
story himself.

Six years later the young missionary
died, but the young widow did not give
up the work. She went into the jungle,
curls and all, and opened a station in
what was known as the "Robber Dis-

trict," where there was at first no other
white person within a hundred miles.
Here she spent the rest of her life. Her
cheerfulness, tact and power of adapta-
tion she used to lead men into the light
of God, and was wonderfully successful.
Hundreds were converted from heathen-
ism, churches and schools were estab-
lished, and the little jungle village be-
came one of the most successful mission
stations among the Burmans.

One of the most remarkable charac-
teristics of her work was her influence
with Buddhists priests. More than a
hundred of these leaders threw aside the
yellow robe of priesthood and became
humble Christians, and many of them
became also earnest preachers of the
Gospel.

Another characteristic of this mission-
ary optimist was her authority. Behind
those laughing eyes there was the qual-
ity of leadership. She taught the native
preachers how to preach. Until the Brit-
ish Government was established there she
was lawyer and judge among her own
people. When the Dacoit rebellion broke
out she organized her followers for de-
fence, and directed them so well that a
reward of ten thousand rupees was offer-
ed by the Dacoits to any one who would
capture or kill Mrs. Ingalls.

Cheerfulness added to fidelity was the
secret of the success of this remarkable
woman. Her genial way made it im-
possible for anyone to take offence. This
quality never failed.

"No, I am not stronger," she wrote in
one of her last letters, "but don't worry
about me. I have a comfortable home,
a good doctor. God knows it all, and
my future is safe in His hands."

At the last her repeated request was,
"Bury me here in Thongze." So when
she "fell on sleep," hundreds of all
creeds and nationalities softly passed
through the central hallway of her hos-
pitable home, where she lay at rest, and
then the voices of those whom she had
helped bore testimony to the power of
one who had given good heed to the
Master's words, "Be of good cheer."

"HONOUR THY FATHER"

The opinion a son has of his father
changes with the years.

At about 12 years: Father is very
smart; he knows everything."

At about 15 years: "Father isn't as
smart as I thought he was. There
are lots of things he don't know."

At about 20 years: "Father really
knows very little. In one day one
learns a good deal more than he did."

At about 25 years: "It is really pit-
able, how far behind the times father
is; he hasn't been able to keep up at
all."

At about 30 years: "Father is quite
smart after all. He has the right
view of things very often. He has
learned more than I thought, and in
his judgment often hits the nail on the
head."

At about 35 or 40 years: "I have
great respect for my father; he is a
very wise man. He has done a good
deal of solid thinking and so has gain-
ed a firm, clear position. I am very
proud of him."

Many a young man would be saved
lessons he has to learn by bitter ex-
perience had he had greater respect for
his father's opinion. But then perhaps
he would think he had been in no dan-
ger of making a mistake.

WORSHIP

The value of public worship has al-
ways lain chiefly in the fact of a com-
mon spiritual elevation. Men feel when
they are together something that they
rarely and less readily feel alone. By
the common impulse, all of them rise a
little, if only a little, above the daily
level on which otherwise each one
stands. The soul, peeping out of its
sordid shell, finds other souls peeping,
and gets courage to peep a little fur-
ther and a little longer. That is the
significance of the words, "Where two
or three are gathered together in my
name, there am I in the midst of them."

The individualism of the nineteenth century, so rich and fertile in many ways, had its dangerous excesses, and none more dangerous than the attitude toward public worship. Men said, "Worship is between me and God. I can find Him better alone than in a tumult of those who are in no way akin to me. His dwelling is in the woods, and by the pathless waters, and among the flowers, and under the innumerable stars." So they neglected the Sunday service, and walked in the fields instead. How many of them really found God there?

It is true that the highest moments of spiritual rapture probably come in solitude. But to the finest natures they come rarely, to most men very rarely, to many not at all. Instead, men's thoughts drift too easily to things that are often lovely and of value in themselves, but wholly of this world, and in consequence they grow forgetful of anything beyond it.

Sometime, somehow, there will come a great revival of worship—not the mere, formal, conventional church attendance, but the old opening of the windows of heaven to let the soul see through. It will not come through sermons only, but through common prayer, and common praise, and common adoration. Thus, and thus only, will mankind accomplish that uplifting of itself above itself that it needs more than education, more even than the wisest and most substantial reformation of morals. Such uplifting is, indeed, the only substantial reformation of morals.

He who enthrones Fate and Luck in his life dethrones God.

THE BIBLE

I care not what the world may say, nor what its fashions be;
The Bible is the "Book of books"; God's precious Word to me.
I care not what the world can give, nor what its schools can teach;
The Bible sheds the world of light, man's darkened mind to reach.

Rank, wealth and power may feed man's pride, and lift him up to fall;
The Bible leads him back to God, who loves and cares for all.
Vain speculations, falsely called the science of our day,
Fast multiply, through man's conceit, from God to lead astray.

But all along man's earthly course—'mid peace, or joy, or strife.
The Bible tells to all who'll hear "the Way, the Truth, the Life."
The wisest, bravest, best of men, and nations most advanced,
Have followed where the Bible led; their joy it has enhanced.

And every phase of human life the Bible serves to bless;
With promise, if hard fortune frown; warning, if she caress.
The Bible is "the Book of books"; God's precious Word to me,
Its precept and its promise shall my daily study be.
—The Rev. J. McCarty Duckwall, D.D., LL.L.

Perseverance is a great element of success. If you only knock long enough and loud enough at the gate you are sure to wake up somebody.—Longfellow.

MISSIONS

Testimony of a Scotch Seaman

A seaman, on returning home to Scotland, after a cruise in the Pacific, was asked: "Do you think the missionaries have done any good in the South Sea Islands?" "I will tell you a fact which speaks for itself," said the sailor. "Last year I was wrecked on one of those islands, where I knew that eight years before, a ship was wrecked and the crew murdered; and you may judge how I felt at the prospect before me—if not dashed to pieces on the rocks, to survive for only a more cruel death. When day broke we saw a number of canoes pulling for our ship, and we were prepared for the worst. Think of our joy and wonder when we saw the natives in English dress, and heard some of them speak in the English language! On that very island the next Sunday we heard the Gospel preached. I do not know what you think of missions, but I know what I do."

Seed Thoughts

Men are oftener treacherous through weakness than design.
See that you personally know and daily live upon Christ.

Magnanimity is sufficiently defined by its name; yet we may say of magnanimity, that it is the good sense of pride, and the noblest way of acquiring applause.

Of all acts of cowardice, the meanest is that which leads us to abandon a good cause because it is weak, and join a bad cause because it is strong.

Be full of prayer whenever you attempt to preach, and go from your closet to your pulpit with the inward groanings of the Spirit pressing for utterance at your lips.

A white garment appears worse with slight soiling than do colored garments much soiled; so a little fault in a good man attracts more attention than grave offences in bad men.

Why have we memory sufficient to retain the minutest circumstances that have happened to us; and yet not enough to remember how often we have related them to the same persons?

Did you ever think of the ten commandments as ten promises? The grace to perform is implied. So with the requirement, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart"—the ability to do it is pledged in the very demand.

How to Bear Little Worries

In the first place, expect them. Make them the subject of our morning prayers, and say to ourselves, Here my daily cross, do I accept willingly. Surely! for it is God Who sends it. After all—these little troubles looked at calmly, what are they? Ah, if there were never any worse!

Secondly, we must be prepared for them. You know, if you wish to break the force of a blow falling on you, you naturally bend the body; so let us act with regard to our souls.

Accustom yourself, write a pious author, to stoop with sweet condescension, not only to exigencies (that is your duty), but to the simple wishes of those who surround you—the accidents which may intervene; you will find yourself seldom, if ever, crushed.

To bend is better than to bear; to bear is often a little hard; to bend implies a certain external sweetness that yields all constraint, sacrificing the wishes, even in holy things, when they tend to cause disagreements in the family circle.

Blessed are those docile ones; they are those whom God selects to work for Him.

SOLVE THESE RIDDLES WIN THIS CAR AND OTHER WONDERFUL PRIZES



The Genuine Culver Racer is the niftiest auto for girls and boys ever built. It is a genuine motor car—not a toy. Has real steering wheel and gears with shifting lever, steel springs, powerful brake, pneumatic tires, handsomely enamelled body and good upholstery. Runs up to 25 miles an hour speed and uses very little gasoline. You will be proud of it if you win it. Dozens of boys and girls have won them and are proud of them.

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE , Genuine Culver Chummy Racer.....	VALUE \$250.00
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Seventh to Tenth Prizes , Self-filler Fountain Pens, each.....	5.00

What Others Have Done YOU Can Do

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have already awarded big prizes:

Earl J. Beattie, Surf Inlet, B.C., Chummy Culver Racer, Value \$250.00.	
Harry Dwyre, Elgin, Ont.....	Typewriter
Earnest Fisher, Montreal.....	Seven Jewelled Watch
Helen Smith, Edmonton, Alta.....	Shetland Pony and Cart
Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask.....	Shetland Pony
Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.....	\$100.00 Cash
Helen Benesch, Junkins, Alta.....	\$50.00 Cash
Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.....	\$25.00 Cash
Bryden Foster, Leamington, Ont.....	\$150.00 Cash
Frankie Kirby, Three Hills, Alta.....	\$25.00 Eastman Kodak
Mary Proctor, Vancouver, B.C.....	\$15.00 Bracelet Watch
Eva Casson, North Bay, Ont.....	\$10.00 Doll and Carriage

The contest will close on June 20, 1921, at 5.30 p.m. We will send you the names of men—others too. Only boys and girls 17 years of age and under may send answers, and each boy and girl will be required to perform a small service for us. Send your answers this very evening to

THE RIDDLEMAN

Dept. 33 253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

HERE are four riddles for boys and girls with wise heads. We told the artist to draw the pictures to represent the riddles, but he guessed the right answers—and put them in too! So we barred him from the contest and told him to keep it a secret. Luckily, he got the answers all jumbled up, so you won't be any the wiser.

If you can unscramble the jumbled letters beneath each riddle picture and put them in their right order to spell the right words, you will have the right answers. It isn't an easy task. Good thinking, patience and perseverance may find you the answers. Try it.

If you think you have found the answers, write them carefully on a sheet of white paper. Put on nothing but your four answers and your name and address in the upper right-hand corner of the page. Handwriting, spelling, punctuation and general neatness will count if more than one answer is correct.

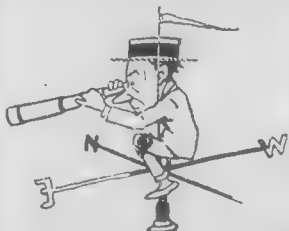
We will write and tell you immediately if you are correct, and send you a handsome illustrated list of all the prizes that you can win.

When a bear goes into a dry-goods store what does he want?



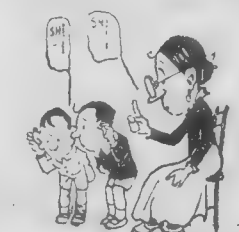
Answer
SLIM NU

What is it that every living person has seen but will never see again?



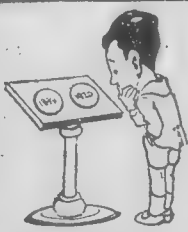
Answer
DRY E YEAST

What is that which you break by just naming it?



Answer
ICE LENS

What is the difference between a 1920 dime and an 1899 cent?



Answer
NICE NETS N

*Ye Olde Firme Heintzman & Co., Limited—
Established 1850—70 Years' Business—Three
Generations of Heintzmans.*



Father, Mother
and the Kiddies,
all enjoy this
music.

A Much-loved Piano

This is the piano you want: A piano that can be played by every member of the family.

A piano that is always ready, even if "the musician" of the family is away.

A piano that always pays big dividends of musical enjoyment.

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Each detail is "wear proof" and "weather proof." The whole—a player action as responsive as a fine watch—as durable as a steel girder.

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Music and the Home

When the Ceiling Falls

On one occasion a young violinist just returned from a course of study in a European Conservatory was enjoying his first hard won opportunity to appear at a concert with an orchestra. About the middle of his concerto the ceiling just above his head began to crack and the plaster fell on him in large chunks mingling in a cloud of suffocating dust. Of course the performance came to an immediate stop. The violinist had already made a good impression and but for his ill-advised excess of pluck he might well have let it go at that but he attempted to appear later and finish the concerto when owing to the nervous shock just experienced he played most abominably and all but broke down. The moral of this is never to resume a performance interrupted by a seriously disconcerting accident.

University to Study Psychology of Music

Countrywide interest has been aroused in educational and music circles by the announcement at Baltimore that with the opening of the fall term Johns Hopkins University will inaugurate a course in the psychology of music.

Under the instructorship of Otto Ortman, of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, and Dr. Knight Dunlap, professor of experimental psychology at Johns Hopkins, an analysis of the varying effect of music upon different persons will be made and proof will be sought of the belief that art and science are co-related.

Following are a few of the questions which will be taken up for solution in the new course:

Why do persons respond to certain compositions and not to others? What are the causes of the effects produced by any particular score? Why is a more or less definite impression conveyed to the mind by music? Wherein lies the appeal of program music? What effect has the title of a score upon the impression made by the music? What is the difference between eastern and western music?

Ancient Organ Lent to Museum

An organ representing one of the earliest products of musical ingenuity on this continent has been lent to the Carnegie Museum at Pittsburg by U. C. Kramer. With it is a note in the builder's own handwriting showing that he sold the organ to a certain John May and for it he received "a horse, watch, some cash and some notes."

There is romance in every fibre of this instrument. It was built in 1787 by Joseph Downer, then a youth of twenty years. At first it was regarded as a curiosity by the neighbors. People came to see it from far and wide. Tourists would tell their stage coach drivers to stop at the small town near Boston to see this much discussed music box.

The instrument is six feet wide and nearly eight feet high. It is painted with enamel and is finished with carvings and scroll work. The workmanship is good and the materials used seem to have been of the best. Some of the pipes were glued in, others were placed in grooves. Those glued in are to-day just as tight as they were 150 years ago.

Music as a Healing Agent

In discussing the relation of music to the science of hearing and outlining some of his experiments, Mr. Isaacson, a New York musical writer and a man who has given five years of his time to experimental work in this regard, recently said:

"My experiments have not been by any means confined to mental cases, unless such ailments as insomnia, indigestion and various other organic and chronic troubles can be so classed. "The best music for curative effects

is the violin and the soprano voice. It is only the liquid, flowing notes—not the strongly cadenced ones—that are soothing, certain instrumental music has the same effect on a patient as a saw drawn across his bare flesh. A 'cello, for instance, would be absolutely injurious, for it induces melancholy, and most wind instruments are not suitable.

"Sometimes, however, the effect desired is to startle the patient out of some temporary mood, and in such cases music can be used, as a doctor would use, for instance, strychnine to stimulate heart action.

"Almost everyone vibrates or responds to certain notes or tunes more than to others. Theodore Roosevelt could never hear Massenet's "Ouvrez Tes Yeux Bleus" without showing emotion. This individuality of note appeal is something to be reckoned with in musical treatments.

"Hungarian music and jazz are not for sick people. One of the most effective pieces for musical treatments is Mendelssohn's "On Wings of Song." Others are Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me," and both Gounod's and Bach's "Ave Maria." As in medicine, music is sometimes desired as a counter-irritant, to stimulate by its vigorous contact with the nerves. For this purpose the selection would be such pieces as the prelude of Rachmaninoff or Wagner's "March of the Valkyries."

Married Women and Music

Many a married woman, with the responsibilities of a house and family on her shoulders, would make a point of devoting a little time each week to her singing or violin playing, if she knew she could count upon the services of an enthusiastic accompanist, in the same way as pianists would have an incentive to keep up their pianoforte playing, if, instead of utilizing it to break down an ill-prepared or half-forgotten solo, they could with a degree of justifiable confidence undertake the accompaniments for the songs and violin solos at any concert or social function where such services were required.

Instrumental music, once learned, never goes entirely out of the fingers, and although after a lapse of some years it would take considerable amount of practice to render a solo fit for performance to an audience, it would need but a moderate amount of work to bring an accompaniment, once learned, to a condition of comparative safety.

Moving Pianos in Brazil

On my way to business one morning in Pernambuco, Brazil, writes a correspondent, my ear caught the sound of a male quartette singing something in 4-4 time, and apparently coming in my direction. Being curious, I waited to see what it might be. At that moment, swinging round a corner of the street, came four negroes, and balanced horizontally upon their heads a large upright piano. The harmony ceased abruptly, and one of them, evidently the soloist of the party, continued with the melody, still in march time, to which all kept in step. The solo finished, once again the chorus was taken up in harmony, and they marched by, arms swinging rhythmically, the piano, apparently no burden whatsoever, gently swaying with the rhythmic step.

Obviously the purpose of the singing was to keep them in step and so facilitate the safe transportation of the instrument so precariously perched upon their heads. I learned that this is the customary method of piano moving in Pernambuco, where the streets are paved with cobble stones; and a piano transported on a truck, and subjected to a thousand bumps, would doubtless suffer considerably in transit. I was never fortunate enough to witness the method of getting the instrument into position on their heads, nor of getting it down again, but, doubtless, they had their own ingenious ways of doing this as they had of keeping in step while carrying it.

**Good Congregational Singing
Requires that Every Last
Person in Church
Join in**

**The Men can Sing, Want to Sing
and Will Sing**

Congregational singing is a subject that gets too little attention to-day. It is, therefore, encouraging to see contributions to the musical discussions in the press of the nature that those who read the musical papers have noticed from the pen of such a prominent gentleman as Geoffrey O'Hara. In urging more and better congregational singing as one of the prime needs of the church to-day, Mr. O'Hara goes on to say: "Good, rousing congregational singing in which everyone joins, old and young regardless of any unusual ability to sing, is always an acquisition to a church, to its service, to the parish, and is, therefore, much to be desired. This is a self-evident truth and, therefore, needs no defence nor proof nor commentary. Hence it should be a necessary acquisition to a church and nothing should be left undone till excellent hymn singing is attained in every parish in the country."

"It is the writer's contention that in the future the singing of congregations will be good in exact proportions to the participation by the men. It is idle to say that men can't, won't or don't sing. The writer has too many times heard men sing in lodges, at club dinners, etc., to say nothing of the inspiring gatherings in the camps during the war periods. Men can sing, want to sing, will sing, and the fact that they do sing upon many occasions out of all proportion to the way they sing in church, and together with the fact that the writer, using the methods proposed in his paper, has developed congregational singing till it was quite satisfactory, forces but one conclusion, and that is, that their singing has been innocently discouraged. There is a way out, and as compared to other much more arduous tasks which the Church accomplishes, is quite simple."

"In passing, mention might be made of the fact that a great deal of criticism has been levelled at the text of many of our hymns, and the claim is made that mediocre congregational singing is the result of the hymns not being up-to-date to coincide with the advancement made along other lines. Be this as it may there is no doubt that there is an evolution in the art of hymn-book making, and each few years sees a new book with some new hymn-tunes and new words, etc."

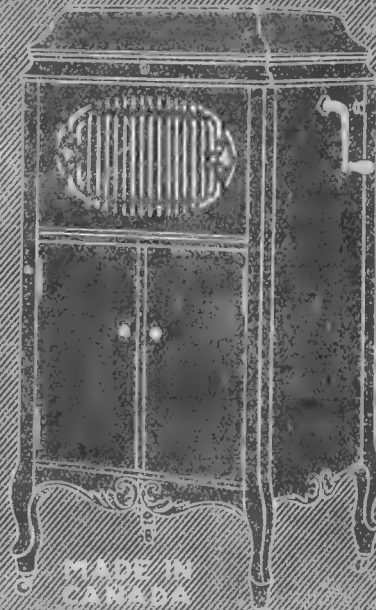
"Here follow a few suggestions which have helped the writer in his work: Hymns must be kept in keys calculated to let men sing, no hymn must go above E flat; if it does—don't sing it, for even one high hymn in a service will entirely destroy singing morale. Recollect that low hymns will pick up most of the men, and most of the women, whereas high hymns have the opposite effect. In the second place, the writer has seen demonstrated time and time again that a loud organ or a large chorus choir does not necessarily produce good congregational singing but often produces exactly the opposite effect. Good results often follow soft singing. This tends to give the weak voices in the congregation courage and also helps the timid ones who are afraid to sing lest their neighbor hear them. Weak voices like to hear themselves sing quite as much as the loud voices. Finally remember that congregational singing, like anything else, is good only when the very last person in the church is singing."

If you find your patience degenerating into indifference, it is time to become impatient.

A happily married couple are like a pair of shears. They work together with beautiful smoothness, but anything that gets between them is sure to suffer.

It is not that God is on the side of the strongest battalions, but that the strongest battalions are those that have God on their side.

Listen!



and your
hearing will
decide for the

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tion Guaranteed.

Woman's Institutes

These letters were received by the Rosser Women's Institute, who have adopted three French war orphans.

Dear Miss:—I and Andre wish to offer you our most sincere wishes of health and happiness for the year 1920.

Like her, I am very grateful for the present which you sent her. It will be very useful to her, seeing that we now have prospects of returning shortly to the Ardennes. The climate is colder than in Brittany, and your present will be very useful to her. Please accept my grateful thanks.

It is pleasant and consoling to think that over there, far from me, someone is trying to lessen my unhappiness, because, my goodness how distressful it would be without help.

Thinking to please you, and at the same time make known to you the father whose orphan you are taking such good care of, I remit you here-with the last souvenir of my husband.

With all my thanks, please believe Miss, the sincerity of my best senti-ments.

(Signed), M. Anbry.

Dear Miss:—I come, all happy, to thank you for the pretty present that you have been good enough to send me, believe Miss, in my gratefulness, and in exchange please accept my most tender kiss. All my wishes of happiness for the year 1920.

Yours little Andre.

St. Pol de Leon, 8th April, 1920.

My dear Benefactress:—I thank you a thousand times for the beneficent gift which you have made us and which we have received since the last twenty days. Your money order, and then the bonnet, as well as the muffler. I thank you once again, because we are happy to have you to help us, seeing that I am alone with my mother, and that my father has been killed for France.

I am in very good health, as well as my little mother, and desiring that you be likewise, when you receive this letter.

Receive dear benefactress my best respects, as well as those of my mother.

Here is my address:

Marie Le Deroff, Maison Graffe, St. Pol de Leon la Gare, Finistere.

St. Pol de Leon, France.

Dear Mrs. —:—I received your letter three days ago as well as the money order for 314 francs. I was indeed surprised at your generosity.

Oh, I cannot get over it. I will tell you that upon receiving it I did not know that it represented money, but I brought your letter to a lady on our street that speaks your language, and she read your letter to me as well as your money order.

I immediately said, "Is what you tell me true?" and she said "yes."

Oh dear Mrs. —, permit me to offer you all my gratitude and thanks, as well as to all the good ladies of the society whom you tell me have sympathy for me, or rather for we two. I must also tell you of the joy which my son displayed when I told him of the help which we had received. He said, "I have a war godmother like the other children now, is it papa in heaven who chose her for me?"

So then I showed him the photo you sent me on which there was marked a small cross. I told him, "That is your godmother." He looked at the photo some time, and since then he never makes a mistake in pointing you out.

He asks me from time to time if I receive many pennies from his god-mother. I will tell you he likes money, but he never spends any on candies. Yes in my misfortune there remains to me a gentle boy with very good habits. He goes every day to school. In the month of May he will be six years old.

I am enclosing his photo taken last year, that is to say when I made the appeal for help.

Oh, but I am surprised at the large sum. Believe me, dear madam, since the death of my husband I had never seen so much. To tell you how much I am helped, we have only what we receive as an allowance, and now it is

finished we shall now begin to receive our pension, but this will give us still less.

Here I am the only tenant. Our landlords are good to us. It has been necessary for me to abandon my trade as a seamstress. With my misfortune I have lost my health, so that now I go and do odd jobs. Like this I can live more easily. We have the instruction of our children gratuitous. This is quite a help. Like this they will, in their time, be able to earn their livelihood once again. Poor orphans, they do not know their misfortunes. It is we, their mothers, who are obliged to cry for them. Yes, we are made to suffer in losing the one who was our support on this earth.

Oh, dear lady, permit me to tell you that since 15 months I have wept for my husband, who was always so good to us, and that now we live only on what we receive from here and there. At my age of thirty years it is bitter. I am not the only one I know; how-ever I must not murmur too much.

Since you, as well as all the good ladies of your society have condescended to sympathize, as well as to come to my aid, may God bless you all, and later at the hour of your death render you all His comfort.

Dear madam, you tell me that you help two orphans in France. This makes three with my son. How good you are. For my part I cannot get over it that you should help us. Both of us will pray for you: it is all I can do for your generosity towards us, we are so far; now there remains only two privations on earth, not being able to see you as well as our dear Father. Oh, my, how hard it is to be separated. One must hope that the longest years have passed.

I did not write to you the day I received your letter. I wished to know first how much I would get for the money order. Well it was the husband of the lady who translated your letter who cashed it for me, and I received every cent.

Dear madam, there remains with me a very good remembrance of you. You would give me great pleasure if you would tell me if you also have any children, and if your husband went to the war. Now you will understand our sorrow better. For to-night I do not know anything that I could tell you, unfortunately, without knowing you.

My son has already repeated a hundred times that he has a war godmother. All his little friends know it.

I terminate, my dear lady, in wishing you a very good day, as well as to all those of the society.

Many thanks for your kindness to us.

Here is my address:

Madame Venve Guemener Alain, No. 16 Rue Cadion, St. Pol de Leon, Finistere, France.

The Women's Institute of Pilot Mound sent a donation of twenty-five dollars to Mrs. W. J. Rose of Teschen, Poland. She was formerly Miss Emily Cuthbert of Pilot Mound. The following itemized statement shows the marvellous purchasing powers of a few dollars in that suffering country. Teschen is situated in the district where war has been waged this summer. The suffering there is as great as it was in France during the Great War.

Gift toward salary of Deacon- ess for the poor, in the Protestant Church of Tes- chen	500 Marks
Two pairs of woollen stock- ings for Deaconess	300 "
Material for dress	750 "
Equipment, playground for schoolchildren, croquet set.	730 "
For poor students in Wilno.	700 "
For making a dress for a young girl	50 "
Gift to help boy buy a suit of clothes	160 "
Gift for teacher for helping poor students	190 "
For two poor women	30 "
One pair of stockings and soap for a young girl	80 "

3,490 Marks

3,490 Marks is equal to \$25.00.

WHAT IS LOVE?

By Frank Steele

Love is a wave of gladness
Cast up from a summer sea,
Leaving two lovers adreaming
On the sands of ecstasy.

Love is the sad light gleaming,
The fear in a maiden's eye,
As she watches a lone ship fading
Away in the sea and sky.

Love is the prayer repeated
By a maiden, wan and weak,
As she sees the black clouds gather
And hears the wild winds shriek.

Love is the cry that welcomes
The sight of a tattered sail
And love is a maiden's answer
To a sailor-lover's tale.

THE FIREGLOW

By Margaret Anger

How oft within the firelight glow,
In blissful idleness a while,
We sit and dream o'er things we know,
Dear cherished things, that bring a
smile.

The pages of our yesterdays,
We turn with reminiscent look,
On once familiar scenes we gaze,
As pictures, in an olden book.

As thus we rest with musing eye
And watch the embers crimson gleam,
Some face in miniature goes by
And weaves into our silent dream.

The face of someone once we knew,
We see it there, within the glow;
The hours we spent pass in review,
The golden hours of long ago.

Mayhap of music, some sweet strain,
Some lingering chord, we seem to hear,
As memory brings it back again
And plays it for our listening ear.

Or yet a song, the music may bring,
And breathe it's lilting cadence o'er,
Until some voice we once heard sing,
Comes back as from a far off shore.

We dream of flowers long dead and gone,
E'en now, their beauty brings a thrill;
Roses, soft flushed as break of dawn,
Their fragrance, we can sense it still.

As dies the embers heart to grey,
Our treasured memories fade and go;
But they are only laid away,
Their joy, again, some hour we'll know.

PITCHED LOWER

In the course of her first call upon
one of her husband's congregation,
young Mrs. Gray spoke feelingly of his
noble, generous spirit.

"He is as nearly an altruist as man
may be," she said, "proudly and affec-
tionately.

"Is he an altruist?" said her hostess,
with mild surprise, "I thought from
the tone of her voice that he probably
was a bass."

COMPLIMENTARY

One of the ushers approached a man
who appeared to be annoying those about
him.

"Don't you like the show?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Then why do you persist in hissing
the performers?"

"Why, m-an alive, I w-asn't his-sing!
I w-was s-simply s-s-aying to S-ammie
that the s-s-inging is s-s-uperb."—Judge.

He had used persuasion and argument
in vain. At last he said in despera-
tion:

"Edwidge, if you will marry me I will
take out 500,000 francs of life insur-
ance; if I die you will be safe from
want."

"Yes," was the reply, "but what if
you don't die?"

She—"How do you suppose the apes
crack the shells of the nuts they
pick?"

He—"With a monkey-wrench."



"My! How I did used to dread having the Threshers come---but I don't mind now."

"WHY, a year ago I could no more think of cooking a big dinner than I could fly.

"I did not seem to have any strength then, and a little extra work or excitement would use me up for a week.

"The doctor said my nerves were weak and that I had nervous prostration. I certainly was nervous and irritable. I was always worrying about something.

"It all looks very foolish now. But that is just the difference between being weak and strong.

"Why doesn't every woman use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when she gets run-down in health?

"But I suppose they do not all know about it or do not realize what it will do for them. Then perhaps some of them do not use it long enough to build up their exhausted nervous systems.

"One thing sure, the women of this com-

munity will know all about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for they know how miserable I was, and I will see that they know what I used to make me well.

"I certainly did get into a terribly run-down condition, but no one would believe it to see me now since using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I can now take a real pleasure in life and its activities.

"And why shouldn't I? I sleep like a top, enjoy my meals and get outdoors where the fresh air and sunshine help to keep me feeling fine.

"I don't believe people appreciate good health until they have been sick for a time. I am sure that I did not. The credit for my splendid health now is undoubtedly due to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I want every woman to know it."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Look for the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on the box you buy.

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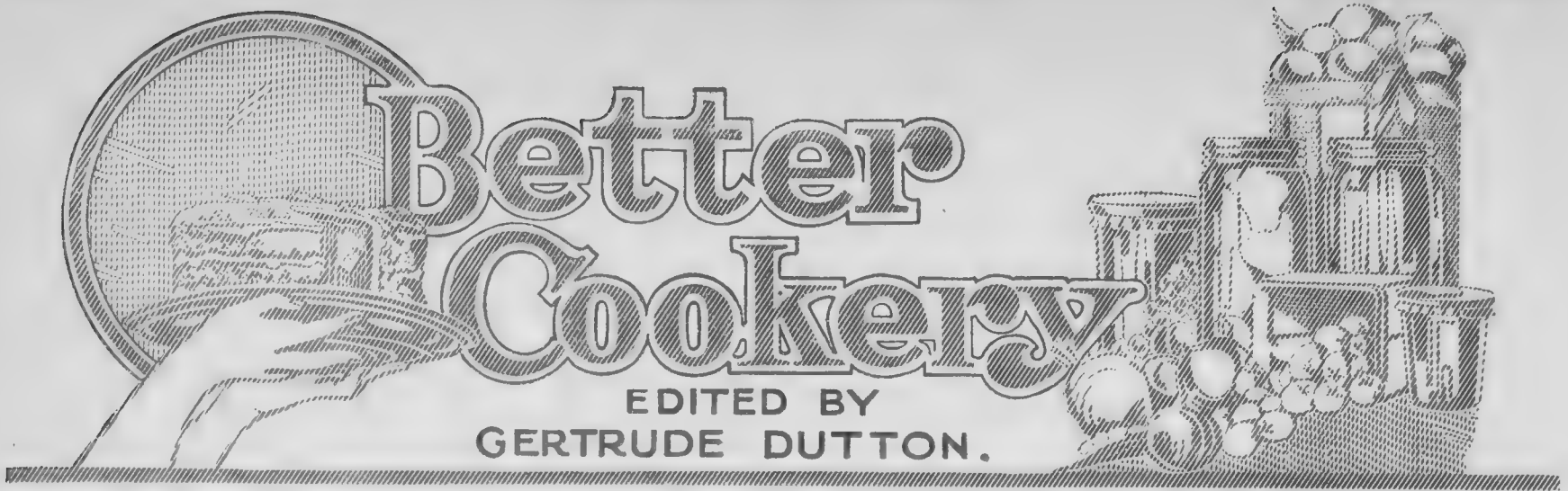
from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. Does not blister or remove the hair and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. \$2.50 a bottle delivered. Horse Book 9 R free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins; heals Sores. Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Liberal trial bottle for 10c stamps.

W. F. YOUNG Inc., 138 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

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COOKING IN GLASS

At intervals the homemakers in this country of ours are thrilled by tidings of some marvellous discovery which will revolutionize cooking or house-keeping. Too often their high hopes are doomed to disappointment. We remember the paper bag cookery, which was going to eliminate the washing of greasy pots and pans.

As glass is the cleanest material made, scientists realized it was the ideal material for cooking, if only it could be made to withstand heat. After years of experimenting, a glass was developed which expands so very little that the hottest oven heat will not break it. To this glass they gave the name of Pyrex. Several years of ever-increasing use have proved the value and durability of this attractive oven-ware.

It has many advantages. It will not lose its brilliancy, peel off, chip, discolor, burn out, craze or rust. Food which has dried on is very easily removed. The extremely smooth surface prevents all absorption of odor. Fish may be baked in it for dinner, but not the faintest trace of odor or taste will be left to prevent its use for a custard for supper. It does not break as easily as ordinary glass, china or crockery. Its appearance is so attractive that food is usually served from it at the table, instead of being transferred to another dish. Metal reflects considerable heat, which glass permits to pass right through to its contents. For this reason the use of glass in the oven causes a saving of fuel, so the cooking process will be quicker, bread will rise higher, and will be well browned on the bottom and sides. Pies will be as well done underneath as on top.



Baked in ordinary pan.

Raisins as Food

The raisin is one of our most important energy-giving foods, owing to its large percentage of an easily digested form of sugar, and its high mineral content. There are many ways of using them.

For Breakfast

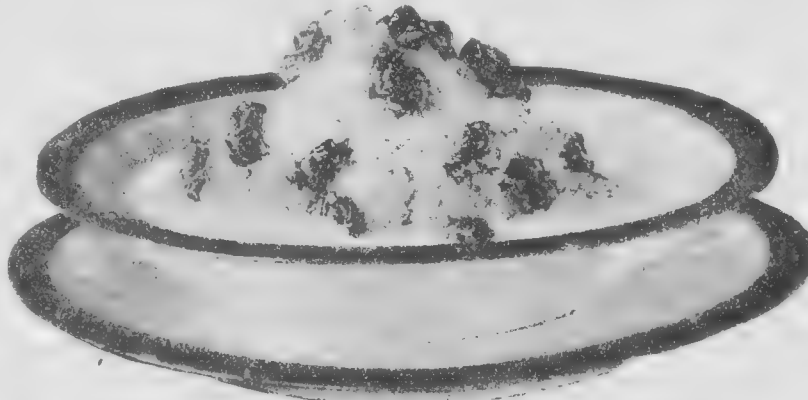
Soften raisins with a little water, dry with cheesecloth, and serve with sliced oranges, without sugar.

Stewed Raisins

Wash the raisins, cover with cold water, soak for several hours overnight. Stew gently till plump and tender. No sugar is required.

Oatmeal with Raisins

Cook oatmeal in the usual manner. After ten minutes cooking add one cup of well washed raisins. and finish cooking.



Oatmeal with raisins.

Cream of Wheat

Is equally good with the addition of raisins.

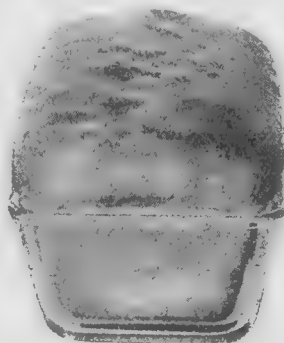
Raisin Muffins

2 eggs
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons sugar
2 cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1 cup raisins

Beat the eggs well, add the sugar and melted butter, stir in alternately the milk and the flour, baking powder, and salt sifted together. Beat well and stir in the floured raisins. Bake in greased gem pans in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes.

Baking Powder Biscuits

To which floured raisins are added, are raised above the commonplace.



Baked in pyrex.

Raisin Sauce

1½ cup raisins
¼ cup brown sugar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon corn starch
2½ cups boiling water

Mix cornstarch and sugar, add boiling water, stirring constantly. Add raisins, simmer till they are plump and tender. Add salt and vanilla, and serve hot. This is particularly good with cottage pudding or plain steamed rice.

Mock Cherry Pie

1 cup cranberries cut in halves
¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoon flour
½ cup raisins seeded and cut in pieces
1 teaspoon butter

Bake between two crusts, or with a lower crust, and lattice strips over the top.

Raisin Tapioca

If raisins are added to an ordinary tapioca pudding made with milk and eggs, according to one's usual method, it becomes a "company" dessert.

Raisin Cake Fillings and Frostings

1. Boil together 1 cup of brown sugar, 1 cup of raisins cut in small pieces, ½ cup of water, till it threads from a fork. Pour slowly on the stiffly beaten white of 1 egg, continue beating till of the right consistency to spread.

2. Fold one cup of very finely chopped raisins into stiffly whipped cream, which has been flavored with vanilla and slightly sweetened.

Mock Angel Cake

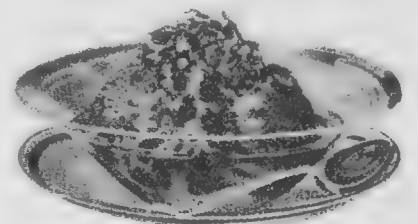
Whites of two eggs, one cup granulated sugar, one cup flour, one cup sweet milk, two teaspoons baking powder, half teaspoon salt.

Dissolve sugar in milk and heat to boiling. Sift the dry ingredients together four times, and stir into the hot milk. Cool and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in funnel cake tin, ungreased.

Sugar Cookies

One-and-half cups brown sugar, one cup butter, two eggs, half-cup sour cream, one teaspoon soda, five cups flour.

Sift the soda with the flour, and work in the butter with the tips of the fingers. Stir in the sugar and gradually work in the beaten eggs and cream. Add a little more cream or milk if necessary. Roll out and bake.



RAISIN DESSERTS

Raisin 'Roly-poly'

2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon butter
1 cup raisins
½ cup milk
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons shortening

Sift flour, baking powder and salt, rub in shortening, add enough milk to roll the dough out to quarter-inch thickness. Spread over it the raisins which have been stewed, thickened and sweetened with one tablespoon of sugar. Roll up like a jellyroll, place in a bake pan. Spread the butter over the top, and sprinkle with the remaining tablespoon of sugar, and bake in a hot oven twenty minutes or till done. Serve warm with lemon sauce or cream.

Raisin Snowballs

1 cup raisins
1 cup rice
1 teaspoon salt

Wash the rice well, boil for twenty minutes in 4 quarts of salted water, drain, but do not blanch.

Have ready on saucers as many squares of cheesecloth as are required. Divide the hot rice evenly, between these portions. In the centre of each place a spoonful of steamed raisins, bringing the rice up around and over the raisins to form a ball. Tie the cheese cloth close to the rice.

Twenty minutes before serving, drop the balls into a large kettle of rapidly boiling water. Remove cheesecloth. Serve with a little red jelly on top of each ball, and surround with sweetened whipped cream. Or omit the jelly and cream, using instead lemon sauce.

Raisin Cheese

Spread thin buttered bread with a filling made by mixing cream cheese and very finely chopped raisins.

Raisin Nut

Make a paste by putting raisins through the food chopper, adding half the quantity of ground nuts (walnuts, almonds or peanuts), a little salt, and moistening with orange juice. If orange juice and a little lemon juice is used this paste will keep a long time.

Raisin Caramel Apples

½ cup raisins
6 tart apples
¼ cup brown sugar
1-2 cup water
2 tablespoons butter

Pare, core and halve the apples. Lay in a bake dish or broad saucepan. Pile the raisins on each half, sprinkle the sugar and butter over them, add the water, and cook gently either on top of the stove or in the oven till the apples are tender. Keep the half apples as whole as possible.

Nut Bread

Half cup sugar, one egg, two-and-half cups flour, four teaspoons baking powder, half-teaspoon salt, one scant cup milk, one cup shelled walnuts, half-cup chopped dates.

Beat the egg, add sugar and milk. Sift two cups of the flour with the salt and baking powder. Combine the two mixtures. Add the dates rolled in the remaining flour and the nuts. Bake in greased pans or baking powder tins. Don't fill the dishes more than two-thirds full.

Fruit Buns Toasted

Take fresh fruit buns, break and toast on the broken side, butter and serve hot with a salad, jelly, or cheese balls and cocoa.

Rice and Veal Pie

Trim one-half pound of cooked veal and chop it. Mix it with one cupful of cooked rice, one cupful of white sauce, four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Into a bowl sift two cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt, rub in four tablespoonfuls of lard and four tablespoonfuls of butter, add one yolk of egg, and enough ice water to make a stiff paste. Knead lightly on a floured baking board and roll out. Grease a plain mold or bowl and line it with the crust. Trim round the edges with a pair of scissors, allowing the crust to project one-fourth inch. Fill up with the rice mixture and cover with a round of the pastry, wetting the two edges before pressing them together. Make a small hole with a skewer in the middle, and bake in a hot oven for forty minutes. Turn out on a hot dish, garnish with parsley, and serve with hot tomato sauce.

Lamb Cutlets

For these I buy one best end of neck. I wipe the meat, chine it carefully, chop the ends, cut into cutlets, and trim off the outside fat.

I clear the bone an inch below the eye, pat the cutlets with a cutlet pat, or the end of a palette-knife, and then just trim and scrape the bone.

I dip the cutlets in seasoned flour, coat with egg and crumbs, and fry them in a saute pan.

Now, to make these look specially tempting, I dish them, standing up, on border of mashed potatoes, which I shape into a ring about two inches high. I overlap each cutlet in the circle, and put a little cutlet frill on each bone. The centre I fill with green peas cooked to a nicety, and round the dish I pour either tomato sauce or a good brown sauce, and you can't think how nice the whole thing looks and tastes.

Split Pea Soup

One pint dried peas, 4 quarts water, 1 large onion minced fine, 4 tablespoons sweet drippings or nut butter, which gives a better flavor, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon minced celery or a few dried celery leaves, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 teaspoons salt. Wash the peas and soak them overnight in cold water. In the morning pour off the water and put them in the soup pot with 3 quarts of cold water. Place on the fire and when the water comes to the boiling point pour it off (throw this water away). Add 4 quarts of boiling water to the peas and place the soup pot where the contents will simmer for 4 hours. Add the celery the last hour of cooking. Cook the onion and drippings slowly in a stewpan for half an hour. Drain the water from the peas (save this water) and put them in the stewpan with the onions and drippings. Then add the flour and cook half an hour, stirring often. At the end of this time mash fine and gradually add the water in which the peas were boiled until the soup is like thick cream. Then rub through a sieve and return to the fire; add the salt and pepper and cook twenty minutes or more. Beans can be used in the same way as peas.

Chicken Sandwiches

Chop cold boiled chicken and flavor with salad dressing, or season with salt and pepper, and moisten with rich chicken stock. Prepare as other sandwiches.

Nut and Cheese Sandwiches

Mix equal parts of grated cheese and chopped walnuts. Moisten with salad dressing, season with salt and cayenne. Prepare as other sandwiches.

Bread for Sandwiches

Bread for sandwiches should be at least a day old. Cut slices very thin, and where butter is used cream it well with a wooden spoon before spreading, or have it in a moderately warm place so that it may be soft enough to spread evenly without becoming melted and oily. It is usually recommended to butter the bread before cutting from

the loaf. If the loaf is not exactly the same shape on both sides, the slices will not match exactly when put together. With a perfectly round or square loaf this method is excellent. Sandwiches which are prepared several hours before serving time, may be kept fresh and moist by wrapping in a napkin, wrung as dry as possible out of cold water, and kept in a cool place.

Egg and Celery Sandwiches

One cup chopped celery, one hard cooked egg, quarter cup boiled salad dressing, salt if necessary.

Put celery and egg through the food chopper using the finest cutter and salad dressing and salt if necessary; spread between thin slices of buttered bread.

Nut and Brown Bread Sandwiches

Put freshly roasted peanuts or walnuts through the food chopper, using the finest cutter. Season with salt and mix to a smooth paste with salad dressing. Where walnuts are used cut the bread a little thicker than usual for sandwiches, trim off the crusts, cut the slices across diagonally and in the centre of each slice stick a half walnut. The walnut can be made to stick by dipping the under side in a very little butter. When lettuce is in season a lettuce leaf makes a pleasing addition to a nut sandwich.

Cheese Celery

Select tender stalks of celery with a deep groove on one side. Wash it thoroughly in cold water and dry it upon a clean cloth. Mash fine one Neufchatel cheese (American cheese may be substituted, add four tablespoonfuls of cream and two tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise, a dash of paprika, and beat lightly with a fork. Fill the groove of the celery with this mixture and round it up smoothly.

Colonial Pudding

Chop enough beef suet to make one cupful, add one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, one cupful dried plums, one cupful corn meal, two cupfuls bread flour, one beaten egg, one-half teaspoonful salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Boil in a bag wrung out of water and the inside dredged with flour, leaving one-fourth space in bag to allow the pudding to swell; tie the top securely and boil for three hours unceasingly; then drop into cold water a moment; rip open the bag and the pudding will come out unbroken. This pudding is delicious when re-heated the second day. For extra occasions garnish with whipped cream. Serve with lemon sauce.

Raisins may be used. The pudding may be steamed instead of boiled.

Hot Tea Biscuits

In very cold weather hot tea biscuits can be had for refreshments late in the evening with very little trouble. Make the biscuits in the afternoon and immediately they are put in the pan set them out of doors to freeze. Twenty minutes before they are to be served bring them in and set them at once in a very hot oven. The freezing makes them lighter than ordinary biscuits.

To make the biscuits, take two cups flour, four teaspoons baking powder and one teaspoon salt. Sift together three or four times to work in as much air as possible. Lightly rub in two tablespoons shortening, gradually add three-quarters cup milk, "cutting" it with a knife. Roll out three-fourths of an inch thick and cut with a small biscuit cutter.

Scottish Fancies

One egg, half cup sugar, two-thirds tablespoon melted butter, one cup rolled oats, half cup shredded cocoanut, one-third teaspoon salt, one-quarter teaspoon vanilla.

Beat egg very light, gradually add sugar and stir in remaining ingredients. Drop mixture by spoonfuls on a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven, until delicately browned.



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OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

Winter styles show the one-piece dress to be as popular as ever, both for afternoon and evening wear. As has been noted in the fall styles, skirts are to be worn quite short, being from 10 to 12 inches from the floor. The short sleeve which was so popular in the summer gives place to the long and three-quarter flare sleeve for winter wear. The set-in sleeve is shown a great deal, as is also the kimono sleeve.

Popular colors for winter wear are blue, black, all shades of brown and green.

Suit coats are heavily embroidered in silk of the same or contrasting color, with high collars finished off with a band of fur.

Opossum and mole trimmings are being extensively worn on suits.

Suit coats are longer and built on straight lines.

Taffeta is being greatly worn for odd blouses, as well as for evening wear. Blouses are made to come over the top of the skirt, and are caught in around the waist with a tie-bow at the back. These blouses are very dressy when embroidered in some of the pretty blues and henna silks, or a simple design may be worked in some contrasting shade of Angora.

Plaited skirts have again made their appearance and are very pleasing in the darker plaids.

It would be hard to say whether the large hat or the small hat is most popular this year, as a great variety of both are being shown. Feather trimmings are in vogue, and many of the small hats have as their sole trimming a long chenille tassel falling over on one side.

Pannier frocks of taffeta and tulle are still worn for dancing, and the butterfly bustle drapery is also pretty for evening wear, but with a persistency which is astonishing women generally have declared for the straight frock which is always graceful, comfortable and usually easy to wear.

A Popular Shirt Waist Model—Pattern 3395 is illustrated here. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. For a medium size 2½ yards of 40-inch material will be required. Embroidered voile, batiste, or lawn, also linen crepe, crepe de chine, satin, taffeta and moire would be pleasing for this style. As here shown bisque color crepe de chine was used with trimming of fillet insertion and floss embroidery. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Gown that is Smart and Attractive—Pattern 3387 was selected to make this model. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 6 yards of 40-inch material. Braid satin or velvet applique embroidery or passementerie may serve as trimming for this design, with serge, velvet, satin or silk, gabardine or tricotine for the material. The width of the skirt at lower edge with plaits extended is 2½ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Neat, Comfortable and "Easy to Make" Apron—Pattern 3168 was used for this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. For a medium size 5½ yards of 27-inch material will be required. Lawn, linen, seersucker, percale, gingham, drill or sateen could be used for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Attractive Dress for Home or Business—Pattern 3399 is here depicted. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 6½ yards of 36-inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is about 1½ yard. Figured voile, printed georgette, serge, gabardine, satin, taffeta, tricotine, velours and velvet could be used for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Dress Style for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3388 was employed for this model. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. Blue serge with trimming of plaid woolen would be attractive for this dress. It is equally suitable for gingham, poplin, percale, taffeta, velveteen and gabardine. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple School Dress for the Growing Girl—3035—This is a model good for serge gabardine, voile, checked or plaid suiting, and also for all wash fabrics. As here shown, brown serge was used with collar and cuffs of tan poplin. The sleeve may be finished in wrist

or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 5½ yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A Comfortable Coat Model—Pattern 3102, cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years, was selected for this natty top garment. It is developed in brown wool velours with facings of velvet in a matched shade. The body and sleeves are cut in one. This style is good for velvet, serge, corduroy, plush and other pile fabrics. A six year size will require 2½ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3390 is here pictured. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 4½ yards of 36-inch material. This design may be developed with a sleeve in wrist or elbow length. The dress closes at the side under the plaits. It is a good style for serge, gingham, chambray, percale, poplin, crash, taffeta and corduroy. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style for a Small Boy's Suit—Pattern 3378 is shown in this design. It is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require 3½ yards of 27-inch material. Serge, velveteen, corduroy, linen, galatea, gingham, seersucker, khaki, crash and drill are suitable for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Youthful Gown for a Slender Figure—Pattern 3397 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size will require 5½ yards of 40-inch material. Bordered serge and other woolens, plaid and check suiting, velveteen, taffeta, tricotine and gabardine are attractive for this style. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 1½ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Gown Attractive for Many Occasions—Comprising Waist Pattern 3392 and Skirt Pattern 3381. As here shown chantilly lace and satin are combined. One could have serge and satin, crepe and charmeuse, or duvetyn, serge or gabardine, trimmed as desired. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It measures 1½ yard at the foot. To make this costume of one material for a medium size will require 10½ yards of 36-inch material. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.



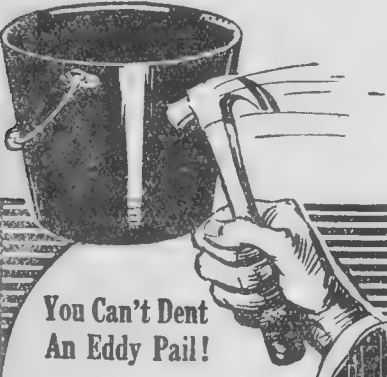
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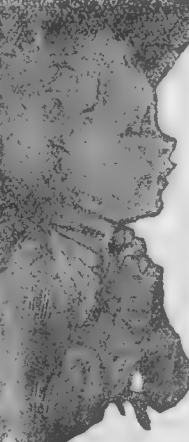
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A Popular Blouse Dress—Pattern 3382 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require 5½ yards of 27-inch material. As here shown plaid gingham was used with facings of white drill, seersucker, percale, poplin, sateen, challie, serge and mixtures may be used for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Combination for Home or Business—Waist Pattern 3394 and Skirt Pattern 3383 are combined in this illustration. For the skirt shepherd's plaid in black and white was selected and for the waist white linen embroidered with floss. The skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. The waist in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The waist will require 2½ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt 3 yards of 44-inch material. It measures 1½ yard at the foot with plaits drawn out. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

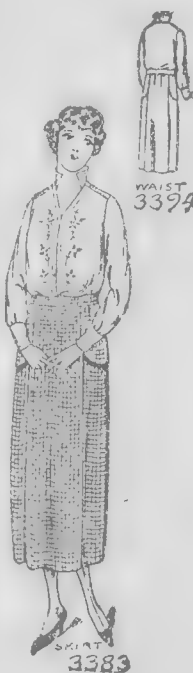
A Good Outfit for the Housekeeper—Pattern 3110 is here shown. It is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. The apron and cap may be made of one material, percale, seersucker, gingham, sateen, khaki or alpaca. The apron is not cumbersome, for it is cut so as to avoid any surplus material. Size medium requires 3¾ yards for the apron and ¾ yard for the cap, of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Jaunty Dress for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3229 is used to make this attractive model. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require 4 yards of 44-inch material. Blue or green linen with facings of white pique or pipings in a contrasting color, could be used for this design. As here shown, plaid gingham was employed, with linen embroidered in colors for collar and other trimmings. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock for a Little Girl—Pattern 3376 was used to develop this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size will require 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Pongee in a natural shade embroidered in floss is here shown. One may use gingham, seersucker, lawn, percale, poplin, gabardine, crepe or silk. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical House Dress—Pattern 3374 furnishes this style. It is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 6 yards of 36-inch material. One could have this in figured percale with facings of linen or pique or in seersucker, or gingham with chambray or pipings of white. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Set of Infants' Clothes—3100—This pattern is cut in one size. It comprises a Dress, a Petticoat, a Barrie-coat or Pinning Blanket and a Slipper. Muslin, lawn, cambric, batiste, nainsook and silk are suitable for the dress. The petticoat may be of cambric or lawn. The Barrie of flannel or flannellette with band of cambric or muslin. The slipper of kid, satin, suede, felt or eider-down. It will require 2½ yards of 36-inch material for the dress, 2¼ yards of 27-inch material for the petticoat with 2 yards of embroidery for the ruffle. The slippers will require ¾ yard of 18-inch material and the Barrie-coat ¾ yard of 27-inch material for band, and 1 yard 40 inches wide for the skirt. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.



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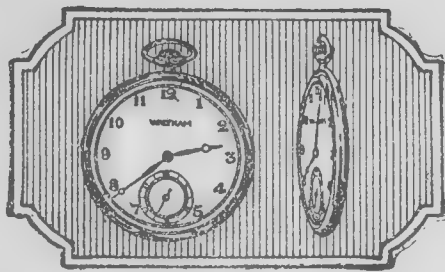
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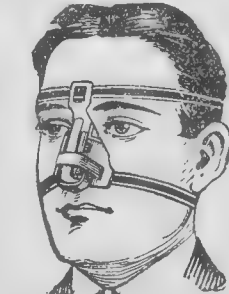
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Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

SOMETHING TO LEARN

When the cows come home the milk is coming,
Honey's made while the bees are humming;
Duck and drake on the rushy lake,
And the deer lies safe in the breezy brake;
And the timid, funny, brisk little bunny,
Winks his nose and sits all sunny.

—Christina Rossetti.

No!

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon!
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no t'other side the way.

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees—
No—vember!

SOMETHING TO LAUGH OVER

"What is the difference between a postage stamp, a Mexican bandit and a sandwich?"
"The stamp and the bandit are often licked, but I don't understand about the sandwich."
"Oh, that's to bite on."

You Can Prove Anything

"How many tails has a cat got?" asked Tom.
"Easy; one of course," answered Bob. "So I thought till the other day when I worked it out on paper, and now I find it has three!" said Tom.
"How do you make that out?" queried Bob.
"Well, no cat has two tails, and as one cat has one more tail than no cat, then it must have got three! Get me?"

"Habit" is such a funny word,
For when of "h" bereft,
"Abit" remains; remove the "a"
And still a "bit" is left.
From this queer word the "h-a-b,"
Taken out with anxious care;
Yet you will note, with startled eyes,
That all of "it" is there!

SOMETHING TO READ

A Helpful Son

If there was one person with whom Mr. Coolidge wished to stand on good terms it was Charles Davidson, Esq., with whom he was trying to arrange some business matters of importance. So, says the "Argonaut," when he returned to his suburban home from the city and found his wife out and his ten-year-old son, William, entertaining Mr. Davidson, he was a trifle anxious. He had discussed his hopes in regard to the business matter referred to before the boy with a freedom that he now regretted.

"William," said Mr. Coolidge after the visitor had departed, "what did you say to Mr. Davidson before I came in?"
"Oh, lots of things," replied William.
"Talked business with him mostly."
"Talked business? What business?"
"That business he and you are talking about going into. I told him you had lots of better chances, and I couldn't see why you wanted to go in with him."
"What better chances?" asked the surprised father.

"That's just what he asked, but I wouldn't tell him for fear he would get ahead of you."

"But what chance did you refer to?" again asked the father.

"Why, weren't you reading the other night in the paper about a man's getting rich by having a corner in wheat?"
"Yes," said the puzzled father.

"Well," continued William, "don't you own the corner lot next to our house, and couldn't you plant wheat there if you wanted to and get rich just like the other man?"

"True," said the relieved father. "I had not thought of that."

"And I told him, too," said William, "that you were awful rich."

"Did you, indeed?"

"Yes. You told mamma yesterday she was worth her weight in gold, and ma's pretty heavy, you know."

A Floating Village

Of the many strange discoveries that a traveller recently made in the interior of French Indo-China, one of the most unusual was the floating village of Snok-Trou on the Mekong River. The traveller, who describes her trip in "Harper's Magazine," made her way to the interior aboard a river steamer.

At eight in the morning, she writes, we stopped at the floating village, which consisted of some forty or fifty little huts built on rafts and lashed together with rattan ropes. A row of little shops that display fruits, fish, baskets and countless articles for native use formed the main street, and sampans and pirogues paddled up and down in front of the shops, for market day was in full swing.

The rear of the village was lashed to half-submerged trees, but the whole town changes its location from time to time, according to the vagaries of the river or the whims of its inhabitants. Sometimes it is moored farther up or downstream; sometimes it is tied up on the opposite bank. Our steamer calls at Snok-Trou on every trip, but the captain never knows where he will find it.

FOR THE WEE ONES

An Autumn Riddle

I know a little creature
In a green bed,
With the softest wrappings
All around her head.
When she grows old
She is hard and cannot feel,
So they take her to the mill,
And grind her into meal.

Dear Wee Folk:

Have you ever seen a cocoon? See if you can say that hard word? Now what do you think it means? Well, it doesn't sound a bit like its meaning, for it is a soft, silky little cradle bed that is fastened to the branch of a tree or the stem of a flower by silken threads, and inside that little cradle is a fat, furry, creepy crawly baby, with lots of legs, and two big bright eyes, and sometimes two funny little horns. And this baby has a big name, too—caterpillar. He's a very queer baby, for he makes his own cradle. Did any of you do that when you were babies? Of course not. But he does, and he builds it round himself and he goes off to sleep, and he sleeps and sleeps and sleeps, and one day he wakes up and stretches himself and crawls out of his little silken cradle, and there he is—what do you think? Why, a beautiful butterfly. He spreads his lovely wings and flies away to find a flower to get some honey from, for he is oh! so hungry.

When next you go walking in the woods with mother or father or big brother or sister, see if you cannot find one of these silken cradles called a cocoon.

SOMETHING SENT TO US

W.H.M. C.C. buttons are awarded this month to Iris Noel, Alcomdale, Alta., and Richard Lee, Coleman, Alta., whose hobby letters are printed herewith. The favorite hobby seems to be stamp-collecting.



BABY ROY TAYLOR.

"As hard as nails."

59, Third Avenue,
Bordesley Green,
Birmingham.

Dear Sirs,

Enclosed please find photos of my baby boy Roy, age 14 months, who since he was 3 months old has been brought up on Virol. He had an attack of diarrhoea and sickness when 3 months, which pulled him down a lot, so I started him on Virol (which had proved such a good friend to my little girl, aged 5), and now he is as hard as nails, and well equipped for the coming winter.

(Signed) Mrs. E. TAYLOR.

Virol is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones, and good colour.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOYRIL, Ltd.,
27, St. Peter's Street, Montreal.

S.H.B.

Deafness

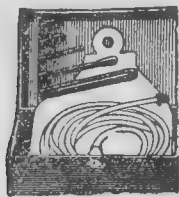


Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

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When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly

Children's Cosy Corner

By Bobbie Burke

Contd. from page 68

world.

I started collecting stamps about four months ago. I have over 700 stamps. Mine is a Victory stamp album. There is a different page for each country. Collect only perfect stamps. Torn and damaged ones have no value. If any boy or girl will send me 10 cents I will send them about 20 or 30 different stamps and some stamp-mounts. This will start you off in stamp-collecting.—Richard Lee, Box 31, Coleman, Alberta.

Alcomdale, Alta.,
August 26, 1920.

Dear Editor,

My hobby is to collect stamps. I have a lovely stamp-album. My uncle sends me foreign stamps from Belgium. One aunt sends me stamps from Brazil, another aunt sends me some from Florida.

My Canadian page is full. It is great fun putting the different stamps in their proper places, and it helps me with geography. When I have too many of one kind, I exchange them with other children for some I have not myself.

I did not think it would be so interesting at first, but I got more all the time and now I like my collection.

I hope I shall have a W.H.M. button. Good-bye.

From your friend,

Iris Noel.

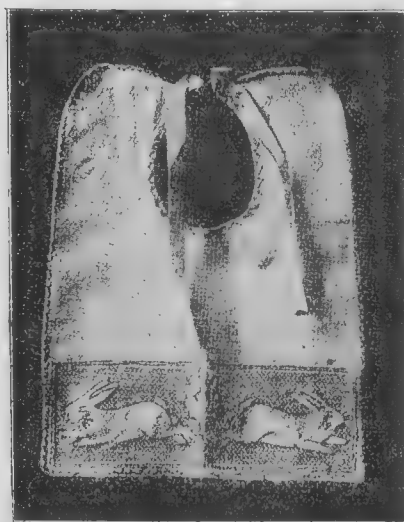
SOMETHING TO WRITE

A story of not more than 250 words telling just how you would like to spend Christmas if you had your choice. There will be a membership button in the Club for the best story.

SOMETHING TO MAKE

A Christmas Present for the Baby

Take a piece of linen or white towel—about 14 x 10 inches. You may hem the edges and then featherstitch as in the picture, or you may hem and overcast the edges with a blanket stitch in any color you select. If you choose rose-colored cotton you could outline the bunny's or any design you choose in black, darn-



ing, in the background in rose. The ribbons to tie the bib should be of a color to match the darning stitch, you will find almost any baby will love this little bib, and his mother will be equally pleased to have his little dress covered so well and so daintily.

A WOODEN PARROT

Here is something for the boys to make—a wooden parrot. Each part is separate and fastened by small nails, so that wing, tail and head move. The different parts may be carved with a penknife, or cut out with a fret saw. The wood should be of an even thickness, the head and feet fastened between

the two parts of the body. The color may be put on with crayons or water-colors, the whole being finished with a coat of shellac.



We want a snapshot of the biggest snowdrift you can find. There will be a button for the best snap, and we will publish as many as we can. Get busy, boys and girls; get out those Brownies and let us see how much snow you have in your part of Canada.

Address all letters—

Editor, C. C. C.,

c/o Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg.

And have them here before Dec. 1st.

The Memory Book

By Alice Van Leer Carrick

Where do you think that the lovely things go—
Songs the birds sing, the clear sunset's red glow,
Starlight and music of tree tops that blow?

I am quite sure that you're given a mind
Where you can put all the things that you find,
Sights that are noble and sounds that are kind—

All things these memory pages must bear.
And so we should always gather with care
Brave deeds and sweet words and thoughts that are fair.

Arras, Spring, 1918.

Our feet reecho hollow in the ways,
Heaped with the wreckage of a ravished town.

The countless happy homes of other days
Stand tenantless, shell-battered, tottering down.

The noon rays of the lazy April glow
Send streaming light through torn Cathedral spire,

And set ablaze a multi-colored fire
From stained glass fragments on the ground below.

Within the shadows of a ruined hall,
There blooms an old French garden, lonely, fair,

The peach trees clamber o'er the shattered wall.
And cherry blossoms drop their petals there.

Beneath the boughs, great clust'ring daffodils
Flaunt their bold color 'bove the verdant swath,

And primrose eyes peep shyly 'long the path.
Sweet calm of old-world days that garden fills.

—E. L. Chicanot.



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These magnificent presents are given for introducing our new "Fairy Garland" Perfume. Send no money—just your name and address on a postcard will bring you 15 bottles which you will quickly sell among your friends at only 25c each. It is so sweet and delicious that everybody wants a bottle. It is no trouble to sell. Then return our \$3.75 and we'll promptly send you the sparkling ring and fine pendant with neck-chain, and the wrist watch you can also get without selling any more goods by showing your prizes to friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our prizes as you did.

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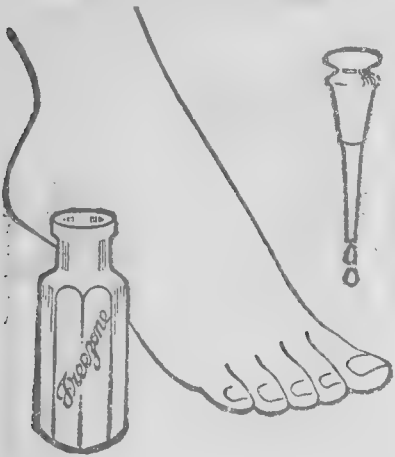


FREE Rex Wonder or Rose Bud Ring

Set with rose bud or Rex sparkler. Your size for 12c, both for 25c. Wanted 3 years. 1 old friend.
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Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone"
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You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs
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Girls! Save Your Hair and
Make It Abundant!



Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to fluff and thicken. Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong, beautiful hair.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness.

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Correspondence

Will "Lady Nowah" kindly send her name and address to the editor so that mail intended for her can be forwarded.

A French Admirer

Dear Editor and Readers,—Here I am again, though it is some time since I have written a letter to this page. I just finished reading the letters in the August issue and felt I must write a few lines just to tell "Frenchy" that I liked the way he is calling "Old Nick" to account for his insinuations about the French. I don't remember his letter in particular, but if he classes the French in with the other foreigners I would advise him to study history. I have gotten into severe controversy several times over that same thing. I always contended that the French were Canadians before ever the English set foot on Canadian soil. Now, I am not French at all but a Canadian of Scotch descent, but I sure have a warm feeling for the French and just let me tell you why. No doubt you will think I am a bit "daffy," but nevertheless it is true. One of my sweetest memories is that of one of my childhood comrades, a little French boy. He was five years old and I was only three when we were parted, but he has remained my ideal until the present day and I am thirty-six years old now and I have never met anyone who has in the least dimmed the memory of my little French comrade. I will never meet him in this world, but one thing certain, I will never cease to remember him in life, so you will understand why I am so much French. I think it is a great mistake to be forever harping on the foreigners, anyhow. How under the shining sun do people expect to Canadianize the foreigners and do the way the majority of them do? I live right in a settlement of foreigners and I am completely disgusted with the way people use them. Our women have missionary societies, helping-hand societies, sunbeam circles and every other thing and are greatly worked up about doing charitable work for the poor and the foreigner, and at the same time if one of the poor foreigners at their door comes to them they would draw their skirts aside for fear of contamination. I myself have been amongst them and I find they can give Canadians a good many pointers on hospitality and good manners. I don't believe in doing so much good work for the poor foreigners away off in India or China and at the same time treat the ones in our own land like so many creatures beneath us. They have just as much right on this old earth as the Canadians as long as they obey the laws and behave themselves. I don't think people have any right whatever to be always looking down on the foreigners. Well, I must close now and will say, "give us a shake of your hand, Frenchy." I would like to meet you.—Sammy.

A Voice from the Fraser River

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have been an interested reader of the W.H.M. for some time. I read all the stories, which are very interesting, and like the Correspondence Page best of all. I agree with "Hokus Pokus" about the farm although I am a boy. I was working in a factory for a time and was sickly indeed, but the farm work has made me look different and feel different, too.

Although I have never had a chance to take much part in the sports around here, still I am a sport fiend. I like tennis very much and play it whenever I get the chance. I am also very fond of skating and swimming.

I suppose I am living in a different type of country to what most of the other writers do. I am in British Columbia, within a quarter of a mile from the Fraser River. Across the river from my home lies a prairie of several thousand acres which is very pretty when one looks at it from the hills which surround it. There are fields of grain ready for the harvest dotted with green pasture-fields with their herds of cows.

Well, as this is my first letter, I will sign myself with the Chinook word for strength.—Skookum.

Wants Correspondence

Dear Editor and Readers,—Can I join your Correspondence Page? I am not a subscriber, but my brother takes your magazine. I write to your page because I am rather lonesome. My parents are both dead and my only brother is going away. I would like to correspond with someone about my own age—36. My ideal is tall, light eyes and dark hair. I am short and fair. With best wishes, I will sign myself—

Four-leaved Clover.

P.S.—My address is with the editor.

Canada First

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have been a reader of your valuable magazine for a long time, but did not pick up courage enough to write till now. Whether my letter will be in print or not, I should like very much to congratulate the Correspondence Page.

I think "Frenchy" is quite right in what he says about the foreigner.

"A Tennis Sport" sure must like sport, but I think there is lots better sport than tennis. I would very much like to hear from "Buster Brown" as she says she wants someone to write to her.

I am a Western farmer and like it fine. I have been out here from Colorado for eight years and I think I like Canada the best. I am going back home this winter to see my old folks again, but I'll be back here for spring.

As this is my first letter to your paper, I'll cut it short. Hoping to hear from some of the readers and wishing the Correspondence Page every success, I will sign myself—Rainbow.

Mac's Chance

Dear Editor and Readers,—This Correspondence Page is certainly nice for persons to express their views and read interesting facts. May say that it is my favorite page in this magazine.

My father and I are conducting a general store in the West and I am very fond of my work, although I am also fond of dancing and outdoor sports. When I first went into the business, I felt certain it would be impossible to succeed in my enterprise and also amuse myself, but since the last few years my motto is, "Work while you work, and play while you play," and I hope you all follow the same as it has proven very satisfactory with me.

I am pleased to say that the crops are rather good here, for this is always appreciated. The farmers will begin their harvesting soon. Seems to me, they should feel proud of their work when their grain is cut, threshed and safe in the granaries.

I note that "Mac" would like correspondence. I have always been a good sympathizer, so if he cares to correspond with a lonesome country girl, who anticipates correspondence, I will answer him. My address is with the editor. Wishing you all good luck.

Frenchy (2).

Content Amidst the Ripening Grain

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have been an interested reader of the W.H.M. for some time and enjoy the Correspondence Page, the best of all. I was thinking while reading over the letters in the last issue there were not very many to read and came to the conclusion that there are many like myself, who often think of writing and put it off.

I think it is splendid the way the different subjects are discussed and only wish I was good on discussions. I was very much taken up with "Hokus-Pokus." If all the girls had the life and grit she appears to have, "Torontonian" there would be no such thing as a "Lonely Bach" in the West.

I think "Happy-go-Lucky" has a fine idea of how boys and girls should chum.

Dye Right



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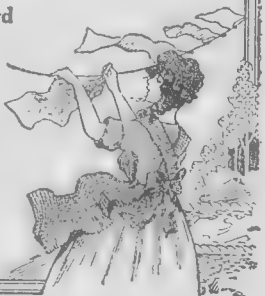
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Correspondence I know with me it would be rather tough to wait till I could "pop the question" and it would spoil my good time also.

I live on the farm in the wild and woolly and where you can see for miles and see nothing but farm dwellings and the golden ripple of the ripening grain. We are in the thick of harvesting here at present. I like to care for the grain. I think it is a most pleasant sight to the eye of most people to see the straw fly from the blower and the grain roll from grain-spout to wagon-box.

I have been to the city at times, but the farm for me in harvest time.

I am very fond of all sports, especially riding bronchos and dancing. Some of you may say, that is some sport for a farmer, but as I lived in the ranch country a few years ago, I will never forget the riding. Dancing is a sport for everyone. The music "gets me" and I cannot keep still. I am very fond of reading, especially in the winter when the wind is howling, keeping time with Mr. Coyote.

Would like to correspond with some of the readers—especially "H. P."

Cowpuncher.

An Enthusiastic Farmerette

Dear Editor and Readers,—This is not the first letter I have started to write to this interesting column, but if this one is signed by yours truly it will be the first one that got that far.

I think the correspondence column of The Western Home Monthly is great, as is the rest of the magazine. How many of the readers noticed in the July issue a story entitled, "Beyond the Code"? Part of it was absent, there being just enough to get the readers' interest aroused and then just in the middle of a sentence it stopped. What a mean trick for the editor to play on us poor, innocent readers.

I live on a farm in Manitoba where I am home and am a real out-of-doors kid. I indulge in all kinds of sport such as dancing, skating, swimming, motor-ing, baseball, etc. How many of the girl-readers play baseball? I am sure those who do will readily agree that it is "jake sport." My occupation when indoors is reading and piano-playing. Of course, that does not mean I do not work, because I do. I wouldn't be on the farm if I didn't work, would I? Farmerettes, I agree with "Hokus-Pokus" that there is no time to be lonely on the farm. Like her I am my dad's chauffeur in the busy seasons. I also agree with her that girls should not be tied to their mothers' apron-string until they are "tied up" to the man they marry. I certainly like an evening with a boy friend.

Well, I must close this letter and I do hope that it is not swallowed by the W.P.B. I got quite "struck" on "Hokus-Pokus" and would like to hear from her if she would please write first. Would also like to hear from any of the other boy or girl readers of the magazine.—Dardanella.

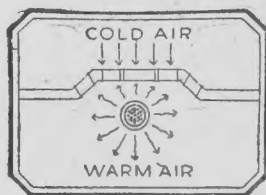
Dardanella, you will find the continuation of "Beyond the Code" on page 56, August issue.—Editor.

OCTOBER

Over the faraway hills, my heart,
The gray wild geese are sailing;
For the goldenrod is changed to dross,
And the last fair flower is failing.
The joys of the summer are done, my heart,
And autumn's glory is dying,
But our thoughts fly back o'er a rose-strewn track,
Like the gray geese southward flying.

To the days when we roamed the hills,
my heart,
High-swung o'er the valleys lowly,
Where the wind blew pure, and the wild birds sang
Their anthems high and holy.
We walk in the valleys to-day, my heart,
Where the lowland winds are wailing,
But our thoughts fly still to the lonely hill
Where the gray wild geese are sailing.

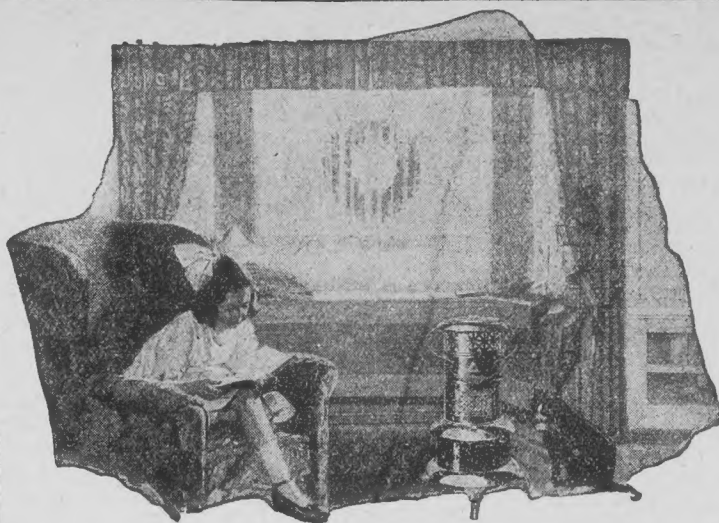
Lydia M. Dunham O'Neil.



LOOKING down on a bay window on windward side of house, showing top of Perfection Heater. It acts like a radiator or register placed near the window converting cold air into warm air.



VERY easy to light. Full heat in a minute or two.



Warm up that favorite corner
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WHAT good is that favorite bay or sun parlor window when cold winds drive through? It's the best spot in the whole house for reading, but it cannot be used with safety unless you have a Perfection Oil Heater to warm up those treacherous air currents that seep through the window sashes. Then you can enjoy your book or magazine in cosy comfort.

Save High-Priced Coal

When you try to heat the whole house by the furnace, some rooms are bound to get too warm. Better keep only a low fire for general warmth. That cuts the coal bill, too. Then use a Perfection Oil Heater for comfort heat, just where you want it.

When the air strikes chill after sundown on Fall evenings, don't

put on the furnace—light your Perfection Oil Heater. It will give all the warmth you want quickly, cheaply and without dust, smoke or ashes. In fact, wherever you want heat for comfort or utility, the Perfection Oil Heater will give you the full benefit right on the spot of all the glowing warmth it creates.

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SEND NO MONEY. Just send your name and address to-day and we'll send you, post paid, a full-size 10c package of "FAIRY BERRIES," the newest and most delightful confection, and with it just 40 handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c a package. Open your sample package and ask all your friends to try a "FAIRY BERRY." They'll like them so much that everybody will buy a package or two at once. Just one or two little "FAIRY BERRIES" will sweeten the mouth, perfume the breath and ease the throat. They are so delicious they just sell like hot cakes. Return our money, only \$4.00, when sold, and we will immediately send you the grand complete school outfit just as you see it above (over 70 pieces). We pay all delivery charges right to your door. You take no risk as you may return any you cannot sell and receive grand prizes or cash commission for what you do sell.

THE FAIRY BERRY CO., Dept. O 39

TORONTO, ONT.

The Dwellers of the Plains

By
N. E. Nimmons

Contd. from page 18

of Canada, and have found many specimens, a large collection being sent to the Victoria Memorial Museum, and the most perfect skeleton of a Carnivore being sent to Ottawa. Mr. Sternberg described Dead Lodge as the richest cretaceous fossil field in the world. Beside trails over which for years the cowboys have been riding, the practised eye of the veteran fossil hunter discovered many hitherto unseen treasures.

It is difficult to imagine this picturesque canyon at one time composed of huge, low, swampy flats, through which swam these gigantic reptiles. Mr. Charles H. Sternberg, in his book, "Hunting Dinosaurs in Alberta," gives us a quaint pen picture of this former land which we now inhabit:

"A low country," he says, "but little above sea level, great flats near the sea covered with high swamp grass, rushes, and moss, through which meander sluggish streams, lagoons, and bayous, often widening out into lakes of considerable size, all receiving the high and low tides of the nearby ocean. On the rising land the giant redwoods cast their shadows across the silent streams. They grow in fairy circles with the parent tree in the centre often, or in case she has dropped out, a hollow circle is formed. Palms, sycamores, figs, magnolias, and many other trees that now adorn our forests thrived along the Cretaceous everglades. Such an environment was the home of the ancient dinosaurs."

Great celebrations take place at Steveston annually, in this spot, which once quivered to the dainty gambolings of "Leaping Lizzie," whose place is now taken by the less cumbersome but more troublesome mosquito. Beneath the hot sun of July 1st crowds gather from any radius within forty miles to witness the sports and top off the day at a crowded dance in "Steve's Hall." Amid excessive heat the band perspires and works, and the merry couples perspire and collide with one another in the ill-ventilated hall, making merry till old Sol once more makes his appearance.

Easterners have just a little patronizing sympathy for the poor dwellers of the plains, but it is a wasted pity. It's a hard life, but it's a merry one. And it's free and glorious. Its greatness is the biggest thing God ever made and its bigness creeps into body and soul alike.

"These are the gardens of the desert, these the unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful, for which the speech of England has no name—The Prairies."

The Fortunes of Charity

By H. Mortimer
Batten

Contd. from page 8

Then he drew out a handful of dry sand and gravel and held it in his palms for Perry's inspection, and Berry saw in the gravel thousands and thousands of yellow grains, and not only yellow grains, but little pips and nuggets of gold, similar to those which the Indian had handed over to him in the cabin. The whole blessed creek was paved with gold. Enough gold to build a city, and somewhere away back in the mountains there was the Mother lode from which it all came.

Hicks threw his hat into the air with a great shout, for he knew now that this find was thoroughly worth working. In a few months he and his Indian partner would be millionaires, and now he got to work and erected the corner posts of his claims, piling up pyramids of stones along the banks of the creek. The old Indian did not lend a hand in this. He said that he was tired, and certainly he looked it. He went to a sheltered place among the trees, lit a tiny fire, and propped himself up. Starlight, the dog, sat at his feet, and looked into his face, while Berry, forgetful of everything but his success, piled up his location marks.

After an hour of steady toil, Berry, perspiring and happy, went back to the old Indian. He held out his hand to shake, but Tomahawk did not move. The old man was evidently sleeping and as it was near nighfall, Berry threw a blanket over him, made himself comfortable and went to sleep.

He awoke with the first glimmer of morning. The fire was out and his dog had cuddled close against him for warmth. On the other side of the fire old Tomahawk still sat bolt upright, his rifle in his hands, his head bowed forward, and somehow Berry knew what had happened.

The Indian was a very old man, you see, old and tired, and he had done his work in the world. Now he was sleeping the Long Sleep, from which no man, red or white, ever awakens.

It was six months later. Two men were walking down the main avenue of Aura City, when a young man passed on the other side of the road, to whom every one seemed to be doffing their hats, and taking no end of notice.

"Don't you know who he is?" said one of the two. "Why, it's Perry Hicks, owner of the great Tomahawk Mines, away up Malamute River. Made his fortune through what I considered an act of foolish charity. I tell you, I missed the fortune myself by a hair's breadth. I was bar-tender at the hotel then, and an old Indian came in and tried to interest me in a gold field he said he had found. I thought he was a fraud, and threw the coffee in his face, and I never saw him again. That was the Indian who showed Perry Hicks where the gold lay. Yes, hang it, I lost a fortune!"

Editorial

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quarter, but he does mind living in a country infested with thieves. Common theft is trifling compared with dishonest practice of this kind.

Canada appointed a Board of Commerce to regulate trade. It is incompetent or it has purposely "laid down on the job." The only thing to do to save Canada from ruin is for tricksters and thieves of all kinds to be punished to the limit. It is true for nations as for individuals that "Honesty is the best policy."

There are two men whose pictures should appear in the gallery of patriotic Canadian citizens—the non-English workman who put in his bill for three dollars and that shopkeeper who said "the price is one dollar and a quarter." One wonders what percentage of profit they made. He also wonders what gallery should hold the pictures of the other two.

There is one consolation in all this. The sin of greed is practised by the few rather than the many. Business men in Canada are as a class honorable. Were it otherwise we might despair. It is to protect the many that we demand stern measures with the few. Let us build for eternity. "God give us men."

REAL SPORT

The great interest taken in the games for the world's championship in baseball is an indication that the people all over the republic are given to the game. It is good to find people participating in healthy sport. There are, however, some things about professional sport that are demeaning. First of all, it will be regretted that some of the players in last year's contest yielded to the temptation placed before them by the gamblers. They sold the game. There is no guessing how far the practice of buying and selling games has been carried on. Let us hope that the recent revelations will put a stop to much of it. Should ever British or Canadian sport descend to such practice let us hope that it will fail to receive encouragement from the people. The game of cricket would be killed should any member of the team in a great final game be found guilty of selling out. It is good that such is the case. As for Canada we trust that sport will be kept as clean as it is in the Motherland. If professionalism tends to degrade then let us cast it aside and encourage amateur sport alone. There is something about amateur sport which makes it particularly worthy of en-

couragement. It ensures that the people will be interested in it as performers as well as spectators. It is free from the great evil of gambling. It is participated in by one's own friends rather than by strangers. Even a spectator lives in the game because of his personal relation to the players.

It is pleasing to note the growing popularity in Western Canada of games such as tennis, golf, hockey and football. It will be well if we can get all the people associated in good healthy play.

Probably the marked revival of play in Canada accounts for the fact that this year in spite of newspaper headlines and slang-filled columns describing the games, our people have ceased to show any marked interest in the big contest at Cleveland. It is a good sign.

LOOKING AHEAD

The man who succeeds is he who has formed the habit of looking ahead. Some time ago there was an "overall craze." As a result of it one or two firms went into the business of manufacture to the limit. Now they are left with a stock on hand sufficient for years to come. They misjudged the constancy of the American public. This is only a trifling incident, but it is typical of what is going on all the time, in business and in national affairs.

A few years ago the Winnipeg Street Railway entered into a contract with the city. It was at that time a one-sided contract all in favor of the company. Yet time has turned the tables, not in favor of the city, but against the company. Had any one predicted the automobile there would never have been a contract of the kind made. The company never reckoned on this. It has no doubt more reckoning still to do. There are hundreds of other companies in like predicament because of change in living conditions, and it is difficult indeed to see the solution of many problems.

One of the greatest problems of all is that which now faces manufacturing concerns and those who work in them. The price of raw commodities and the price of labor have so increased that manufactured goods are selling at two, three and four times the pre-war prices. As a result factories in Japan are opening to enter into competition with those here. In a year or two some of the factories of the United States will have to close down, and then what will the workmen do? Is it not time that people looked a little distance ahead? What is true of America will be true of Canada. Are workmen here ready to see the factories close down? A man is stupid in the extreme who closes his ears so that he may not hear the mutterings of the coming storm. It is surely clear that the problem of production and consumption is more than a local and national problem. We have to adjust our local differences so as to compete with the world. Is it not time for us to come together and arrive at a mode of peaceful living?

A short time ago three men came to Moose Jaw to work on a farm. They came to educate the farm workers, they said. Their doctrine was simple in the extreme. "Go to a man and engage at eight dollars. As soon as you are settled demand nine, and then ten dollars, and never stop demanding. If you do not get what you ask for lie down on the job. Do half work. Your policy is to make it impossible for a man on a farm to engage hired labor." Now, follow this through to a logical conclusion in farming and in everything else. Are we not justified in looking a little ahead?

The finest country in the whole world is Western Canada, but its prospects can be ruined by restless unreasonable men, who have no patriotism and no love for honest work. What we require is such an understanding among men as will encourage new enterprises to be undertaken, and such labor conditions as will make men sing at their work. The solution is not in this never-ending squabbling. It gets us nowhere.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?

For the lonely pioneer one has all sympathy and respect. He sacrifices friends, denies himself social privileges, endures privations and faces the rugged dangers of the wilderness, in order to lay the foundations of fortune for his family,

and make possible the extension of Empire. Among the great worries of the pioneer stands this first of all, that he finds it impossible to provide for his children the education they should receive. Few parents have the time or the ability to train their own children, and least of all have the pioneer and his wife any leisure hours to devote systematically to this important work. Yet the country can provide notable illustrations of those who, despite their limitations, have succeeded wonderfully in developing the minds and characters of their children. Some of the loveliest characters in the whole of Western Canada are to be found in the shacks and primitive dwellings of the plains.

On the other hand there are cases in which the pioneers have settled down to the neglect of their children. They have given all thought to the securing of property and the improvement of buildings. They have forgotten that they are human, and they have accepted the doctrine that the life of man consists in the abundance of things that he hath.

In one district there are found four families. They have no dealings one with another, they have no concerted action for the good of the children, there is no religious service, no means of communicating with the outside world, none of that broader culture which comes about only through association with people. The children are growing up physically into strong men and women but they are dwarfed mentally and starved socially. They yield no allegiance to the God who created them and into whose likeness they should be developing day by day. Without knowledge, without feeling, without ideals and standards, without social culture, they are despite the wealth which may be bequeathed to them, the poorest of the poor.

This is not an isolated case. There are hundreds of such districts in Canada. The problem for the parents is to know what to do under the circumstances. The solution is not so very difficult for those who are willing to act.

To begin with there must be a recognition that in all things affecting life the verb to be is infinitely more important than the verb to have. Parents who value earthly possessions above the souls of their children are hopelessly wrong. There is nothing so valuable for any child as the development of his personality. Those who think otherwise commit the unpardonable sin.

Parents who are in earnest will out of their earnings always put aside something to provide the means of culture for their children. They will buy first of all books—the poor man's university. Then they will get tools for work, musical instruments for playing, and will seek to set up in the home such forms of entertainment as will arouse initiative, develop spontaneity, and keep alive the feeling of brotherhood. Above all, they will share their time with their children. It is not necessary to keep seven milk cows, if caring for them deprives the children of all association with the parents. It is not necessary to buy another quarter section if it means the starvation of the intellects and finer sensibilities of the growing boys and girls. Those who will not place the education of their children above every other consideration do not deserve to have them. Carelessness in this respect is criminal. What shall it profit children if they are bequeathed untold riches and yet lose their very souls?

A Neat Reply

In "My Varied Life," Mr. F. C. Philips tells an amusing story of the English judge, the late Sir George Honyman, who wrote a wretched hand. On one occasion Sir George sent a note to a friend among the lawyers seated at the barristers' table.

Not being able to make head or tail of it, the friend scribbled something absolutely undecipherable upon a half sheet of note paper and passed it up to the judge. Sir George looked somewhat annoyed when he glanced at it, and when the court rose he spoke to his friend, and said, "What do you mean by this? I asked you to come and dine with me to-night."

"Yes," said the barrister, "and I replied that I should be extremely glad to do so."



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Whipped Cream Cocoanut Cake

4 oz. butter; rind of one-half orange (grated); 3 eggs; 1 small cup milk; 1 large cup flour; 1/2 cup cornstarch; 3 level teaspoons Magic Baking Powder; flavorings (vanilla and rose); 3/4 pint cream; 1 small fresh cocoanut (grated.).

Cream butter, adding grated rind of orange; then the sugar, working well in; then the well beaten yolks of eggs, and milk. Sift together the flour, baking powder and cornstarch and stir in gradually, then the well beaten whites of eggs, and lastly one teaspoon each of vanilla and rose flavorings. Bake in well buttered jelly tins in quick oven. When baked turn out and allow to cool.

Whip cream stiff, adding three tablespoons confectioners sugar and one-half teaspoon each vanilla and rose flavoring.

Cover top and side of each layer with the whipped cream and sprinkle over the grated cocoanut. If unable to obtain fresh cocoanut use Baker's canned cocoanut.

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